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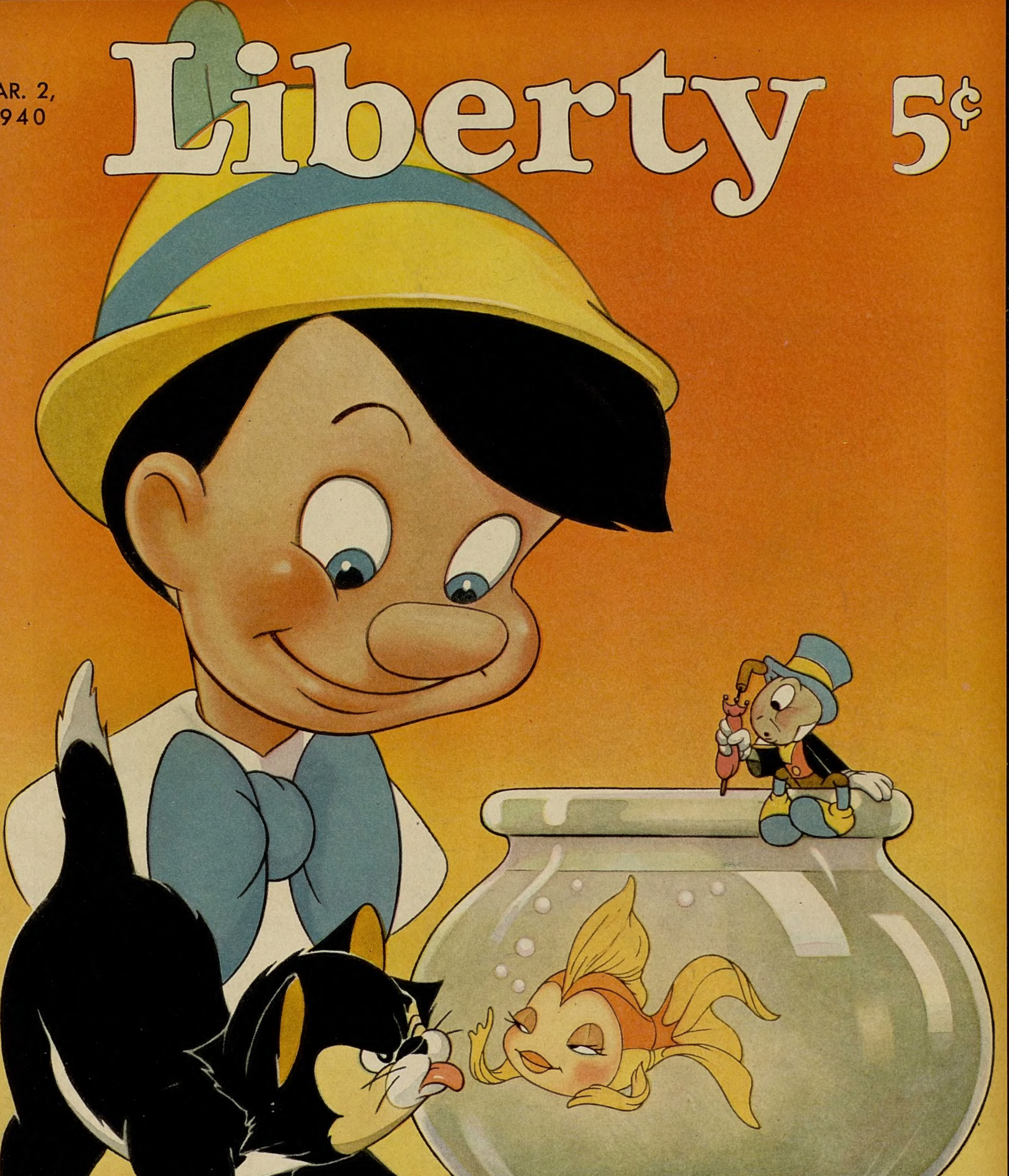
5¢



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THE MYSTERY OF UNITY FREEMAN-MITFORD —PATRIOT OR WHAT?

I SAW HELL IN GERMANY AND RUSSIA

THE TRUE WAR STORY OF THE YEAR

BY KENNETH COLLINGS

"Lunch time is refreshment time"

Coca-Cola has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you... always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
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Drink
Coca-Cola
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Delicious and Refreshing

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At lunch look about you... and you'll see ice-cold Coca-Cola welcomed with food. The clean, tingling taste of ice-cold Coca-Cola has charmed its way into America's lunch time. Try it just once and you'll know why.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

The Council representing 43,000 DENTISTS speaks... and

PEPSODENT WINS

American Dental Association

SEAL OF ACCEPTANCE

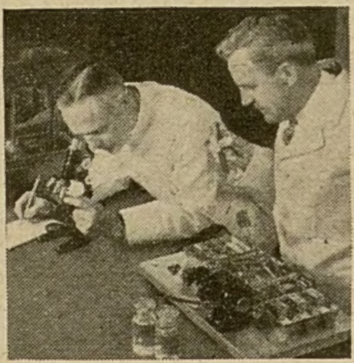
☑ for Safety... ☑ for Effectiveness... ☑ Truthful Advertising...

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

43,000 DENTISTS stand back of this "Seal of Acceptance"

LOOK WHAT WENT ON BEHIND THE SCENES BEFORE PEPSODENT GOT THE PRIZED A. D. A. SEAL OF ACCEPTANCE!

No questionable dentifrice could stand up under such strict tests...

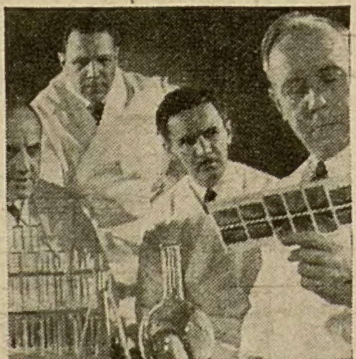


Pepsodent Spent Over $1,000,000 to Develop Present Pepsodent Formulas

The abrasiveness of every ingredient is tested to keep Pepsodent among the *least* abrasive of dentifrices.

Pepsodent Made Thousands of Clinical Tests... Dental Schools Cooperated

Reports uniformly showed that Pepsodent dentifrices are remarkably effective—and *safe.*



Independent Laboratories Double-Checked Pepsodent Findings

...These tests *proved* all claims and showed that they are conservative—and *sound.*

The Public Passes on Pepsodent

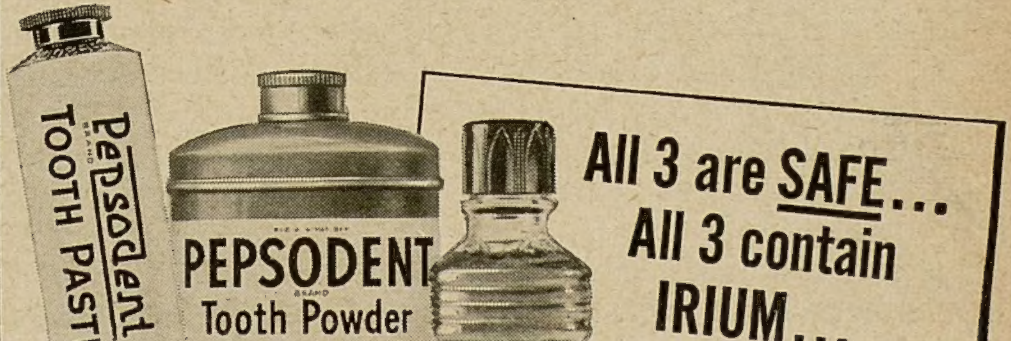
—*Folks like you*—thousands of them—representing every type of dental condition—checked all Pepsodent formulas for *effectiveness.*

All 3 forms of Pepsodent containing Irium get A. D. A. Seal of Acceptance!

■ Finally, after months of careful appraisal, checking of every formula, every claim made in advertising...all 3 forms of Pepsodent were awarded the prized "Seal of Acceptance" by the Council of the American Dental Association. It's the *Voice of the American Dental Profession,* representing 43,000 dentists... your Assurance of Safety! That's why we believe that *Safe Pepsodent* is the kind of dentifrice that *dentists* want you to use—whether you prefer tooth *paste,* tooth *powder,* or a *liquid* dentifrice.

Safety First—**Demand Pepsodent!**

1. Pepsodent Tooth Paste, Tooth Powder, and Liquid Dentifrice are SAFE—*all 3 forms* are accepted by the Council of the A. D. A.
2. Only Pepsodent has all 3 containing IRIUM—Pepsodent's patented, *more* effective ingredient.
3. Your dentist knows how effective IRIUM is—it is described in "Accepted Dental Remedies" as PURIFIED ALKYL SULFATE.
4. Pepsodent makes no exaggerated advertising claims.
5. Pepsodent contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO DRUGS.
6. Pepsodent is unsurpassed in EFFECTIVENESS.


Pepsodent TOOTH PASTE
PEPSODENT CONTAINS IRIUM for greater cleansing power
PEPSODENT Tooth Powder
PEPSODENT CONTAINS IRIUM for greater cleansing power
THE PEPSODENT CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A.
PEPSODENT Liquid DENTIFRICE CONTAINS IRIUM
THE PEPSODENT CO. CHICAGO U.S.A. 3 FL. OZ. AV.
All 3 are SAFE... All 3 contain IRIUM...
So take your choice

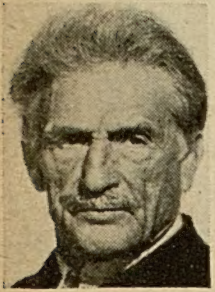
MARCH 2, 1940 Liberty VOL. 17, NO. 9

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

OUR LAST LINE OF DEFENSE



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Our intelligent citizens consider the United States Supreme Court a sacred institution. They view it with a certain degree of reverence.

The members of this august body are entrusted with a responsibility of tremendous import.

It is our last line of defense against foolish legislation that would rob us of the liberties dedicated to us by our ancestors.

When this government was formed, those who created our Constitution realized that the wisdom required in maintaining the principles clearly set forth would demand officials of unusually clear vision and unswerving integrity.

It was originally decided that we should have a government of law—not by man—and that our Constitution should be looked upon as a dependable guide, definitely indicating in every way the decisions required effectively to control our governmental activities.

After a member of this Court, the highest in our land, has been appointed, an important ceremony is necessary. He takes what we call the oath of office. He promises to respect and honor and uphold the Constitution which this Court has been set apart to guide and protect.

And if he is an exemplary citizen, controlled by exalted principles of honor and probity, he clearly understands the nature of his duties. He realizes that he must not be influenced by prejudice or personal opinions. He has a definite guide . . . a governmental " compass " . . . the Constitution. He has to learn the edicts of that document as a child memorizes his A B Cs. He is there to uphold and protect it. He must swear by all he holds sacred honestly and effectively to perform his duties.

There has been a tremendous hue and cry all over this country in recent years because of some of the decisions of this Court.

This high tribunal has been irreverently criticized. Its members have been referred to caustically as nine old men; but it is the wisdom of these old men that has kept the governmental train on the track throughout all these years . . . previous to the advent of the present administration.

It is this Court that has been responsible for maintaining the American principles of government.

It is this Court that has upheld the laws that have given us the highest standard of living for what we often call the common people that has ever been recorded throughout all history.

It is this Court that has protected us from the hastily drawn edicts influenced by the demands of fanatic political leaders who would destroy our system of government and supply in its place the regimentation and sordid poverty which are found in many European countries.

In recent years we have been fast moving toward such dictatorship as has embroiled all of Europe in bloody wars. And we have to look to the United States Supreme Court to save us from the misguided laws that would menace us with this tragic fate.

The members of this Court have even been criticized by high officials, and the opinion has been expressed that they have been influenced to a certain extent by the criticism; but let us hope, whatever may have happened in the past, that the members of this body will remember their oath of office . . . that they will remember the sacred duty for which they are responsible . . . that they will continually refresh their minds with the truly marvelous accomplishments that have been secured through strict adherence to our American system . . . and that in all future decisions they will be guided most rigidly by the constitutional edicts which our ancestors dedicated to us as a sacred trust . . . that the liberties which we have enjoyed in the past . . . freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom to worship in accordance with our individual dictates . . . and that they will uphold no law that threatens to rob our citizens of the privileges and immunities handed down to them by our Constitution.

God grant that the sacred duty for which these wise men are responsible will be efficiently and effectively performed.

Bernarr Macfadden

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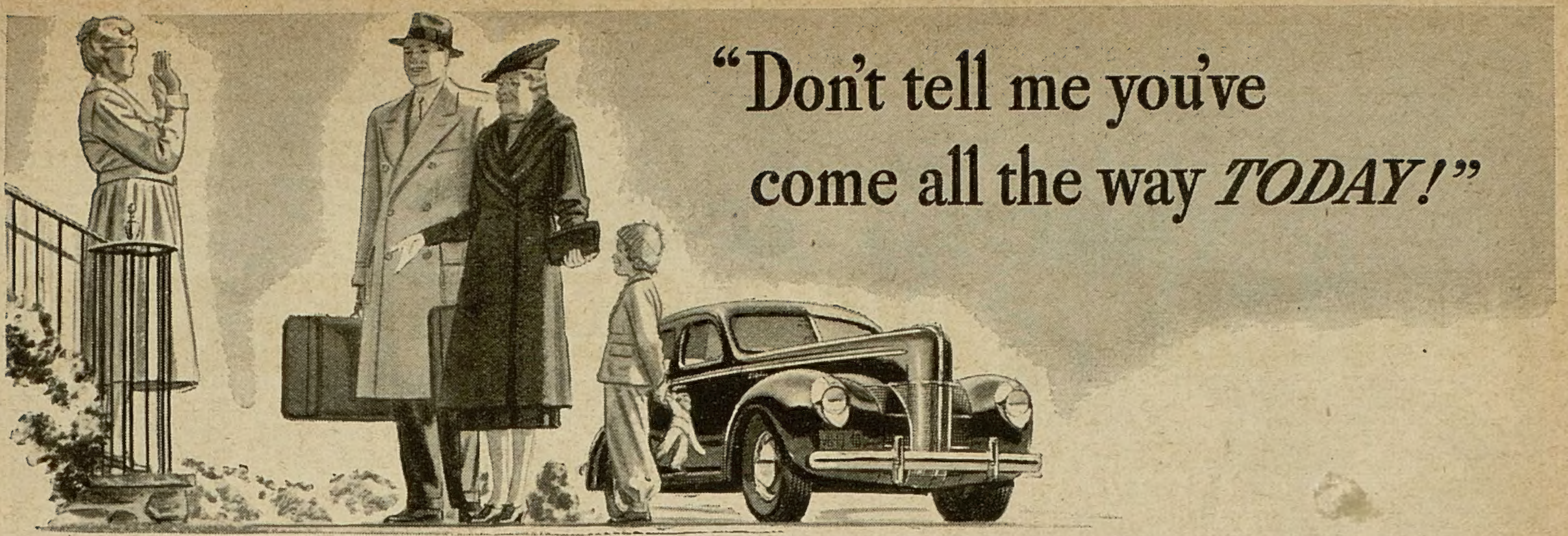


"Don't tell me you've come all the way *TODAY!*"

Sure — miles aren't what they used to be. But when you breeze by them in a Ford V-8, you mind them less than ever!

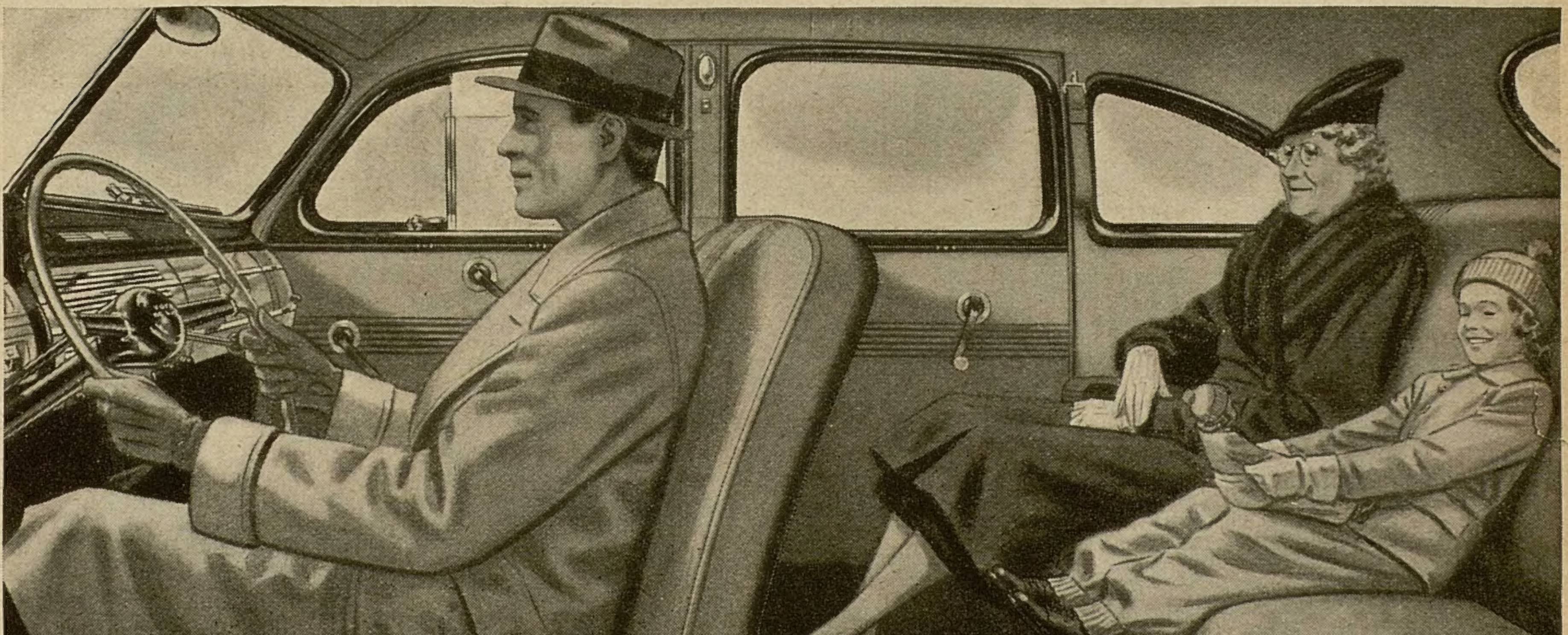
Towns way ahead on the map suddenly appear outside the window. You look at your watch. It's time you were tired — *but you're not!* There are good reasons why.

You've been *resting* on deep, "floating-edge" cushions—with generous room all around — while long, soft springs and double-acting shock absorbers blot out the bumps beneath you.

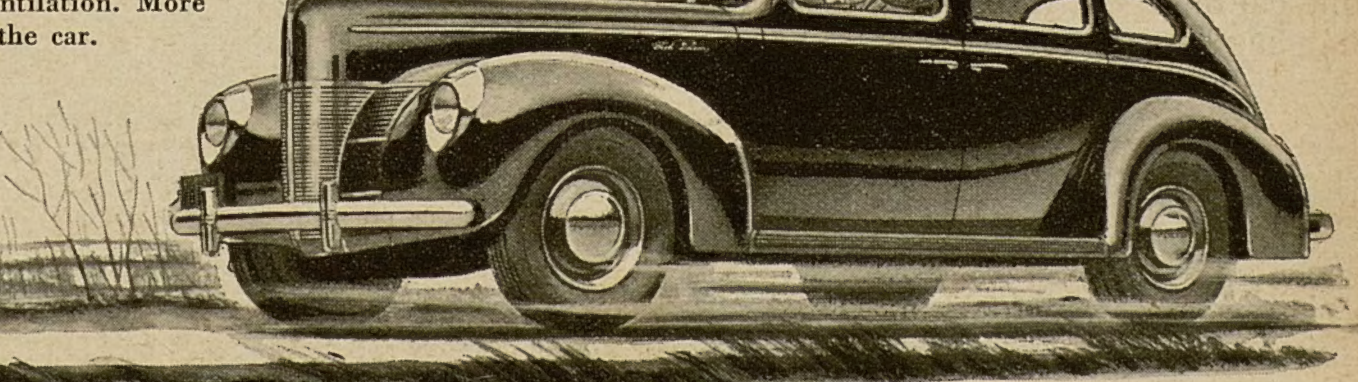
You've been *relaxed* in comforting quiet—in fresh air without drafts — with the confidence born of those eight smooth cylinders under the long hood ahead.

Whatever you want in a motor car — beauty, bigness, power, economy — you'll find in the 1940 Ford V-8. But as much or more than anything else, *you'll like the buoyant, restful way it rides!* Make a date with your Ford dealer and *see.*

FORD V·8



INSIDE INFORMATION! Fine tailoring and careful color harmony make miles more pleasant. Handsome two-tone instrument panel. Graceful two-spoke steering wheel (with Finger-Tip Gearshift just under it). New Controlled Ventilation. More room and more quiet all through the car.



CHALLENGE!

The hope that men live by . . . the yearning for lands unknown, for deeds undone . . . the love of women and the joy of combat—of these this wild story is made! A story of adventure as thrilling as a kiss . . . in our savage borderland of two centuries ago—when the screech of an Indian made blood freeze, and the forest was alive with hate!

You will not live through this picture without feeling fear . . . without clenching your fists in anger . . . without shedding tears. For it answers a challenge in every heart—the challenge to live and love boldly!

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

(Book 1—Rogers' Rangers)

IN TECHNICOLOR—*starring*

SPENCER TRACY

with **ROBERT YOUNG**

WALTER BRENNAN • RUTH HUSSEY

NAT PENDLETON • Directed by KING VIDOR

Produced by HUNT STROMBERG • Screen Play

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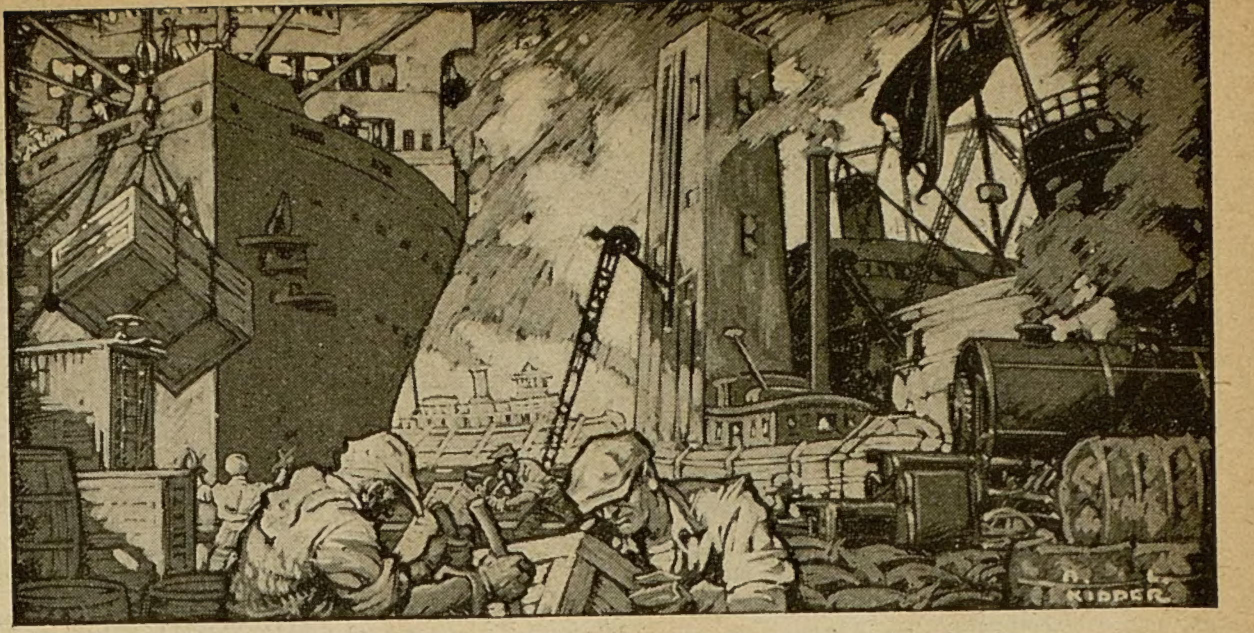
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Exclusive!—An eminent Briton's candid plea, via Liberty, to the U. S. A.



ENGLAND DOES *NOT* WANT AMERICA TO FIGHT!

BY THE DUCHESS of WESTMINSTER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Editor's Note: Until she wrote this article, the Duchess of Westminster had never written for publication. Having read Anthony Eden's and Bernard Shaw's articles in Liberty, she desired that this article be offered to Liberty first of all.

IN both personal and political relationships there is often a tendency —of whose dangers women, I think, are perhaps more keenly aware than men—to imagine that friendships of long standing, firmly based, need no particular attention. Therefore, as an Englishwoman I am anxious, if I can, to do a little explaining to Americans with regard to my country's attitude, and the real feelings of my fellow countrymen, in the present desperate state of affairs in Europe.

Believe me, I am not writing as a propagandist for England or for Mr. Chamberlain. All I want to do is to put before you the lines on which the average reasonably well informed Englishwoman is thinking.

It is not many months since England, in the eyes of many Americans, was in the position of a slightly suspect character under examination by the district attorney. Well, that was fair enough. My countrymen (which includes myself) stood guilty, I admit, of having taken too little pains to account for their actions in American eyes. But this does not mean that we had no good cause to bring before the Court. What was the charge? So far as I understand it, we were indicted on the counts, first, that we were guilty either of cowardice or of treason toward democracy in not "standing up" sooner to totalitarian Nazi (or Fascist) aggression, and that we threw Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Spain overboard, in the hope—at once base and futile—that, in partnership with the dictatorships, we might divide most of the world and its trade with them.

Next, I am told, England only began to stir herself when she belatedly recognized that no fifty-fifty pact with Germany was possible and that the appetite of the Berlin-Rome Axis, unsatisfied by Central European annexations, menaced the British Empire. Then, and only then, England, not caring if democracy perished in Prague and Madrid, began to look eagerly for help from Washington—regardless of her past ingratitude for 1915-18 assistance—in the hope that once more the United States would pull imperial British chestnuts from the fire.

I would ask you to bear two considerations in mind. First, in international politics it isn't always possible to be dead sure that you are absolutely right and the other fellow absolutely wrong. So long as Hitler was simply claiming the right to bring within the Reich the German-speaking peoples of Austria and the Sudetenland, many Englishmen and Englishwomen—trying to be fair-minded, and conscious that the Treaty of Versailles was in some ways a harsh settlement imposed on a beaten enemy—were inclined to concede that Germany had a case for her policy. As to the rights and wrongs of the Spanish Civil War, English opinion was also honestly divided.

Secondly, when you are separated by three thousand miles of ocean from the potential battlefield, it is easy to say, "Take a firm line, even at the risk of precipitating a general European war." It is not so easy to say that when you and your children are within an hour's striking range of hostile bombers. I don't think Englishwomen are more lacking in courage than Americans. War having come, we have steeled our hearts and our nerves and shall go through with it. But if you lived, as I do, in London—with the knowledge that the homes of twelve million people form a target which cannot be completely protected — you would understand better, I think, the extreme reluctance that was shown by the British government to abandon hopes that appeasement and reason could preserve peace.

Far from aiming at Germany's encirclement, England was ready—some will say too ready—to concede that territorial changes in the interests of racial unity might be justified. But when debatable racial claims were abruptly displaced by indefensible claims to redraw the map of Europe and ride roughshod over independent states in order that Germany might have "living room," English people of all political parties and social classes woke reluctantly to the fact that Europe was once more threatened by the same forces, the same vaulting ambitions that led to disaster in 1914.

It is in the cause of international order and justice, and not to protect simply her own possessions, that England has gone to war. It is an issue in which we English people are confident that we have the sympathy of the United States. On your active military aid we have no right to count. Naturally, we hope that America's neutrality will continue to be benevolent toward us. But I hope you will believe me when I say that it is completely wrong to imagine that the English are seeking to entangle the United States in this European war.

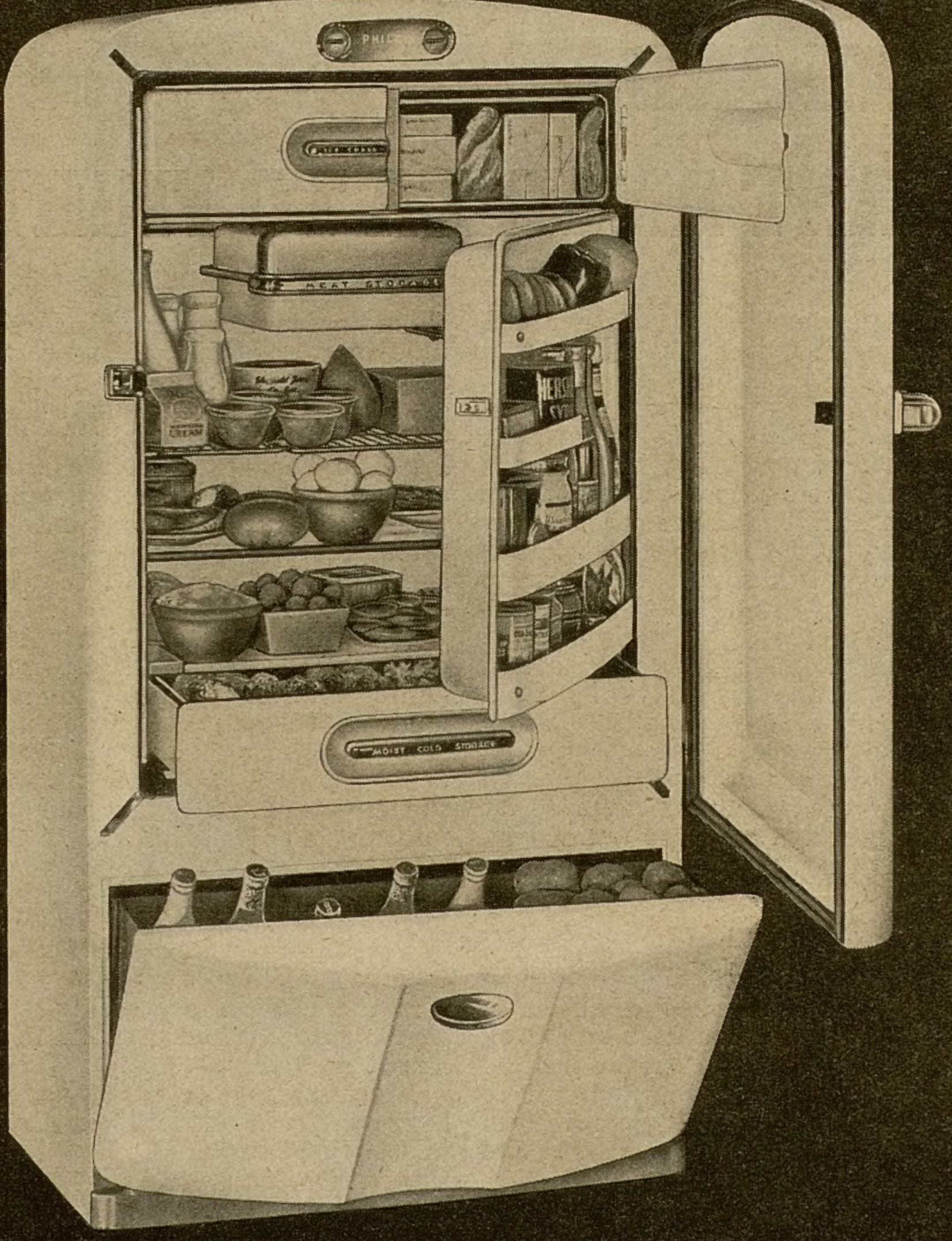
For the immense assistance given by America in the last war England is deeply grateful. Do not suppose that there is any real disposition in England to consider that war-debt repayments are a closed chapter.

For the rest, we envy but do not grudge your geographical remoteness but understand completely how abhorrent to every American citizen the idea of ever taking an active part again in hostilities in Europe would be. What we hope we have the right to expect is that you, in your turn, will understand that England sought peace to the limit—and that we are fighting not merely or mainly for our own place in the sun but against claims whose successful enforcement would ultimately be fatal to the principles of democracy and decency on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE END

Only the sensational, new PHILCO *Refrigerator*

...GIVES YOU THE CONSERVADOR



...a shelf-lined Inner Door that gives you *26% more quickly usable space.* It's patented—*only Philco has it!* Holds two-fifths of your food right at your fingertips, without opening main compartment. No crowding in front, no empty, wasted areas in back. That's why the Philco Refrigerator *holds more food!* Keeps cold air in and warm air out of main compartment... saves on electric bills.

plus FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT

A GIANT-SIZE, separate compartment, specially designed for frozen storage, in addition to regular ice cube chamber. Not a miniature, cramped space added on to an ordinary freezing unit. Plenty of room for packaged Frozen Foods (even a turkey), for frozen desserts, ice cream, etc.

plus THE DRY COLD COMPARTMENT

Some foods, like milk, butter, eggs, bottled and canned goods, are best preserved in "dry cold". The Philco Refrigerator gives you this spacious, dry cold compartment for normal all-purpose food storage.

plus THE MOIST COLD COMPARTMENT

Now, *you don't have to cover foods* to keep them from shriveling, and drying out! This Moist Cold Compartment preserves the taste, flavor, color and juices of cooked meats and left-over vegetables... without the bother of covers and wasted space of special dishes. Cooled by the Freshener Shelf—*only Philco has it!*

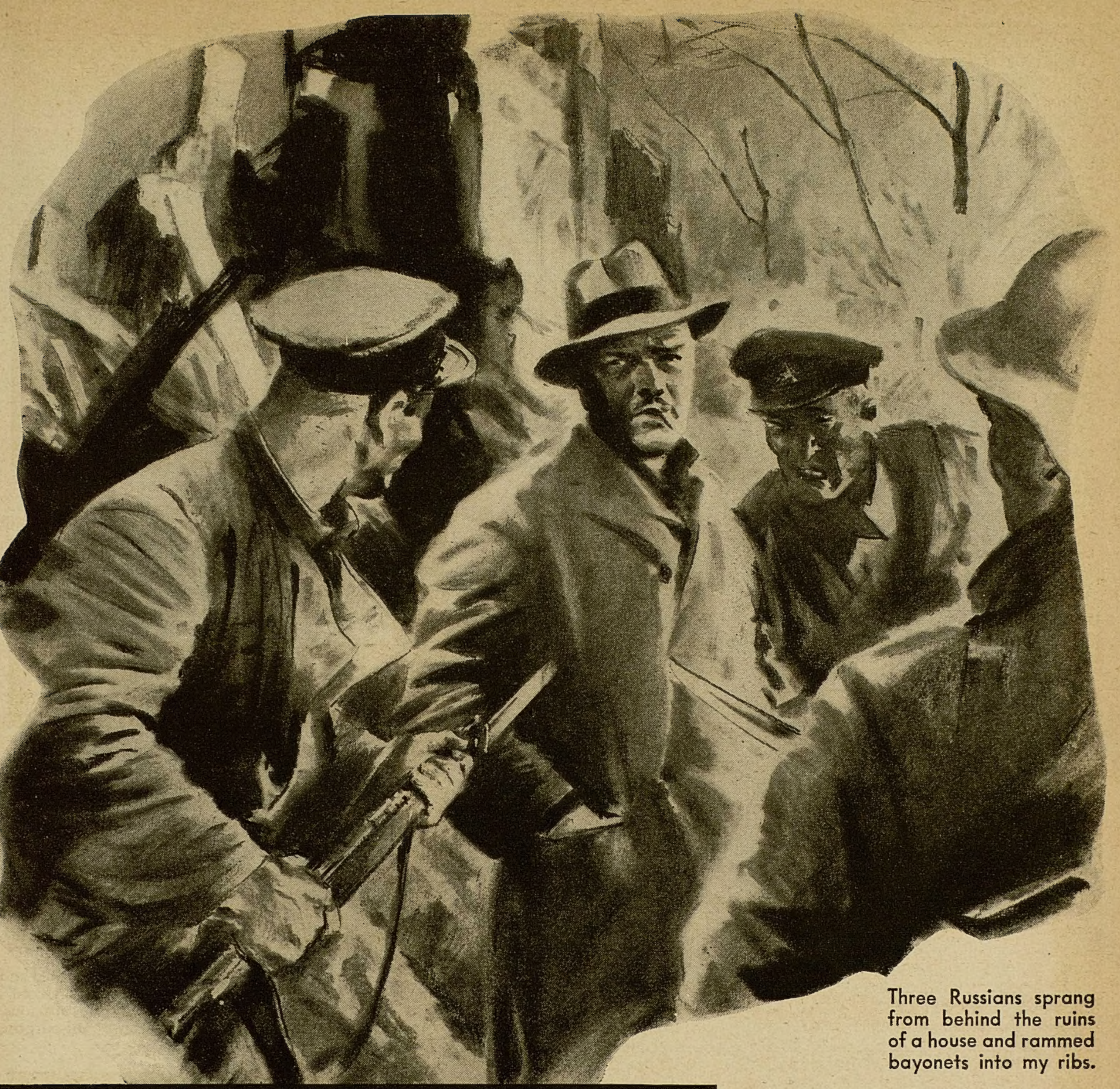
Philco, the quality name in over 14 million homes, now presents a sensational new REFRIGERATOR that brings you new services, new economies, new conveniences never before combined in a single refrigerator. For the first time, this entirely different refrigerator gives you *every* service you need for purity, freshness, flavor and healthful preservation of foods.

And then, thanks to Philco engineering, this most *complete* refrigerator ever offered for the home is brought to you by Philco not at a premium price, not as a luxury... *but at as much as $50 LESS than the best "de luxe" refrigerators of the past!* Better service, bigger value, greater economy!

See it NOW at all Philco Dealers

See these New Philco refrigerators at your nearest dealer today. Among eleven models of gleaming loveliness, you'll find the exact size and type of service to fit your needs.

From $^{\$}119^{\underline{95}}$ to $^{\$}257^{\underline{50}}$ (F. O. B. Factory, Including 5-Year Protection Plan)
there's a Philco Refrigerator model to suit your needs and purse. Yours on Easiest Monthly Payment Terms.



Three Russians sprang from behind the ruins of a house and rammed bayonets into my ribs.

I SAW HELL in GERMANY and RUSSIA

Beginning a venturesome American's vivid, uncensored report from behind the lines in Europe . . The true war story of the year!

BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE—I FACE A FIRING SQUAD

THIS is an unvarnished report on conditions in war-torn Europe by a correspondent who never expected to be alive to render it. The correspondent is myself—and the reason why I know I am living on borrowed time is that I escaped a Russian firing squad. Not once, but twice.

Nor was that all. Although the primary purpose of my trip was to inspect the new Russo-German frontier about which there is so much speculation, I started in France. Next I traveled through half of Italy, investigating as I went. Then I journeyed to Germany, covering most of the country in the two weeks during which the various authorities in Berlin tossed around my request to visit the German-occupied and strictly forbidden sections of Poland—the area where history was in the making, where the mass deportation of a population was in progress, where an escorted group of reporters had glimpsed a hand-picked fragment of the fighting, but no one might witness the mop-up which now followed.

My request also met with an emphatic no. But I had expected as much; so I accepted the verdict meekly and apparently resignedly—and started for the prohibited area without any permission.

By hook and by crook I kept one jump ahead of the army intelligence and the Gestapo, journeying clear to Warsaw without either one catching up to me. Outwitting the Ministry of Propaganda and the SS, I managed to convince the local authorities in Bromberg—scene of the "blood bath"—that I had full authorization to be there. I don't think that any one else knows yet that I was in Gdynia. I will tell you how I worked that, later on.

AND then I came a cropper: I "accidentally" crossed the equally forbidden Soviet-German frontier.

At least it was an accident on my part. But by this time the Germans suspected something of my *verboten* activities; and to carry out my bluff I had been compelled to treat the local hog caller—the loudmouthed brown shirt who announced himself as *Führer* of the frontier district—in an extremely highhanded manner. So I am not so sure about the motives of the three Nazi officials who allowed me to walk out of Germany without an exit visa. Perhaps they knew exactly what would happen.

And soon did! Thirty seconds later three Russian soldiers sprang from behind the ruins of a war-devastated house and rammed bayonets into my ribs. I couldn't speak Russian; they couldn't speak English; twice in the next twenty minutes they lined me up to shoot me as a spy. Then an officer came along and threw me into a cellar prison with nine Polish prisoners—and the worst three days of my life began.

For three days I expected every minute to be my last. For three days I could not make any one understand me. I was fished out of cellars—thinking I was going to be shot—and thrown back into them. I was marched fifteen miles across country at night through ankle-deep mud and a driving rainstorm. I was given a decent place to sleep, waked up at three in the morning, and four, and five, to be cross-examined and thrown back into a cellar again. A Polish fellow prisoner offered me his belt and made signs indicating that I had better hang myself.

Then I was fed seven times in one day—and the only thing I could think about was the old custom of giving a prisoner a big meal before you execute him. But the Russians escorted me back to the frontier. To suit their own convenience, they put me back on German soil at a different town—Suwalki—and from a German standpoint that was the forbidden of forbiddens.

And my papers were not in order! So what did the Germans do? They arrested me, thus compelling me to spend an entire day *right in the Gestapo squad room—in the forbidden occupied territory—where blackjacks and whips hung on the wall, where confiscated Polish property lay in a corner, where Polish prisoners came and went.* It was a place a reporter could have *asked* to see, until he was blue in the face—and have been refused.

Yes, it's a story—a story which in some ways I do not like to think about: the muzzles of those Russian rifles are still too vivid. But I have brought home exclusive firsthand information about all the things which the Germans are trying to conceal. I have probably seen more of the Russian army on active duty than any foreigner has been allowed to see in five years. I know what is going on in German Poland. I have verbatim copies of the eviction notices which send the Polish residents packing on as little as twenty-four hours' notice. And, finally, I know how much of the atrocity stories is truth, how much is propaganda—and in that connection I want to quote the only instructions I have received from the editor of Liberty.

"All I want is the *facts*," he said. "Regardless of whom they hurt, don't pull your punches."

I won't.

But let's begin at the beginning.

THE first thing to worry me was that the Germans were readmitting me to their country at all. I had been there several times before—the last time, I had accompanied the German army entering the Sudetenland—and had not been exactly silent about what I had seen. But now apparently they were welcoming me!

Then my ship called at Marseilles, France. Our scheduled stop was a few hours—and we remained the best part of three days, owing to the fact that the French decided to confiscate and remove from an American ship a consignment of American cellulose destined for Switzerland via Italy. They said it *might* be going to Germany.

"Who pays for the ship's loss of time?" I asked the captain.

"Nobody!" he exploded.

"Who pays for the confiscated American cellulose?"

"Its owners can lodge a claim against the French government. They'll probably get around to settling it—after the war."

"Who pays for all this forced stevedoring?"

"We do. Us! My steamship company!"

"When? After the war?"

"Hell, no! Now! In cash!"

But the situation had its redeeming features. I was on my way to Germany. There is now an ironclad ban which prohibits reporters from seeing both sides of this war. Yet the breaks of the game enabled me to spend three days ashore in France.

I made the most of them. In every country there are certain key sources of information, certain basic standards of comparison. When you have ascertained what an unskilled laborer earns and what his wage will buy, you have an economic springboard. Thus, a French ditchdigger earns, in terms of purchasing power, about eight dollars a week; a German about the same; an Italian considerably less. And in all cases the rest of the economic structure is quite likely to be in proportion.

But a wise reporter does not bank on that. He confirms his information here, there, and the other place. Some of his informants are propagandists and must be discounted. Others are embassy or consular employees who live in dread of direct quotes. But still others will give you straight-from-the-shoulder data; and a competent reporter soon learns what value to attach to each.

Most important of all, he does not make the mistake of wasting too much time on the more literate citizens of the country, the type which usually buttonholes American tourists and drags them off to tea parties. Although that class are the most articulate, they are a small minority. They don't count. The mob does.

And what is the mob interested in? Jobs, of course. Every dictator understands that—it is the factor which explains their success—and the most cogent remark on the subject I ever heard came from a German engineer

"I had accompanied the German army entering the Sudetenland." This snapshot caught Mr. Collings as he did so.

who was vacationing in Norway in 1936. In a chance conversation I happened to remark that, to me, liberty was the most important thing in the world, even more important than a full stomach.

"Of course it is," agreed the German, and then he paused—"*after* you have the full stomach."

Sure! I know. Dictators arbitrarily create jobs on a false economic basis. The basis cannot last. The jobs cannot last. But go and try to tell that to an uneducated European ditch-digger who was unemployed before but has a job now!

The next country I saw was Italy. As to its influence on the war, it can be summarized as follows:

The mob adores Mussolini. Victor Emmanuel runs him a close second. But so far as the masses are concerned, the two stand for one and the same thing: Italy. And despite all the talk to the effect that the "Germans are swine and we will never fall for their propaganda"—such talk as was reported by many Americans who visited Italy last summer—the Italian government is so far playing ball with Berlin. And if, "for reasons of state," it sees fit to enter the war on the German side—which is not impossible—the Italian people will fight on the German side. Anything else is wishful thinking.

All correspondents arriving in Berlin must present their credentials to the propaganda ministry—the *Ministerium für Volksaufklärung und Propaganda*, to give it the official title. Although the propaganda minister is Goebbels, correspondents seldom see him. The active head of the Press Bureau is Dr. Bömer, a slender man of perhaps forty-five who conducts the daily press conferences, produces gold-braided U-boat commanders to prove that their vessels have not been sunk, and brings people like Prince August Wilhelm to deny vehemently that "*mein Bruder*"—the former Crown Prince—has been decapitated, as previously rumored. Dr. Bömer also turns down requests with a smile so ingratiating that it is difficult to become angry with him. And, whenever possible, he passes the buck to his assistants.

Those are the heads of the various sub-bureaus—the North American, the South American, the Far Eastern, etc. The German government is in the business of getting along with correspondents — especially Americans—and the chief of the North American Bureau is Dr. Froelich, a clean-cut man who walks with a limp and is a graduate of both Harvard and Yale. His right-hand man is Werner Asendorf. A youthful graduate of the University of Oregon, Asendorf is married to an American girl. Bömer, Froelich, and Asendorf all speak flawless English.

But there the policy of cultivating correspondents seems to end. Aside from deciding what news shall be furnished the press and censoring radio broadcasts—the only censorship on outgoing cables is the reporter's knowledge that an objectionable dispatch may result in his being fired out of Germany—the Press Bureau has no real authority. It is merely a clearinghouse through which correspondents' requests, if approved, are forwarded to other departments—usually to die a lingering death. And when they die, the good will engendered by the pleasant gentlemen of the Press Bureau also dies.

Some reporters think the system shows jealousy between the various government departments. Others claim that it is merely inefficiency, an unavoidable offshoot of a big nation mobilizing for war. Others have heard so much about German efficiency that they do not believe any shortcomings are possible; and still others say that so-called German efficiency is frequently officiousness. Certainly there is a lack of co-operation. An incident will illustrate it.

Stories were circulating around Berlin to the effect that the SS boys—the black shirts—and the Gestapo had followed close on the heels of the advancing German army. Platoons of them were said to be touring the occupied sections of Poland in converted Berlin sight-seeing buses which they had painted black. Rumor had it that these strong-arm squads were entering the former Polish towns, inquiring of the local German boys what Poles were troubling them, and then horsewhipping the alleged troublemakers and, in some cases, murdering them. My request to be allowed to go and look for myself was pending. Meanwhile I did what I could to verify the rumors. I buttonholed a former acquaintance, a high-ranking German officer.

Now, an experienced reporter works on the salesman's principle of "implied consent." I did not say, "Is it true that Gestapo squads are touring occupied Poland?" Instead, I asked:

"Have the SS and Gestapo squads proved annoying to the army? I am told that they are whipping people and sometimes shooting them without sufficient justification."

Considering the source, his answer was illuminating. "Their conduct has been highly objectionable," he said. Our conversation also seemed to prove that there was no love lost between the army and the black shirts.

BUT I was still determined to see for myself. And about that time my request was turned down—and an underling in the Press Bureau took to calling me up on the telephone each morning with some such remark as, "How did you enjoy meeting Max Schmeling last night?"

He was simply letting me know that he was checking up on my movements. If he knew that I had met Max Schmeling—and I had—he knew where I had been. And that did not look so hot for my future plans—or perhaps it did. If they were checking up on me, why did he have to go and tell me about it?

Pride—that was the answer! They were proud of their German efficiency; proud that their system left no loopholes. And when people got that sure about a thing, they relaxed and opened the loopholes they thought they had closed.

I found them. But it required a few days; and meanwhile I had been checking up on German economy.

Here is what I found: Everything is rationed. Every one must have a *Bezugschein*, a permit, to purchase clothing. The principal visible evidence is on the feet of the women. They can no longer discard shoes because they are unfashionable. I saw them at the opera in Munich in evening gowns and street shoes.

Every one carries a food card. Householders have family cards with detachable coupons and room for dealers' stamps. Reporters and transients receive "food marks" in sheets like postage stamps—and the reporters get a surreptitious extra supply from the Press Bureau. Of course the various food cards do not serve as money; like the clothing "*scheins*," they are merely a permit to purchase.

There is no coffee. There is an embarrassing shortage of soap, and an off-and-on supply of oranges which is equally embarrassing—they all come from Jewish Palestine. Dairy products—eggs, butter, and milk—are scarce. Babies under three can have a liter, a little more than a quart, of whole milk a day. Between the ages of three and six they get three quarters of a liter. From six to ten, half a liter. Every one beyond that age must get along on skimmed milk.

A householder who hopes for fish on the two meatless days each week —Tuesday and Friday—must register with the nearest fish dealer. Even then he or she must stand in line about two hours to get it. There are food queues in front of all the shops; but a woman who wears a *kinderreich* button, meaning she is the mother of four or more children, may move to the head of the line.

IF all that sounds rather crucial, you must remember the other factors. There are plenty of potatoes and plenty of cabbage. The population of north Germany must get along this winter on a diet of cabbage and potatoes pieced out with bread, meat, and fish; but just when did north Germans winter on anything else? And the Germans still have a sense of humor. The current food joke is in the form of a recipe:

"For a good meal: Take your meat card, wrap it in your egg card, and fry in your butter card until brown. Then take your potato card, cover with your flour card, and steam over your coal card until done. For dessert, put your milk and sugar cards in your coffee card. Then dunk the dessert card in the coffee card—and after you have finished, wash yourself with your soap card, drying yourself with your cloth card."

No; it would be incorrect to say that there is a crucial food shortage. Germans say they have resorted to rationing to prevent a *future* shortage, to prevent wealthy people looting the markets and hoarding as they did in the last war. With that in mind, the present rationing was announced on a Sunday, when all stores were closed, and went into effect on a Monday. And on its present rationed basis they claim that Germany can endure a long time.

I wanted to know exactly how long —not only as to food but as to vital war materials. And I also wanted to solve the most pressing of German reportorial problems, compared to which all the others are chicken feed.

That is the question whether German morale is cracking; whether German faith in the Nazi regime is on the wane; specifically, whether Hitler still enjoys the support of a majority of the German people.

Journalistic novices, incensed by highhanded and brutal Nazi methods, said he didn't. Tea-party observers said they had yet to meet an enthusiastic Nazi. So I went down into the Alexanderplatz, the workingman's shopping center, and watched the crowds. I had done the same thing in Innsbruck and Munich, in Nuremberg and Frankfurt am Main. And everywhere I saw workmen warmly dressed; nearly all had stout shoes—and I wondered.

But I did not trust my own judgment. In Berlin there are several competent American political and economic observers of long experience—some of them working for the United States government. There are also American journalists who have seen service on the Berlin detail for years. And those lads are more than willing to swap basic background material.

SO here is the score: A year ago, when Hitler was getting everything at no cost, a free and open plebiscite in which no voter need fear reprisals of any kind would undoubtedly have given him eighty per cent of the vote. (Remember, a lot of Germans say: If not Hitler, who is your substitute man? If not Hitler's program, what is your substitute program? Seeing neither on the horizon, they are for Hitler.)

But now Germany is at war. The war is not popular. German after German, when asked if Poland was worth fighting for, shakes his head sadly and says, "No."

So Hitler *has* slipped. The same plebiscite would today give him only about sixty per cent of the votes. But sixty per cent is still a majority. And if you wonder why he would poll even that much—well, let a veteran American correspondent tell you:

"The answer is jobs—and Hitler's burning patriotism. Whatever else he is, the man is fanatically, furiously, fantastically pro-German. So the German people forgive him much. Even in Austria he would poll a majority—simply because he has cured unemployment."

Sorry, if you don't like that. But if you care to think of Nazi Germany as your antagonist, any football coach will tell you that the most fatal error in the world is to underestimate your opponent's strength.

And the rest of Germany's strength is, briefly, this: On the present rationed basis the German food supplies and reserves will withstand at least two years of war and will probably last indefinitely. The prospect of revolution is remote. Gasoline and lubricating oils are the most pressing military problems, but unless the war again develops into a war of movement, as it did in Poland, Germany can get by indefinitely here also. The only big question is whether the Russian agreement can endure. Many Germans, especially the military, think it can't; they believe they have taken a tiger kitten to rear—and we are coming back to that topic.

A drunken altercation plus a lot of fast thinking offered my long-awaited opportunity to visit occupied Poland. With a single exception, Berlin cafés must close at 1 A. M. The Taverne, however, has special permission to remain open indefinitely for the benefit of the foreign correspondents. Of course that means it is also frequented by the minions of the Press Bureau and the "state prostitutes." The former watch over their journalistic charges like a mother hen; the latter pump them for information, or try to. The girls seem to be popular with Greek writers; bespectacled Japanese buy them champagne; but they have long since given up the Americans as a bad job. Which was probably a wise decision: they never even discovered that Americans discussed Hitler right under their noses by the simple device of calling him Mr. Jones.

And into the Taverne early one morning barged three drunks. What drunks! All three were Nazi officials. They knocked down the doorman; they made themselves generally obnoxious; the proprietor, quite rightly, refused to serve them. But in so doing he must have relied on powerful governmental backing; and that meant the argument was likely to develop into a back-stabbing contest in which no reporter could afford to become involved.

ANOTHER correspondent and I had no choice. The three drunks demanded that we make cat's-paws of ourselves—buy the prohibited drinks and slide them across our table.

I was furious; and with a quickly devised purpose, I made the most of my anger. The following noon I collared an official of the Press Bureau. I told him what had happened. I said the officials in question were either common drunks or boors or both. I said I was fed up on Nazi Germany and was determined to go home. But first I intended to take a trip as an ordinary tourist, visiting Danzig, Königsberg, and Memel. That was the only way I could forget the indignity.

Yes, I knew I was taking a long chance. Yes, I knew that no such tirade had ever been directed at a Nazi official in his own country before. But the success of my plans depended on doing things which no one had done before; and this official seemed frantic in his apologies.

"By all means go, Herr Collings," he said. "Start any time you feel like it." And he forgot that the route to Königsberg crossed the former Polish Corridor, gateway to the forbidden occupied territory.

Or did he? I hoped that his abject attitude was merely an attempt to get a troublemaker out of town. I wondered if it was a carefully laid trap. A fellow correspondent did not make [illegible] feel a bit more cheerful.

"They'll never bump you off," he said; "not openly. But once you get off in the sticks there are a thousand ways of doing it quietly—and this gang knows all of them."

The eastbound train was mobbed with soldiers on leave from the Westwall. If you can picture the New York subway in the rush hour with each passenger wrestling with a rifle, full marching equipment, a gas mask, and an entrenching tool, that was it. I stood up in that jam *for ten solid hours*—and it was worth it.

What do private soldiers think about? Considering that my own training has been military—the United States Marine Corps—I think I am qualified to answer.

Take the American marines as an example. They are more intelligent than most soldiery. Yet the average private is a mere boy. He is intensely patriotic. And just what does his patriotism consist of? Why, defending the United States. But defending the United States is a pretty nebulous ideal; it needs to be reduced to terms of who shoots at what. And who tells the private what to shoot at? His captain, of course.

So when you come right down to it, the captain of a company is the army god. A private is proud of his country, proud of his army, doubly proud of his regiment. But when you mention *Company B,* watch his chest swell; listen to him!

"Why, man, that's my outfit! Just you wait until the next scrap! Watch the way we show up those lousy bums in Company C!"

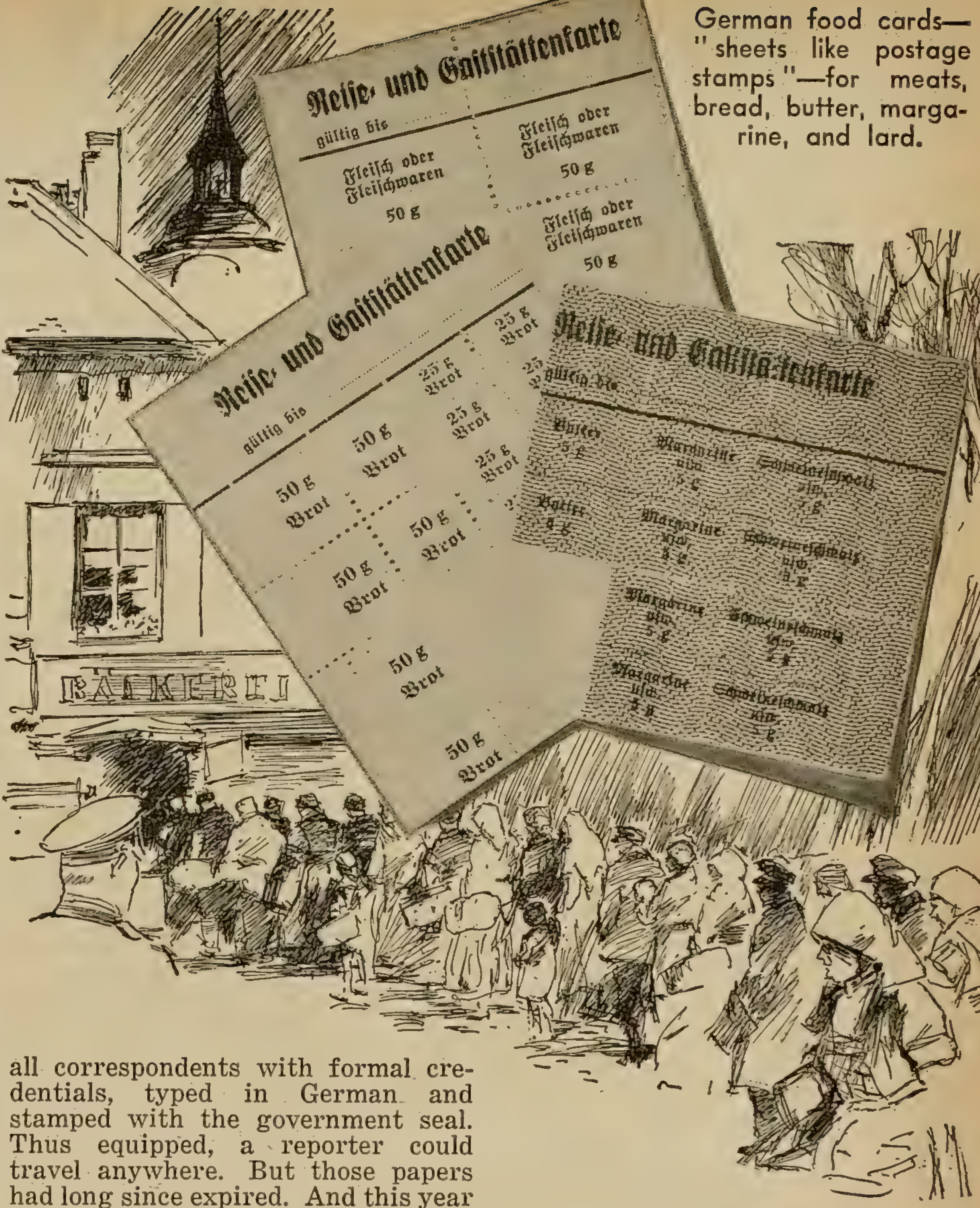
Attribute deeper thoughts than that to the average private in any army, and you will be putting something in his head that isn't there. And it may lead you to the conclusion that the German army is about to revolt—which it isn't.

As the train rolled eastward I fought for elbow room, bought beer at the way stations for the privates—and pondered several problems.

I had been hearing a lot about railroad wrecks. Undoubtedly Germany was having an unduly high percentage, and I wondered whether they were caused by overcrowding, extra sections and military specials, by the blackout—which is universal west of a north-and-south line drawn approximately through Stettin—or, as is most frequently charged, by a letdown in the condition of the rolling stock under Nazi management. To get ahead of the story: it is a combination of all three. And the management item is not so much Nazi as wartime management.

Then there was the question of my credentials. Although I had told the propaganda ministry that I was taking this trip as a tourist, if I was to carry out my plans I must identify myself as an accredited journalist. And once outside of Berlin, that was impossible. The propaganda ministry had fixed that.

A year before they had furnished all correspondents with formal credentials, typed in German and stamped with the government seal. Thus equipped, a reporter could travel anywhere. But those papers had long since expired. And this year the Germans had no intention of allowing correspondents to poke around alone. So they had merely taken our American letters of introduction, attached a photograph, and rubber-stamped the name "Giese" across them. Giese was a minor official of the Press Bureau. In Berlin his name would admit reporters to press conferences and that sort of thing. But away from Berlin his name would not get you across the street; and that was exactly what the Nazi officials intended.



German food cards—"sheets like postage stamps"—for meats, bread, butter, margarine, and lard.

My train was slowing for its one stop in the occupied territory: Dirschau. I had to think fast. The Press Bureau had further spiked my guns with letters of introduction to people who would "entertain" me in Königsberg and Danzig. Those people would be on the lookout for me. If I did not arrive within a reasonable time they would report the fact. Perhaps I had better show up in Danzig first and make my big attempt on the return trip.

No! I decided to try my luck both going and coming. I would get off now "to take a smoke," miss my train, and see what happened. Stuffing my razor and toothbrush in a pocket, I trusted to German efficiency that my abandoned handbags would turn up later—and they did.

A quick glance told me that the Dirschau railroad station had been shattered by a bomb. But I could not pay attention to that now.

The exit gate was down a flight of stairs and through a ramp. It was impossible to see how it was guarded.

About a dozen passengers disembarked. All seemed to be Germans. I walked after them. Down the stairs we went, and around a corner. Then I saw all the rest digging out something I did not have—something I had never seen before.

It was a brown square of cardboard with a red diagonal stripe, without which no one could enter the occupied territory. And—

THERE STOOD A BIG NAZI OFFICIAL DEMANDING MY CREDENTIALS!

And he had no credentials! A tight place, truly! How was Mr. Collings to get out of it—and on into the forbidden territory that had been Poland? He will tell you next week; will give you the facts about wartime rigors, mass deportations, Nazi Jew-baiting in Dirschau and Danzig and Gdynia—with the startling story of a success he had in drinking *his way around German "efficiency"!*

THE MYSTERY OF UNITY

Today's strangest story!—Did a plot to sidetrack Hitler fail when a bullet struck this beauty down?

BY RENÉ KRAUS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IN a palatial manor at High Wycombe, among the rolling fields of Buckinghamshire, lies an old woman aged twenty-five. As she was borne into the castle on a stretcher, surrounded by a heavy cordon of detectives, one lone press photographer succeeded in getting a snapshot. Look at that picture. It shows you the pallid, sunken face of one who struggles with death. Around her throat she wears a thick woolen bandage. The bullet must have entered there.

A few months ago all the loveliness of the universe was mirrored in her young girl's face, in the blue flame of her eyes, the heavy crown of blonde hair, the delicate white skin. "The perfect Aryan beauty," Adolf Hitler called her. Probably she inflamed the thwarted artist's thirst for beauty. Did he fall in love with her? Of all the riddles presented by her tragedy, this is still the most unfathomable.

The Hon. Unity Freeman-Mitford is the daughter of Lord Redesdale, an English aristocrat who plays a great role both in London court society and in the British shipping industry. The Redesdales seem the embodiment of the good old type of spleenish British lordship. Actually their old nobility is of fairly recent date. Unity's granddaddy, the father of the present Lord Redesdale, began as a simple middle-class clerk in the Foreign Office and attained a peerage through distinguished service. His son, the present Lord Redesdale, when Adolf Hitler came to power in Germany, inaugurated active efforts to promote better relations with the Nazis. He was among the founders of the Anglo-German Fellowship, was one of the spokesmen of the German-oriented Cliveden set, so called. He was also generally recognized as the friend of Herr von Ribbentrop.

At the same time he had the mortification of seeing his daughter Jessica elope with a nineteen-year-old leftist who was just nibbling at the Spanish Civil War. This youth is a nephew of Winston Churchill. But, somehow, he didn't run true to type. Today he is working in a Miami night club with his bride Jessica.

Another daughter, Diana, the former Mrs. Bryan Guinness, did not exactly elope, but she showed herself in public with Sir Oswald Mosley, boss of the British Fascists, far more often than was necessary. Sir Oswald was first married to the daughter of Lord Curzon, one-time Foreign Minister and Viceroy of India—and to the Socialist Party. I knew him when he was still the Red *enfant terrible* of Parliament. But radicalism from the opposite quarter obviously offered richer chances of success. Somehow Sir Oswald found his way to Hitler, and today he declares that the struggle for existence which his country is waging against German aggression has nothing to do with him and his followers. Britain's Fascists are neutral. This attitude has apparently done no damage to his position at court. Once and for all, he belongs to the Three Hundred Families. When the daughter of his first marriage was married, a short time ago, the Queen herself gave her a dinner.

Naturally, Sir Oswald's intimacy with the divorced Mrs. Bryan Guinness had been explained in the meantime. The two had been secretly married two years before. In Germany. The best man—you've guessed it—was Adolf Hitler.

For Unity, I believe, there will never be another dinner with the Queen. Detectives and plain-clothes men surround the manor at High Wycombe where she grapples with death. Visitors are strictly excluded. "We will have some very serious matters to discuss with her when she is herself again," declared an officer of M. I. 5, the British Military Intelligence. She herself is reported to have uttered only one statement. "I don't belong to you any longer!" she said to the reporters who thronged about her at her home-coming in Portsmouth. It was a sorrowful homecoming. The journey with which it ended had begun more happily.

About a year after Hitler's seizure of power, Lord Redesdale sent his daughters Diana and Unity to Munich. Both young ladies were to have a thorough look at the famous art museums. In normal times such a trip was nothing unusual. After a year of Nazism, it was definitely a provocation. All Mayfair was sure of it—the clever Lord Redesdale had again cooked up some wily plan. Perhaps it concerned a connection between English and German shipping interests. Perhaps something more. At this time Lord Redesdale was counted as an intimate friend of the Duke of Kent, whose duchess, Marina, was regarded, up to the outbreak of the war, as the lovely and persuasive "Mother of Appeasement." When he was German ambassador in London, Herr von Ribbentrop called her home, 3 Belgrave Square, simply "Headquarters." At Headquarters the German excursion of the Redesdale daughters was promoted with the best of good will.

Or were there darker, more mysterious plans at work? Was the fair Unity, chaperoned by her sister Diana, going to Germany not to conciliate Hitler but to spy upon him?

Today it may be easily established that it was a question neither of alliance nor of enmity. It apparently was a question of the German throne. Of all the theories and hypotheses this is the most believable, attested by sworn witnesses. The conservative circles in London had a plan for taming Herr Hitler. They wanted to set him up on a throne and thereby render him harmless. Garbed in purple, scepter in hand, perhaps Adolf the First would find peace and leave others in peace.

But how could this sedative be administered to Herr Hitler? Only a woman would have the sure hand needed. In the relationship between every man and the woman of his choice there must come a moment when he asks her: "What shall I give you? Do you want the moon?"

"No—the crown of the German emperor . . . at your side!" Unity would twitter artfully.

Why not? German girls have become English queens. And none of them was more beautiful than Unity.

She was nineteen or twenty when she began her march of conquest to Munich—to study pictures. I saw her for the first time during the first days of her Munich visit. From head to foot she was bathed in luster and magnificence. Her wealth of blonde hair framed a nobly chiseled face with high forehead and Grecian nose. Her eyes glowed with the fire of youth. Her boldly cut lips were rouged to the millimeter. Her figure was full of charm and challenge. She came to study pictures? She herself was the picture.

In Germany this type doesn't exist. Not even in the German movies. Do people in Europe smile faintly at the American woman's make-up? Unity wore more lipstick and nail polish of a deeper red than Hitler had ever seen. In principle he is against these things. The German woman belongs in the kitchen. In practice he was for them. Even at the Monte Carlo or the Stork Club you would have murmured, "Swell!" as Unity passed. Hitler murmured, "An earthquake!" His is not the gift of understatement.

The first meeting between Adolf and Unity took place in the Osteria, an intimate Munich wine cellar. It had the effect of being purely chance, but it had been prepared for a long time. Not an element of the mystery story had been forgotten. Of course the great lady to introduce this young

REEMAN-MITFORD Patriot or What?

Unity Freeman-Mitford as she looked a year ago, on her way to a pro-Nazi rally in London—and, below, as she arrived from Munich on the stretcher.

girl to the great world was not lacking. This lady, it is said, was called Frau von Konopath. She seems to have been one of those multitudinous German housewives who at the time were making frantic efforts to bring Hitler into their fold. Playing Cupid to him was a self-imposed task that set many a German salon in an uproar.

Those were the days when he went regularly, armed with far too large bouquets of roses, to tea at the home of Mrs. Winifred Wagner. She is the widow of Kapellmeister Siegfried Wagner and daughter-in-law of the maestro himself. Those were also the days when the almost 180-pound actress Margarete Slezak, who liked to be called the Pompadour of the Third Reich, was offering substantial competition to the widow Winifred. But Margarete, blonde as Isolde just come from the hairdresser, proved to be the daughter of a Jewish mother, and the impression made by the widow Winifred probably was chiefly intellectual.

Adolf Hitler was wavering among second-rate emotions that could not imperil his shy, inhibited manhood when the Hon. Unity Valkyrie Freeman-Mitford turned up in the Osteria at Munich. It is quite possible that Frau von Konopath had to urge him at least to view his opportunity calmly and from a certain distance. That is the way things are done at a slave market, too.

And he became Unity's slave.

Lieutenant Friedrich Brueckner, the Führer's aide-de-camp in his early days, related to a small, carefully selected group of us journalists how the meeting came about. He told how he himself had got up from the Führer's table at the Osteria and gone over to the next table where sat two dazzling foreign beauties; how he had bowed stiffly from the waist and rasped seductively, "Permit me, ladies. The leader of the German people asks you to do him the honor of drinking coffee with him."

"Why—" replied the elder one, "why—certainly." She was the divorced Mrs. Diana Bryan Guinness.

"Merely for a cup of coffee!" Friedrich Brueckner repeated meaningly. As he explained to us later, he wanted to emphasize the strictly virtuous aspect of this rather informal acquaintance. This was in the spring of 1934. Since then Hitler has long outgrown his springtime. But, if you ask me, personally I think things stopped with coffee between him and Unity.

Other beaux take their belles to the movies or to football games. For her, Hitler put on the Nürnberg Party Convention, with a million participants and his own great monologue at the end. Unity sat in the box of honor. At every review, demonstration, and ceremony of homage to the Führer, the best place in the stands was marked with the familiar too large bouquet of roses. That seat was kept free for the Lady.

All Germany called her "the Lady," even Adolf himself. Nobody could pronounce her name, not even he. His clumsy heavily accented German is barbarous enough. When he tries English sounds, they are not gutturals, but bombshell bursts. Has Unity no ears, that she can stand this uproar in her vicinity? I asked myself. How must it sound if an Adolf gargled, "I love you, lady"?

The first time I met Unity, she had no ears, no eyesight, no sense of humor. She was in love.

Beauty and the Beast—you know the old painting? I saw it in Munich, in Berlin, and in Breslau. In Munich, Unity and Adolf took tea together regularly. In Berlin the Führer looked nervously at his watch every other second one afternoon in the lobby of the Hotel Kaiserhof. When—when would she come? In Breslau she stood for hours on a street corner. That time he did not come at all.

All Germany held its breath while the romance was going on. As a rule, Hitler is infinitely timid in his relations with ladies. But Unity was a different matter. This man, nearing his fifties, undoubtedly caught fire from the young girl who looked like a blonde glacier and burned like the very sunlight. When she appeared at his side at a formal reception you could talk quite reasonably with the Chancellor, or so a foreign diplomat reported at home.

In Germany dead silence reigned until Hitler himself broke the spell.

“She is the typical perfect Nordic beauty,” he declared. The Berlin papers had to print this remark on the front page in the largest type.

“Next to my own wife, Miss Unity Mitford is the most beautiful woman in Germany,” the fat Goering, always on the right side, echoed in a toast.

Were Adolf and Unity engaged? She wore a gold swastika badge with his signature from which she never parted. “People don't wear rings any more,” she told me, with a modest smile that wished to betray nothing and reveal everything.

This smile got on Herr Heinrich Himmler's nerves. Herr Himmler is, as you know, the chief of the Gestapo. He is a pale effeminate specimen with a high falsetto voice and dainty motions. But he is, second only to Stalin, the bloodiest butcher of our time.

Rumors of the monarchistic plans in which Unity was reportedly involved must have come to his ears. No wonder: he had praised himself in public for maintaining paid creatures even in Buckingham Palace.

Empress Unity? Not for Herr Heinrich Himmler. An empress who gave up her own country to become an enthusiastic German Nazi would not keep faith with Germany either. The Gestapo must watch out. Its black shadow fell over Unity's laughing happiness.

Even if Heinrich Himmler was one of Hitler's closest followers, he had no illusions about him. Was it possible that this blonde beauty had, honestly and without reservations, fallen to a man old enough to be her father, and to such a slovenly and unprepossessing man at that? There must be more behind it than a girl's crush. After all, what was there about Adolf Hitler?

WELL, what is there? He is a wizard. I do not think he has bewitched Germany. He is the reflection of this German generation, not its enchanter. But his effect on women is tremendous. The movie actress, Leni Riefenstahl, is a tried veteran in the eternal battle of he and she. When I asked her in private about Adolf Hitler, she blushed speechlessly, probably for the first time in her life. Unity was not speechless, and she had no reason to blush. “I am a Nazi!” she screamed—not pronouncing the word quite correctly, by the way—“A Nazi! A Nazi!”

She was hopelessly in love. Of what Nazism really meant she had, of course, not the faintest idea. She merely picked out for her own use the simplest and most easily understood part of it—Jew-baiting. A few weeks after her first meeting with Hitler, she wrote to Julius Streicher, Jew-baiter No. 1, the famous letter that he published in his Stuermer, with its postscript: “Please publish my name, for I want everyone to know that I am a Jew-hater.”

Was this urgent enough proof of her loyalty? Must she also give up her homeland and apply for German citizenship? Even that she did. But Germany somehow would not become home to her. She raced tirelessly between the old country and the new. When in England, she heckled Communist soapbox orators in Hyde Park. Once somebody tore off her swastika badge with Hitler's signature. “I hit the man over the head. He ran off, but pandemonium broke loose,” she recalled.

She exposed herself to other unpleasantnesses as well—and all for love. In Strelovice her car was stopped by the Czech police because it was covered all over with swastikas. There was a state of military emergency in the Czech frontier districts, that spring of 1938. Her car was an insolent provocation. And her four cameras with photographs of Czech troops and fortifications were no mere girlish play, either. She was questioned for five hours. Then she declared: “You have just one hour more. Adolf is expecting me. If I am not at the German border and able to telephone him by then, he will march in. He promised me.”

A few months later he kept his promise.

TO put it politely, Adolf Hitler does not keep all his promises. Also, since that time it has grown constantly harder to be with him or even get to him. And from a certain point on, he does not know what to do with a lady. I consider the wild rumors of a real romance between Adolf and Unity grossly exaggerated.

When the Führer marched into Vienna and stood staring down from the balcony of the Hotel Imperial upon the hastily drummed-up crowd, Unity was on the street corner, yelling: “*Sieg Heil! Heil* Hitler! *Heil* Third Reich!” Her hands flashed high in the air like fluttering birds. Her blonde curls blew in the wind.

But Hitler on the balcony had eyes only for the lifeless love of his youth, outraged Vienna.

“Aren't you afraid you'll get hoarse, Unity?” I asked her. Unfortunately I could not wait for her answer. At that moment two gentlemen of the Gestapo fetched me out of the crowd.

In Breslau, just before the outbreak of war, she really did yell herself hoarse. Once again she stood on a street corner for hours, shouting, waving, cheering—with despair in her heart because Hitler did not show himself to her. There he came, riding slowly in his Mercedes through the roaring crowds along the sidewalks. He stood upright. Waved to the children in the crowd. There she stood, the loveliest, blondest child of all. And Adolf Hitler collapsed in his seat, eyes on the floor. That is the only way for a German gentleman to overlook a lady tactfully.

The doctors said she had sunstroke from those long hours of waiting in the summer heat. The sunstroke, according to the official bulletin, developed into pleurisy. Unity spent many weeks in a Munich hospital.

In this hospital she was the virtual prisoner of the Gestapo. It was impossible to let her go. But it was not possible to dispose of her quietly, in Gestapo fashion, either. Hitler was so unaccountable. At any moment it might occur to him to ask after that blonde girl—what was her name?—Unity Something-or-other.

When the celebrated bombing shook the Munich Bürgerbräu, Herr Himmler went personally to Munich. Officially, to superintend the investigation. Unofficially, to examine Unity every day for weeks.

Countless questions were pressed upon her: Why had she come to Germany in the first place? Who had sent her here? When had she last seen her uncle Winston Churchill? What had he said to her? Nothing else? What had happened during the hours she had—er—spent alone with the Führer? What confidences had he deigned to make to her?

One morning Herr Heinrich Himmler interrupted his series of hearings. Suddenly, without giving any reason, he stayed far away from the hospital. When the nurse entered her patient's room, she had the fright of her life. There lay Unity, and from her throat trickled a thin stream of blood.

At this writing, it has not yet become possible to extract the bullet. The doctors hope it will be when the patient is somewhat stronger. Meanwhile she lies at High Wycombe with a bullet in her.

HOW did she get there?

Above all, how did she get her bullet wound?

The first question is the easier to answer. The Hungarian Count Janos Almassy, an old friend of the Redesdale family, probably saved her life. He called her parents up in Buckinghamshire from Budapest. “Your daughter is very ill at the hospital in Munich.” And hung up. Not a word of explanation. Graf Almassy does not telephone his neck into a noose.

But how is it that Unity's life became imperiled? Rumors connect the abrupt ending of Heinrich Himmler's inquisition with the catastrophe. Certainly, one assassination more or less meant nothing to the Gestapo. But the gunmen of the Gestapo as a rule shoot low and shoot straight.

Unity escaped death. She appears to have lost her memory. Perhaps the shot was merely a trivial attempt at suicide due to a broken heart. Perhaps life lost its meaning for her when she lost Adolf. Then again perhaps an honest spy wished to pay for the failure of some enormous stroke with her life.

Is Unity a vamp? Is she a sacrificial lamb? The Hon. Patrick Joseph Dollan, Lord Provost of Glasgow, states: “She is just a little flapper who really ought to have her pants spanked!”

Of all these questions, not one can be answered. Not unless Unity's memory returns. If it does, she can give the answers—if she chooses.

THE END

DOGHOUSE *for* TWO

For husbands and wives—A joyous chronicle of trouble and one delirious afternoon

BY SCOTT CORBETT

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EDGAR HARRIMAN retreated behind a stack of Rod & Gun issues of May, 1937, to August, 1939, inclusive, with the gaunt, stag-at-bay expression of a harried husband on his still youthful face. The Rod & Guns were on a long plain green-painted table, while about him on the shelves at that end of the basement recreation room other stacks of other old magazines, dog-eared, disheveled, and disarranged, silently awaited the outcome of this clash of wills between man and wife.

"But I've been going through them and sorting out as fast as I can," Edgar protested, without much hope of making an impression.

He didn't. Elsa, hands on hips which proper care and feeding had kept slim for thirty-five years, sniffed. She hooked her thumbs in the belt of her chartreuse shorts and turned thumbs down on his protest at one and the same time.

"You've been sorting!" Her contemptuous glance played on the pathetic little pile of magazines which Edgar had grudgingly decided to place on the sacrificial altar of good housekeeping. "Every time I've come down here today I've found you deep in one of them. All I've asked you to do, as far as the contest is concerned, is to sort out a lot of old magazines you'll never get around to reading so I can have Mr. Sweeney haul them away. But you've put it off and put it off, and now, here the contest judges may swoop down on me at any minute and the basement will be a clutter of old magazines!"

"Oh, now, Elsa, there's still plenty of time."

"There is not. 'Any day except Sunday between two and five o'clock during the two weeks beginning Saturday, August 12 and ending Friday, August 25,' the rules say. Today is Saturday, August 12, is it not?"

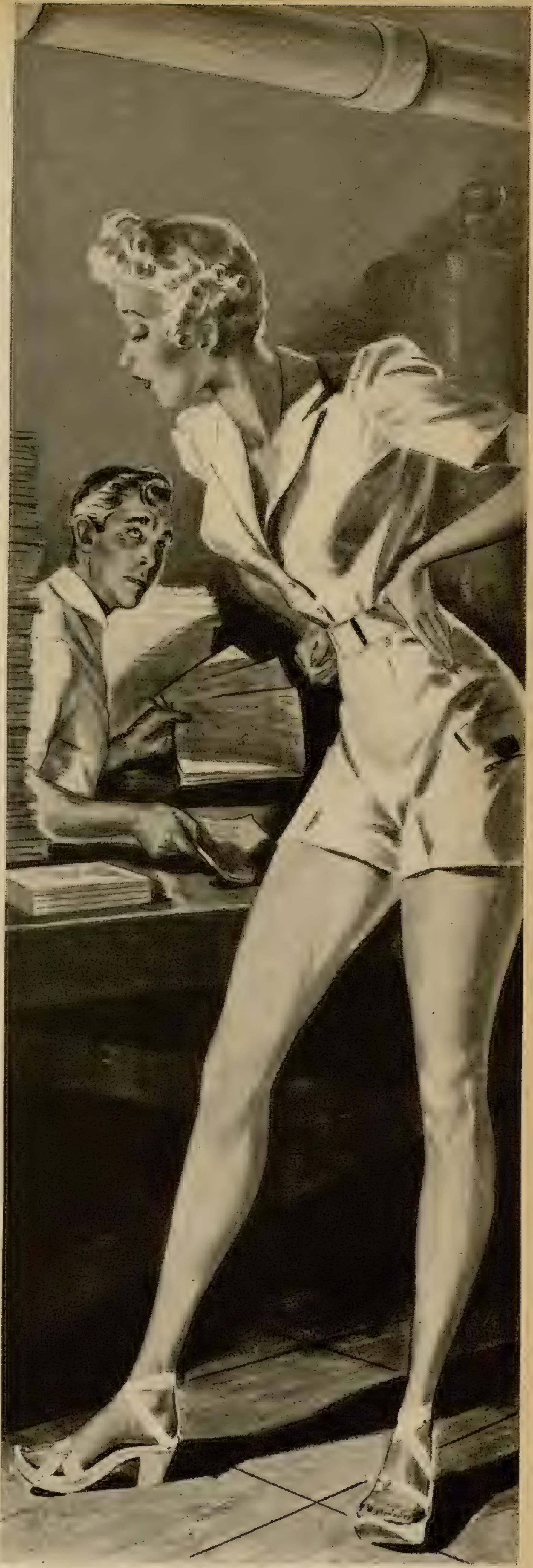
"Yes, pet, but—"

"It is now exactly ten minutes past two o'clock, is it not?"

"Nine, by my watch. But look, angel. The point I've been trying to work in edgewise is that the whole idea of the contest is to catch you women off guard on a normal day. If it wasn't, they'd have set a certain day to inspect the houses instead of making it any day within the next two weeks. So it stands to reason that they wouldn't come the very first day, when all you women will be toeing the mark with your houses in apple-pie order."

Elsa sat on the edge of the table and swung one long shapely leg back and forth as though weighing its pants-kicking possibilities.

"Listen. Once in a while the early settlers decided it stood to reason that the Indians wouldn't attack that day. That was always the day they lost their scalps. And personally I'd just as



Elsa sniffed. She hooked her thumbs in the belt of her shorts and turned thumbs down on his protest.

soon lose my scalp as come out second to Georgia Mae Smythe. If her house gets picked over ours, I'll just die! But right now the whole house is perfect except for down here, and I'm not going to stand for it. So I'm going to stay and crack the whip." Elsa snatched a magazine from a groaning shelf and plopped down in one of the wicker rockers near the table. "I'm going to sit right here and read while you get busy."

The pages snapped under Elsa's fingers as she turned irritably through the magazine. Edgar wiped his hands on his dirty brown slacks, which had a tear in them, then took a handkerchief from the pocket of his once white polo shirt, and wiped his face. Then he went to work.

AS he picked his way through Rod & Guns, he silently wished evil days on Décore, the Magazine of American Interior Decoration, and on those of its readers whose letters had inspired the contest which was at present making peace of mind an impossibility in the Harriman home.

It had all started with some busybody turning up in the Letters to the Editor department with the complaint that Décore's photos of tasteful bedrooms, handsomely appointed living rooms, and admirably arranged breakfast nooks were all beautiful to behold but never looked as though any one had ever lived in them.

What he would like to see, declared this obnoxious troublemaker, was some photos of bedrooms, living rooms, and breakfast nooks which, though still tasteful, handsomely appointed, and admirably arranged, would look as though some one had lived in them.

As a result, Décore presently divided the nation into sections and picked out in each section the city of over 50,000 having the largest percentage of Décore subscribers, and designated that city as the one in which an effort to photograph Mr. Average American's lair in its natural state would be made. Homes of not less than seven and not more than ten rooms were eligible, and a double spread of photographs of the home the judges picked in each section of the nation would appear in an early issue.

When it was announced that Beamington had the honor in the Middle West, the small city had immediately begun to reverberate with the throb of that native drum of the Midwestern housewife, a rug being beaten by a husband. When, however, the word began to get around that Georgia Mae Smythe was outdoing herself by way of preparing her ménage for the contest, enthusiasm for entering it began to wane. The idea of going up against such formidable competition as Georgia Mae Smythe was known to be able to dish out was frightening, and by the time the entry blanks put in an appearance only a few had the temerity to enter the arena. Most Beamington ladies contented themselves with the safer vicarious thrill of choosing sides and rooting either for Georgia Mae Smythe or Elsa Harriman. Or rather, most of them were rooting for Elsa, but they were betting on Georgia Mae Smythe. Elsa was a grand girl, but a youngster at the game; Georgia Mae Smythe was a cat and a snob, but a powerhouse. In things pertaining to the House Perfectly Beautiful, she had always been Beamington's acknowledged leader.

Such were the gloomy matters which occupied Edgar's mind as, by using large quantities of will power, he pronounced death sentence on the copies of Rod & Gun which he decided he could, if he had to, live without. He meditated on the inexplicable contrasts of human nature. How was it that a lovely, normally kindhearted woman such as Elsa, one with her good-humored rosebud of a mouth, her soft round arms, her youthful curves, her dimpled knees, one who could be the loving wife and good companion to a man that she could be —how was it that such a creature could turn on that same man and set her heart against him because of some matter as trifling as a housewives' feud? A neighborhood feud, in fact, since the Smythe home was right on the corner of their block, five houses away.

SCOTT CORBETT
was born in Kansas City, Missouri, and attended the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri. He discovered that he liked to string words together and began writing in high school about the time most lads start worrying about girls. "I worried about girls too," he adds, "on the side."

Partly, of course, he had that Georgia Mae Smythe woman to blame. She was a pest. She was just the sort of "civic leader" who was always stirring up trouble, anyway. Look at how she'd taken the lead in the anti-shorts movement which had resulted in the city ordinance, effective as of noon today, banning women from setting foot on Beamington's streets attired in shorts. Edgar agreed heartily with the idea that grown women had no business prancing around in public in shorts and play suits, but he doubted the advisability of an ordinance to that effect. It would be a headache for the city before they were through, he felt. Edgar frowned and wished Georgia Mae would go civically lead some other town.

For her part, Elsa grimly read her magazine, pausing only to shoot a sharp glance at Edgar now and then to make sure he was still pulling at his oar. Her pretty countenance remained stern.

A small spark of rebellion made itself felt in Edgar's breast, and he yielded to the urge to counterattack on what he considered to be a vulnerable spot.

"I don't see why you won't let me keep a few magazines," he grumbled. "I let you wear shorts, don't I?"

Elsa leaped to the breach.

"Not without having plenty to say, you don't," she retorted at once. "And I don't see that I disgrace you in them. I never wear them out on the street, do I? I don't know why you're so old-fashioned about that one thing."

"I'm not old-fashioned about it. I just oppose shorts for all women over twenty-one on purely immoral grounds," insisted Edgar. "It's true that you can get away with them—you've always had a swell figure and the prettiest knees in town. But even you look better in a nice seductive skirt. Besides, it's women like you who encourage the wrong women to wear shorts—awful, bony, hatchet-faced old bats—"

"Quit stalling and get back to work, will you?" said Elsa.

"All right; but I still say . . ." Edgar's voice trailed away into a mutter as he reluctantly returned to his task.

Finally he sighed and stepped back a pace the better to view his work.

"Well, that much is done, at least," he announced.

Elsa looked up, and brightened as she saw that the Rod & Guns were now separated into two piles, one a ragged towering pile and one a neat little pile of four issues.

"Well, now, that's something like it. I'll put the ones you're keeping back on the shelf now, and you carry the others out to the garage."

Edgar stooped to pick up the smaller pile. Elsa, who had risen and approached the table, stopped in her tracks and stared at him.

"Isn't the big pile to be thown out?"

"Gosh, no! *This* is the pile to be thrown out!" said Edgar, horrified, indicating the wee stack.

ELSA stood for a moment running her eye up that soiled and tattered pillar of quail and trout reading matter and down the soiled and tattered form of her husband. Then she slammed her magazine down, cried, "Oh!" and made furiously for the stairs. Edgar, alarmed, hurried after her so fast that he bumped into the corner of the table. Both Edgar and the table got a good jolt out of it, and the larger Rod & Gun pile couldn't take it. As Elsa stormed past the tubs where Mrs. Sweeney did the washing, and up the basement steps with a pleading Edgar at her heels, Rod & Guns were in the process of slithering all over the place.

Elsa was not one to cry, but she was close to it as she stamped up into the impeccably ordered kitchen. "I might as well try to fix up a pigpen as this house! All you care about is having everything the way you want it," etc., was the burden of her remarks as she swept on through the admirably arranged breakfast nook to the door that opened into the hall

(*Continued on page 20*)

Limericks on a new low price—

1– Said an old man of local renown,
"So the price of Paul Jones has come down!
It used to be dear—
But now, so I hear,
It's the best whiskey bargain in town!"

2– Said a whiskey expert named Rice,
"Let me give you a piece of advice:
Paul Jones is still DRY...
Still an ALL-whiskey buy...
In fact, nothing's changed but the price!"

3– A business man, incomprehensive,
Said, "Paul Jones tastes very expensive—
Yet its price is quite low
...How it's done I don't know;
But no wonder your sales are extensive!"

4– A gay blade named R. Edwin Lee
Clicked his heels in a great burst of glee,
And said, "With its dryness
And new-low-priced 'buy-ness'
Paul Jones is the whiskey for me!"

THE PAUL JONES WARRANTY

Paul Jones has long been one of America's best-known "expensive whiskies"—sold for years at a much higher price. We warrant that today—at its new low price—Paul Jones is the same, identical whiskey in every respect . . . still *DRY* (not sweet) . . . still *ALL* whiskey, whiskey every drop.

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

TRY

Paul Jones

AT ITS NEW LOW PRICE

IT'S DRY

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated
Louisville & Baltimore

(*Continued from page 18*)

which ran through the center of the house, past the graceful winding staircase that curved upstairs, and on to the front hall. On the way past the small telephone table under the round mirror she snatched up the car keys and proceeded at an unbroken pace toward the front door. Edgar was immediately filled with new apprehension.

"Elsa, where are you going?"

"Downtown!"

"But, Elsa, the contest judges might—"

"I don't care about the contest any more! I wouldn't have a chance with you around, anyway! I'm going shopping — and I'm going to charge plenty!"

"But wait, Elsa! You can't go downtown like that! The new shorts ordinance is in effect."

"I don't care!"

"Listen, Elsa. They can arrest you now for appearing—"

"They wouldn't dare!"

"Elsa, I absolutely—"

The door slammed behind her just in time to save Edgar from going any further with his statement; which was just as well, since had he got as far as "I absolutely forbid—" and been left standing there that way, it would have been even more embarrassing to turn around and face Tommy and June, who had come to the head of the stairs, drawn there by the unaccustomed sound of mummy raising her voice to daddy.

TOMMY'S eyes, though they had seen much in their eleven years, were round at the sight of what they had just witnessed.

"Gee, mom was mad, wasn't she?"

June, ordinarily blasé under the weight of her fifteen summers, involuntarily allowed the mask to drop and became a wide-eyed child along with Tommy.

"Gee, she sure was, wasn't she?"

"I'll bet it was about the archives, wasn't it, pop?" Tommy guessed shrewdly. "The archives" was the name he and June had cooked up for Edgar's old magazines, and they pronounced it the way it looked.

Edgar tried to rustle together a little paternal dignity as he replied: "Your mother and I—er— Oh, go back to your rooms!"

"Did mom mean that about not caring about the contest any more?" asked Tommy, unabashed.

"I guess so," Edgar replied wearily.

This news was received with visible relief. A moment ago both children had been sitting uncomfortably in their rooms, looking forward to two weeks of the uncomfortable sameness, for they were under strict orders from G. H. Q. to have their rooms in perfect order during the danger hours of from two to five each weekday.

"Boy! Now I can get busy on my Douglass pursuit plane!" cried Tommy eagerly.

"And I can play my new Artie Shaw records over!" gloated June.

Then they remembered their forlorn parent; and since they were really both very fond of the eccentric old fellow, they took a moment to console him.

"Say, pop, we're sorry you're in the doghouse. Ain't we, June?"

"We sure are, daddy. But mom'll get over it."

"Sure she will," agreed Tommy.

"I hope you're right," said Edgar, and turned away into the living room, while the children rushed back to their rooms and gave themselves over to pleasure.

Edgar sat down in the living room and sadly smoked a cigarette. His thoughts were wholly unpleasant and made him squirm. He had been a selfish oaf, no less, and he didn't blame Elsa for flying off the handle. The idea of causing all that trouble just because he couldn't see his way to letting a few old magazines be shown the door!

He rose and roamed restlessly about the room, fiddling absently with things and trying to reach a hard decision. It was his hour of trial; but in the end his better self emerged triumphant and his mind was made up. He would get hold of Mr. Sweeney at once, and by the time Elsa came home again—

His noble resolutions were interrupted by the doorbell, but even that failed to take his mind entirely off them. He was still exulting over the vision of the fine thing he was going to do as he strode to the door, ready to explain that they had all the brushes they needed or to retort that, no, the lady of the house was not home, and that if she were the last thing in the world she would be interested in would be magazines.

It is small wonder, then, that his lofty vision seemed to explode in his mind like a firecracker and that he all but staggered back with a cry when he opened the door and found a mixed group of four standing without, one of whom said, "How do you do? We're the committee of judges representing the magazine Décore."

OUR perceptions are sometimes tremendously sharpened in moments of great personal danger, and such was the case with Edgar. Besides having the two men and two ladies instantly burned into his memory with such intensity that he was able for weeks afterward to remember every minute detail of their appearances, Edgar noted with a horrible clarity that young Beemis Smythe was passing the house at the time, gawking along taking everything in, and that upon hearing the words "the magazine Décore" his step quickened. Unmistakably he was off to sound the tocsin. . . .

"Er—come in, please." Edgar found his voice and held open the door, and the judges filed in.

To add to Edgar's confusion, the telephone rang. He backed off toward it awkwardly.

"Excuse me—the phone," he stammered, and waved a hand toward the living room. "Just make yourselves at home for a moment, please, and—"

He turned and picked up the receiver.

"Hello? . . . *What?*"

Since he was facing away from them, the four judges did not see Edgar turn a pale green and clutch at the telephone chair for support. He listened silently, and then with an effort regained enough of his composure to allow him to turn around and check up on the judges.

They were still there, right under his nose, due to the fact that one of them—a tall, distinguished-looking man—had dropped a handful of entry blanks and they were all engaged in picking them up. When Edgar looked warily around, they begged his pardon for disturbing him, and paused, waiting expectantly for him to finish his conversation.

EDGAR was trapped. He could think of only one thing to do.

"You've been detained?" he said into the phone. "Well, that's a shame, dear. But don't hurry on my account. . . . Yes. Good-by, dear."

Edgar hung up. His eyes were a little glassy, but he managed to smile.

"That was my wife. She's been unavoidably detained, and I didn't tell her you were here—it would only worry her. We'll just have to make the best of it with me showing you through, ha-ha."

"That's quite all right," said the tall man. He introduced himself as Mr. Tompkins, and the others as Mrs. Harkness, Miss Vernon, and Mr. Slade. Edgar shook hands gingerly with the men, since his hands showed signs of his dishonest toil, and was suddenly acutely conscious of his disreputable condition, of his soiled slacks with a tear in them and his grimy polo shirt.

The next few minutes were a bad dream to Edgar. He took the committee into the handsomely appointed living room, and wished desperately he could have thought of something intelligent to say about it, or could have slipped over a few sly little remarks pointing out the virtues of the room which might have made all the difference. All he could see in it, however, was that cigarette which he had been smoking and had only partially ground out in one of Elsa's new crystal ash trays. It seemed big as a backlog, and to be putting out as much smoke as one.

He led them on out into the dining room as quickly as he could, but again found himself unable to come through with any sort of sales talk.

"And this is the dining room," he said; and added somewhat unnecessarily, "this is where we eat."

The admirably arranged breakfast nook, the impeccably ordered kitchen were examined, and then he led them through the sun room and study back to the front hall, and upstairs to the domain of the tasteful bedrooms.

As they mounted the winding stair-

(*Continued on page 22*)

"So many of my guests now prefer Wine", writes **MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY**

Howard Chandler Christy

"At dinner and in the evening people want to relax and have a good time, but they prefer to stay on the moderate side"

"Lately I've watched person after person discover that wine is best when you linger over your glass, when you savor it slowly like a connoisseur," writes Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy. "We're serving wine more frequently because so many of our guests nowadays prefer this moderate beverage."

From every part of America come reports like that of Mrs. Christy. Hosts and hostesses say more and more people have learned the magic goodness wine lends to a meal—the leisurely, genial air wine gives to a party.

And so you find hostesses at afternoon affairs setting out golden, slightly sweet Sauterne with their salads or sandwiches. You notice more men saying "make mine Sherry" when the appetizers are served. Nut-like in flavor, glowing amber in a small glass—Sherry promises a good dinner to come. It helps you appreciate good food.

Or with the main course at table, you find beside you a glass filled with fragrant red Burgundy, zesty and full flavored. Burgundy, light ruby-colored Chianti, or dry red Claret—all are made to complement the main course.

Your guests and you have a treat in store when you bring out good wine. Try it at your house soon. You will notice as Mrs. Christy says, that more and more people today prefer wine.

All you need to know to serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with desserts or refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

Some of the best liked "dry" wines besides Burgundy are ruby-red Claret and Chianti, golden slightly sweet Sauterne, dry pale-gold Hock or Rhine wine. They're all zestfully good with the main course. Usual serving is half the size of a water goblet.

A "sweet" wine that you will find delicious is golden-amber Muscatel. Muscatel is rich with the distinctive flavor of Muscat grapes. Serve your Muscatel in small glasses, alone or with cakes.

One of New York's busiest and most charming matrons, Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy is active in civic, art and musical circles. Her hobby is fine needlepoint, which she does with an expert hand. A gracious hostess, Mrs. Christy entertains often . . . and she likes to keep a close eye on the preferences of her guests

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. More than 9 out of every 10 Americans who now serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Yet not expensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

Be Considerate — Serve Wine

(*Continued from page 20*)

case, the scent of banana oil mingled with the strains of It Ain't What You Do, It's the Way that You Do It provided them a robust welcome.

"The children's rooms are up here," Edgar revealed.

"I had a suspicion," remarked Mr. Slade.

Edgar hesitated; then, hopelessly, knocked on Tommy's door.

"C'min!" invited that busy junior craftsman.

Edgar opened the door, and Tommy, a study in concentration while testing an aileron on his nearly complete pursuit plane, glanced over his shoulder as he stood at his littered worktable.

"Tommy, the judges want to look at your room," said Edgar weakly.

"Gugg!" replied Tommy, and jerked so convulsively that the plane flew out of his hands. The judges watched it as it glided gracefully across the room and made a perfect three-point landing on the bed, despite the tennis shoes which happened to be sitting on the tennis racket which happened to be lying on the bed at the time.

"What a pretty plane!" said Mrs. Harkness.

They inspected the room while Tommy stood in a corner, first on one foot and then the other, looking more like an idiot than he ever had in his entire life. Edgar reflected miserably that the boy couldn't be blamed, because, after all, he was only taking after his father.

Finally they left the shattered eleven-year-old to his solitude and the inspection continued.

BEING in the mood for a little mellow bellowing, June was reaching for a Bing Crosby record as her father opened her door and ushered in the committee. June was sprawled across the bed on her stomach, surrounded by a portable phonograph and a dozen or so records. She looked up—and Mr. Crosby was no more. She had dropped him.

Edgar could never remember showing them the rest of the second floor; but he must have, because when they returned downstairs Mr. Tompkins was checking rooms off Elsa's entry blank, and he turned to Edgar and said cheerfully, "Well, that's everything except the recreation room."

Edgar was past caring. Mentally he shrugged and thought, Why not? He led them off toward the basement steps and down to the recreation room, littered with what looked like a thousand copies of Rod & Gun.

"I was sorting out magazines before you came, and the pile I was sorting must have fallen over," Edgar said almost naturally, and began picking them up. The judges all obligingly joined in and helped.

"Keeping old magazines is a sort of hobby with me—one of my vices, I guess I should call it," said Edgar, laughing nervously. "It doesn't add much to the looks of things, but this is such a comfortable place down here to browse through old magazines and read all the things you meant to read at the time and didn't get around to . . ."

He decided he was only making it worse, so he let it go at that. The judges looked about them pleasantly and made notes, and when they were through followed Edgar back upstairs, thanked him for his trouble, and departed. As he was closing the door, Edgar heard Mr. Tompkins say, "Let's see, now. Mrs. Georgia Mae Smythe seems to be next, at 401. . . . Right down the block, I believe."

Georgia Mae Smythe, all forewarned and forearmed, ready to sweep everything before her, as usual. Edgar tottered into the living room and sank down on the davenport. Never in seventeen years of married life had he been in a doghouse of such colossal proportions as the one in which he knew himself to be at that unhappy moment. If he still had a wife at this time tomorrow, he would be an astonished man.

HE sat there in a stupor for a while, alone. Then, like creatures of the forest creeping back after the storm to see what damage the bolt of lightning had done to the old oak, the children came tiptoeing downstairs.

Edgar was thinking of what Elsa had said about the early settlers and the Indians. He looked up as the children approached.

"I've been scalped," he said.

"If you haven't, you will be when mom gets home," June remarked realistically. "Gosh, wasn't that a perfect *shambles?*"

"Gosh!" agreed Tommy in a hushed voice.

Their father looked at them with sad gentle eyes. Poor kids! To think—they only knew the half of it.

A familiar sound brought all three to their feet like so many startled deer upon hearing the approach of the huntsman. It was the sound of the family car turning into the drive.

Tommy rushed to the window and peeked cautiously out. He turned to them with big frightened eyes.

"Wow! It's mom, and is she boiling!"

June began to edge hastily toward the stairs, and Tommy was right behind her.

"Hey, wait!" cried Edgar.

"Huh-*uh!*" said Tommy, and that went for June too. They bolted upstairs and two doors slammed as one.

Stifling the unmanly impulse to dive behind the davenport himself, Edgar decided there was nothing to do but face the music; so he went to the door and opened it.

He found himself face to face with Elsa, and Tommy's diagnosis had been correct: she was boiling. Her eyes were flashing and her mouth was a thin red line.

Edgar uttered the first remark that occurred to him:

"How did you get out?"

The question was ignored.

"Please let me pass," said Elsa very, very formally. "I'll only be here long enough to pack a few things and call a taxi."

She swept in past Edgar, who said nothing. He had something to say, but he was still struggling to find a way to say it which wouldn't serve merely to add fuel to the fire.

Naturally, his silence was too much for Elsa. She whirled on him.

"Any man whose idea of a funny joke is *that* is more than I can live with. 'You've been detained? That's a shame, dear. But don't hurry on my account!' Of all the low, unspeakable— Well? Haven't you anything to say?"

"I wasn't being funny."

"Then what were you being?"

"Tactful. I couldn't very well let the judging committee know you were in jail for wearing shorts on the street, could I?"

"The judg—!"

Elsa weaved into the living room and slumped into a chair without taking her eyes off Edgar.

"They were standing right on top of me when I was talking to you."

"But—but who showed them through?"

"I did."

"In—that outfit?"

"I'm afraid so."

Elsa stared at him for a moment, and then burst into wild, mirthless laughter. It was almost a case of hysterics, but she finally managed to get herself in hand.

"Well, that just about makes it complete, doesn't it?" she said.

"Yes, doesn't it?"

"And all because of a bunch of old magazines."

"I admit it."

Elsa rose.

"I'm going upstairs. I don't know whether I'm going to pack my things or lie down on the bed and cry; but I'm certainly going to do at least one of them."

AS she started out, the telephone rang.

"Will you answer— Oh, never mind. I'll get it myself," she said, and answered it.

Edgar heard Elsa admit she was Mrs. Harriman, and then she mostly listened for a couple of minutes, except to utter a few incoherent words. After that she hung up and walked slowly back into the living room like a woman in a trance.

"Good Lord, Elsa!" cried Edgar, genuinely startled. "What is it?"

"That was a Mr. Tompkins," replied Elsa in a faraway voice.

"Tompkins? The—the judge?"

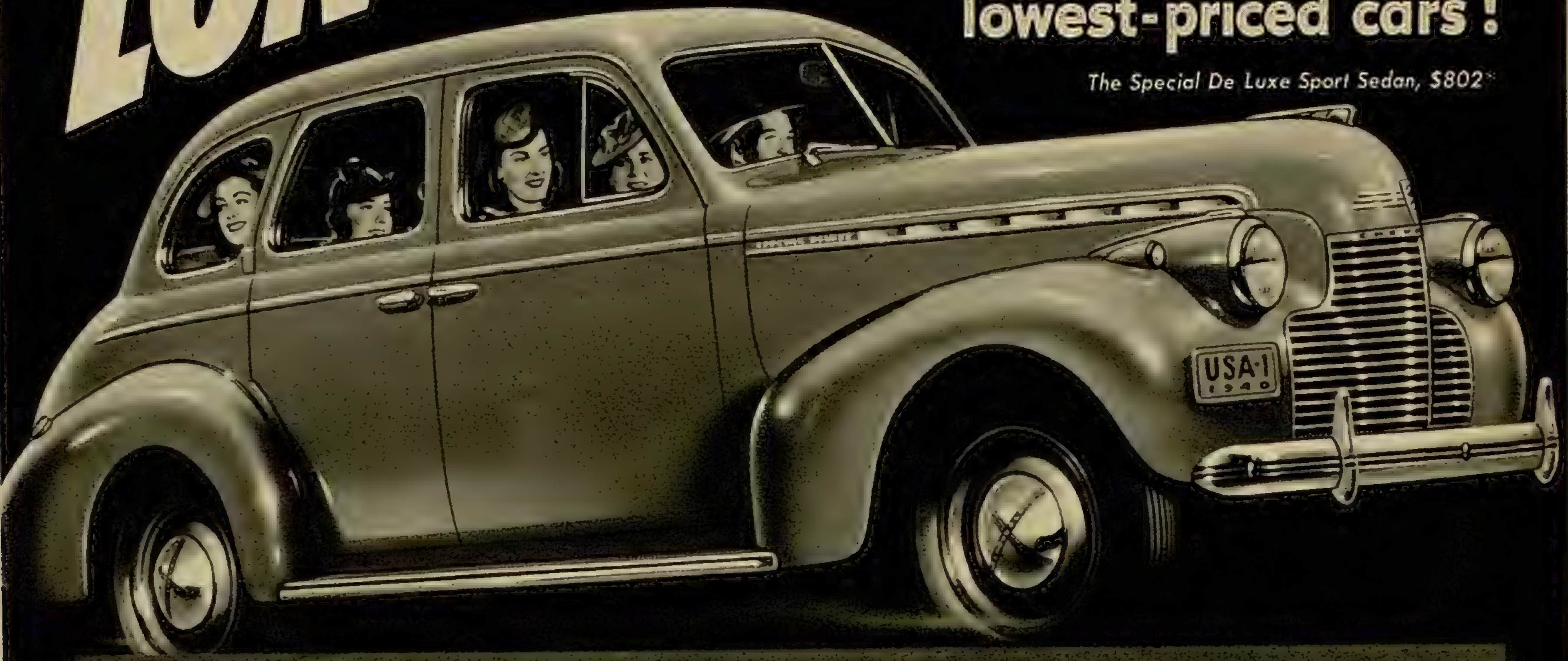
"Yes. He said there were so few entrants they were able to finish up in a single afternoon," Elsa continued dreamily. "He said all the other entrants hadn't been able to resist putting their houses in abnormally perfect order. He said this was the only one with a real comfortable livable look. He said the photographer will be over tomorrow to take pictures of everything, including the children in

(*Continued on page 24*)

Yes Indeed! "LONGEST of the LOT!"

and also the liveliest of all lowest-priced cars!

*The Special De Luxe Sport Sedan, $802**



It has extra length where length counts ·· it's 181 inches long from front of grille to rear of body ·· It's the super-size motor car of its field!

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VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX

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AND UP, **at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Bumper guards—extra on Master 85 Series.*

Stop, look, *and listen to the praise* when this beauty of beauties breezes by!

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And it's also the *loveliest* of all lowest-priced cars, with more than a hint of custom luxury in its richly tailored Body by Fisher and its graceful new "Royal Clipper" Styling!

The name? *Chevrolet for '40, of course!* The car that's out-selling all others in all sections of the country for the ninth time in the last ten years. *Eye it, try it, buy it,* and join your friends in saying, "Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* DETROIT, MICH.

"CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"

(*Continued from page 22*)

their rooms as they were today and you r-reading one of your magazines down in the recreation room."

Edgar, who had stopped breathing when Elsa started talking, resumed that necessary habit, and felt as though he were drawing in great drafts of wondrous soul-and-body-restoring peace of mind.

"He said it was exactly what they had been looking for," Elsa went on. "A beautiful house with normal people going about their normal life in it exactly as though nobody were expected. He said they enjoyed the way you showed them through, too, without trying to explain all the good points. He said that was what they were supposed to be able to tell for themselves."

Elsa paused and looked at Edgar from under long lashes, with her lower lip quivering dangerously. Edgar saw he had better act quickly. He grinned a big broad grin.

"Congratulations, angel! Man, when Georgia Mae Smythe hears about this!"

They looked into each other's eyes for a split second. Then they both let out a wild yell and made a grab for each other, and all was bliss.

A LITTLE later Edgar repeated a question:

"How *did* you get out?"

"Why," said Elsa somewhat proudly, "there were about fifty of us all herded into a sort of cage, so I circulated around and got all the women to start screaming at once. There's nothing a burglar hates more than a woman's scream, and I figured those awful policemen had the same type of criminal mind. And sure enough, they couldn't stand it. The police captain finally got us to quit long enough for him to give us a short lecture and tell us he'd let us all go if we'd promise to go straight home and change into dresses—or, at least, go straight home."

"Well, I'll be darned! Where did you hear that about burglars?"

Elsa's gaze became shifty.

"You would ask that!"

"Well, where?"

"I read it. In a magazine."

"A magazine?"

"Oh, you might as well know! It was downstairs this afternoon, while you were sorting. And don't you dare say, 'You see?' or 'I told you so!'"

Edgar crowed.

"I won't, angel," he promised merrily. Then he became sober. "But about those magazines—"

"That's all right—I'll never complain about them again! And now, you stay right here. I'm going to do something for you."

Elsa hurried upstairs. When she returned, with a package in her hands, she was wearing a neat print dress.

"My shorts," she said, showing him the package. "I'm going to give them all away."

"Darling!" Edgar kissed her. "And now I'm going to do something for you. This afternoon I thought it all over about those old magazines. I'll never read them, but if I try to sort them out I'll never get the job done, either. The best thing is to make a clean sweep. So Monday I'm going to have Mr. Sweeney cart the whole bunch of them away."

"Oh, Edgar! You're so sweet!" Elsa looked at him with glowing, beguiling eyes. "Can you ever forgive me?"

Edgar considered.

"Well, I don't know. It's asking a lot of a respectable citizen like myself to expect him to live with a woman who's done time in the clink—but I'm willing to try!"

MRS. SWEENEY, hands on hips, eyed Mr. Sweeney belligerently. She glared at the stack of Rod & Guns, but one of many stacks of old magazines which had lately invaded her well kept house.

"I'm asking you, Tim Sweeney," she reiterated, "when am I goin' to have my house rid of all them raggedy magazines?"

Mr. Sweeney took his pipe from between his teeth and eyed his wife with scowling disapproval.

"Just as soon as you quit squeezin' yerself into them green shorts, my dear," he snapped, and returned uncompromisingly to his copy of Rod & Gun for June, 1937.

THE END

No wonder he's her leading man...
His face is always spick and span.
For quick, close shaves, take his advice;
Use Thin Gillettes... they're low in price!
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Precision made to fit your Gillette Razor exactly!
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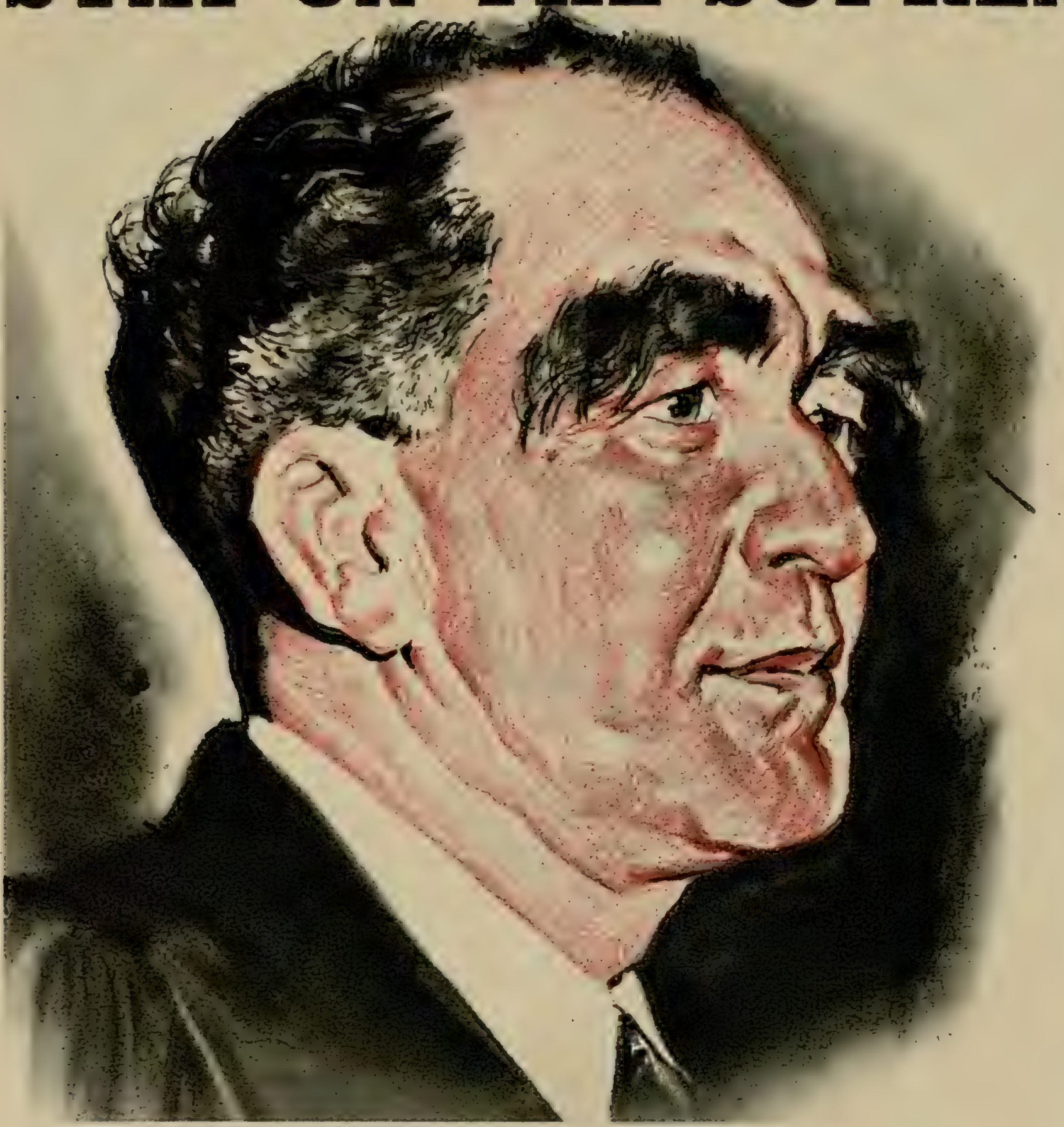
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

HOW LONG WILL FRANK MURPHY STAY ON THE SUPREME COURT?



Not long, thinks the New Deal—Here's news of what's ahead for 1940 or 1944!

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE best selling picture post card in the racks of the corner drugstore in Harbor Beach, a Michigan summer resort on Lake Huron, shows a tree-shaded white-frame gabled house in the "American Gothic" style. That post card has outsold all others since 1923, although the printed inscription on its face has had to be changed six times.

This summer the legend will have to be changed again, but probably not for the last time.

From 1923 to 1930 it read "Home of Judge Frank Murphy of the Detroit Recorder's Court." Then for three years it was "Home of Mayor Frank Murphy of Detroit"; but in 1933 it had to be changed to ". . . Frank Murphy, Governor General of the Philippines"; in 1935 to ". . . High Commissioner to the Philippine Commonwealth." Another year and the title was "Governor of Michigan." Last year it read "Attorney General of the United States."

This summer the tourists will buy the same card labeled "Home of United States Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy," and if the legend does not eventually read "Home of President Frank Murphy," a lot of people will be disappointed, including, one may presume, the owner of the house pictured on the post card.

If Murphy were not a Catholic he would be the New Deal choice for the Presidential nomination this year, and there is many a one within that coterie that believes Murphy should be designated as Franklin D. Roosevelt's crown prince, regardless. The more practical think that the Democrats—let alone the New Dealers—are going to have rough enough sledding next November without inviting the handicaps of 1928 all over again.

So at the present writing Secretary of State Cordell Hull gets the nod from the New Deal high command as the best man with whom to win (or lose) in 1940, and Murphy's successor to the Attorney Generalship, Robert H. Jackson, gets No. 2 place. If that makes Murphy third in line of succession, he is still so close to the throne that if Roosevelt decides to seek a third term there is small doubt but the many titled Michigander will be the Vice-Presidential candidate. All that stands in his way in that event is the Solid South's insistence for representation on the national ticket and the ambition of Senator James F. Byrnes of South Carolina to get the job.

None of that annoys Frank Murphy. The Supreme Court, even the prospect of being Chief Justice, is not the end of his road. For the mystical, prayerful, soft-spoken gentleman with the bushy eyebrows is a believer in manifest destiny, which is why he consented with genuine reluctance to leave the post of Attorney General, which gave him more fun and fight than he ever had anywhere, including the A. E. F. He very candidly told his few intimates that he contemplated sitting swathed in black silk upon the highest judicial tribunal in the land as an ordeal.

Appointment to the Supreme Court is appointment to a lifetime job at a salary of $20,000 a year, but it is not a life sentence. There is nothing to prevent a justice from resigning to run for the Presidency, as none other than the present Chief Justice, Charles Evans Hughes, demonstrated in 1916.

Frank Murphy was born in 1893. He will be fifty-one years old in 1944, which is a date of vast political significance, as we shall see. And in 1944, as today, Murphy can claim to be the most widely experienced man in American public life. The picture-post-card inscriptions are offered as evidence.

Even if President Roosevelt runs for, and is elected to, a third term, the chances are he will not be a candidate for a *fourth* term in 1944, but that he will want to see the Presidency go to somebody who has his ideas, ideals, and program close to heart. Not even Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes can outdeal Murphy as a New Dealer.

But suppose Mr. Roosevelt does not run again. Why not Frank Murphy as the heir apparent for 1940?

Fred Collins had the answer to that one in his recent Liberty discussion of Why Do the Democrats Want to Nominate McNutt? Maybe the New Dealers are not so sure they can win in 1940, and they do not want to waste their best bet (next to Roosevelt) in an election that will not be *for* the Republicans so much as *against* the party in power.

Murphy was born in a two-room house in Harbor Beach, Michigan, not quite forty-seven years ago. It is not the house on the picture post cards. That home was acquired in the family's later years of comparative affluence. One room of the birthplace was the law office of his father, John F. Murphy.

Frank was the bright boy of his parents' three sons. His mother, Mary Brennan Murphy, was a deeply religious woman who brought up all her children in strictest conformity with the most literal acceptance of the Roman Catholic faith. It is true that Murphy still reads daily in the broken-backed Bible his mother gave him when he graduated from high school, and upon which he has taken his several oaths of office.

But, together with the catechism and the dogma, Mrs. Murphy dinned into the ears of Frank in particular, because he *was* the genius of the family, the necessity of translating religion into terms of daily life and conduct. " Faith without works " was not in her philosophy. Thus psychologically conditioned in his youth, Frank Murphy to this day is anguished when he is asked to compromise conscience with political expediency, and he tends to rationalize the results in terms of the Beatitudes, wherefore he is sometimes known as " Holy Joe " to the practical and the irreverent.

HARBOR BEACH'S public schools found Frank to be the bright boy his parents believed. He graduated from high school at seventeen and headed for the law. He graduated LL. B. from Michigan in 1914.

Now, you can't be named Murphy and be a lawyer and not get into politics. Frank's father was a Democrat. Between his influence and his son's scholastic record the still prominent law firm of Monaghan & Monaghan, in Detroit, was moved to make a place for the tyro, and with that firm Murphy served his apprenticeship. After he was admitted to the bar and until 1917 he added to his income by teaching law in a night school.

Murphy enlisted on his twenty-fourth birthday, a few days after the United States entered the World War, accepting the conflict as the holy crusade in defense of democracy which it was advertised to be. He served in France and Germany with the Fourth and Eighty-fifth Divisions, and emerged as a captain of infantry.

Back from the wars, after using a military scholarship to study a little more law in London and Dublin, Murphy was deemed ripe for his debut in politics by astute old Peter Monaghan. He obtained appointment for his erstwhile law clerk as Assistant United States District Attorney. It was not long before he was chief assistant. He never lost a case, and his victories were notable for a lad not yet out of his twenties opposed by some of Michigan's fanciest lawyers. He sent a group of rich, influential but somewhat larcenous Michiganders to prison for converting millions in government property to fat personal bank accounts during the war's confusion. He beat Henry Ford's massed legal talent in a fight over the public use of the River Rouge. These successive victories gave definite shape to Murphy's model for his future self, resembling a composite portrait of Sir Galahad, Robin Hood, Abraham Lincoln, and Cardinal Mercier.

Came the Republican national victory and presently Assistant United States District Attorney Murphy found an " ex-" before his title. In 1923 he decided to put his decision to enter politics as a lone wolf to the test, and he ran for judge of the Detroit Recorder's Court. The court had been the political property of a quartet of judges who were known as " the Big Four." There was and is no blemish on their judicial records, but they campaigned as a unit and ran the court with the teamwork of an international polo team. Murphy, running as an independent Democrat, finished so far ahead of the other candidates that it was no race at all.

He nursed the flame of ambition kindled by the first amazing success at electioneering, and the fire was fed by public acclaim for his work on the bench. Detroit in those prohibition days was a criminal center second only to Chicago, and judges, appalled by the mounting crime wave, were handing out maximum sentences to all offenders. Murphy insisted that the policy was costly to the taxpayers and ineffective in retarding crime. To first offenders he granted probation or indeterminate reformatory sentences, but repeaters and backsliders he soaked the limit. Either way, the culprits might as well have been sent from the court bearing placards emblazoned " Vote for Murphy," and " Murphy's big heart " was the talk of the tenement districts.

IN 1929 he was re-elected with no more difficulty than he experienced ten years later in being appointed Roosevelt's Attorney General. On the day that Murphy's right to another six years on the bench was confirmed one of his colleagues, Judge Charles Bowles, was elected Mayor of Detroit. Neither Murphy nor Bowles was the most popular man in Detroit, however. That distinction belonged to Jerry Buckley, a radio commentator with a persuasive voice.

The first impact of the depression was bowling down the automobile workers and bankrupting private charities in those days, and Buckley, with his " penny-a-day " appeal to the radio audiences, was buying food and clothing for the children of the unemployed, and incidentally becoming the idol of the unfortunate and the tenderhearted. It was said that if Buckley advised Detroit's population to jump into the lake, most of them would have done it. So when a reform movement in the city forced an election to recall Mayor Bowles, all ears were attuned to hear what Buckley would advise.

Buckley came out for Bowles' recall on election eve.

A few hours after the returns were in and Bowles was ousted, Buckley was shot to death in the lobby of his hotel by five gangsters.

A Detroit Times rewrite man with a penchant for alliteration wrote that " Jerry Buckley, radio racketeer," had been slain. The Times had supported Bowles and opposed his recall, and had a lot to explain to its readers, but it could not explain the affront to the martyred Buckley.

Something had to be done to salvage the paper's reputation and to give Detroit another idol. So the newspaper announced it had discovered the one and only man to save Detroit, " Big-hearted " Frank Murphy.

FRANK demurred, but the Times practically dragged him into the campaign. Once committed to the race, the joy of combat and the zeal for civic reform were aroused in Murphy's breast. As a campaigner he is one of the shrewdest. To Legionnaires and veterans' societies he is the tough butt-and-bayonet doughboy. To Poles and Slovaks and hunky mill hands he is the descendant of humble immigrants. To ladies' societies he is the blushing, self-deprecating sacrifice to public duty.

Murphy's campaign change of pace is pure native talent. There is something of the self-hypnotist about him; he believes every role that he plays.

So he was elected Mayor of Detroit. The election made him a national figure. He was the first public official of record to declare that a national depression was as much a federal responsibility as a coast-to-coast earthquake. He summoned into being the United States Conference of Mayors which has since grown into a powerful lobby, with headquarters across the street from the White House, from which it impresses upon the government that the United States Treasury owes a living to everybody who can't get one elsewhere. In twelve months Murphy spent $14,000,000 of the city's money to feed the jobless and house their families. He says he saved Detroit from looting and revolution. If he ran the city into debt he also ran himself into a second term as mayor.

He was opposed by the economy-minded, the municipal bondholders, and the big taxpayers—a minority in any city in 1930. Yet none of these had any quarrel with Murphy's appointments. He disregarded politics and pressure. His one dubious appointment was making G. Hall Roosevelt city comptroller; Roosevelt was not especially talented to handle a financial mess the size of Detroit's. The Murphy luck held, however. G. Hall's brother-in-law was Governor of New York and mentioned as a Presidential possibility. G. Hall invited Murphy to his brother-in-law's Hyde Park home, where the mayor was quizzed by the governor on his methods of handling relief—then an unfamiliar word. Much of Roosevelt's early relief policy was inspired by Murphy.

The two new friends ran for office simultaneously in 1932. Two months after Roosevelt was in the White House, and in the fifth month of Mayor Murphy's second term, the President appointed him Governor General of the Philippines, then the gaudiest job in the political grab bag. The emoluments included an $18,000 salary, a $125,000 expense account, two genuine palaces, and freedom from frostbite.

Murphy returned to the United States in 1936 in response to a call for help from his friend and patron Roosevelt, who had been reading the Literary Digest polls with alarm. The President wanted Murphy to run for Governor of Michigan to help carry the state for the Democrats.

It so happened that Roosevelt ran far ahead of Murphy in the Michigan election, but both won by comfortable margins.

Six weeks before Murphy took the governor's oath the sit-down strikes broke out in the automobile plants, and a shocked and outraged public was demanding that this seizure of private property be met with the only cure for revolution—machine guns.

The new governor got no help from the President or Secretary of Labor Perkins. When White House and Labor Department remained insouciantly silent to demands that the sit-down strikes be condemned, the strikers became emboldened. Murphy insisted on exhausting negotiation before employing force. He was accused of being in cahoots with the C. I. O. and the Communists; but let it be said for the record that the automobile manufacturers agreed with him. They did not want their valuable properties damaged by gunfire and sabotage. In the end Murphy dislodged the strikers with an ultimatum that if they disregarded a court order evicting them from the plants he would call out the National Guard.

MAYBE the whole affair would have been forgotten had not the Dies Committee, just before the 1938 election, heard witnesses who renewed the accusation that Murphy was a Communist. He already had as enemies in that election the Townsendites, whose pension scheme he refused to endorse, although his Republican opponent espoused it. He had also incurred the enmity of the slot-machine racketeers and of all the little hand-to-mouth shops which had found the " one-armed bandits " to be sure rent payers, for Murphy had driven the nickel-cadging gambling machines out of the state. The combination of good people and bad beat him, but Murphy still bitterly blames the Dies Committee for the defeat, probably because it was an affront to his Catholicism to be labeled a Communist.

Now it was Roosevelt's turn to do something for his friend. The President offered him four posts. He could have the next Supreme Court appointment; he could be Secretary of Labor or Secretary of War as soon as the uncongenial incumbents were delicately removed by promotion, or he could be Attorney General, because Homer S. Cummings was quitting that post.

The Attorney Generalship appealed to Murphy tremendously. With the F. B. I. and the antitrust division at his command, he could clean up the Communists, the Nazis, and the racketeers in business and politics. The position offered the greatest opportunity for a crusading spirit, and also for an ambition that did not stop short at a patronage appointment.

Besides, Murphy saw in young New York District Attorney Dewey's racket-busting, gang-smashing successes one form of public service—and public acclaim—the New Deal lacked. Dewey was heading straight for the Republican Presidential nomination on Sir Galahad's snow-white charger, and if anybody could out-Galahad Dewey, that man was himself, Murphy decided.

If Roosevelt saved Murphy from the political junk pile in January, 1938, Murphy did practically as much for the New Deal with his Blitzkrieg against racketeers, venal judges, predatory political machines, and labor extortionists. The early summer saw ruthless wars initiated against certain horrified men who thought their political power gave them immunity.

First fell Boss Tom Pendergast of Kansas City, Democratic overlord of the Western border states, whose cooperation the New Deal had not blushed to seek in political emergencies. Judge Martin T. Manton, senior jurist of the largest and busiest Federal Circuit Court of Appeals covering New York State and part of New England, was ousted for engaging in financial transactions with litigants' lawyers.

Currently there is an investigation going on, of Murphy's initiation, of protected horse-race gambling which has its national headquarters in New Jersey. F. B. I. agents have been combing the state's political machine in anticipation of a wholesale clean-up such as Murphy made in Louisiana, where the corrupt Democratic machine operated by Huey Long's heirs was wrecked last autumn.

Indictment of Moses L. Annenberg who, Murphy said, had the biggest income of anybody in the United States, Henry Ford included, broke up a monopoly on race-track-gambling information. Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party in the United States, has been found guilty of a passport fraud. Scores of indictments against labor-union leaders and building-materials distributors have already been obtained in Murphy's nation-wide drive against an extortion racket that has kept labor idle and home building stagnant.

Murphy opened an all-or-nothing campaign against the vice-and-politics overlords of Chicago, capital city of organized crime in the United States, which threatens the existence of the Kelly-Nash machine, another New Deal ally on a strictly political basis. The F. B. I. agents who uncovered the Department's evidence in Chicago are now probing into the criminal supergovernment erected by the old Al Capone mob in Florida.

Not in fifteen years has the Department of Justice been so active, and never has it waged war on corrupt politicians of the administration's party allegiance as Murphy, Democrat, has harried or bludgeoned or starved the regional Democratic machines in Missouri, Louisiana, Kansas, Illinois, New York, and New Jersey.

That scarcely looks like the work of a man content to spend the rest of his life in the hush-hush aura of the Supreme Court, does it?

IN contrast to the biff-bang, hammer-and-tongs career Murphy follows is his personal appearance and behavior. He is a tall man, close to six feet, and at forty-seven he still has a plentiful supply of red wavy hair, although half of it strikes the observer as being contained in a pair of shaggy eyebrows, whence his nicknames the " Spaniel " and the " Airedale." He has the bachelor's nicety of dress, and is the fashion plate of the administration. He lives in a two-room suite in the same hotel where Garner has his Washington home.

Murphy's speech is soft, sometimes almost unctuous, although it can be made to reverberate in baritone when he discusses the program of the moment. His normal purring tones and deliberation in speech at first irritated the hard-boiled newspapermen of the Washington correspondents' corps, and " Holy Joe, the Airedale Angora," was, for the first few months, suspected of being a syrupy faker. That he does not smoke, drinks nothing stronger than cambric tea, and eats fruit salads and cottage cheese did not enhance his stature with the chain-smoking beef-eaters of the press, either. But when Murphy actually started to send political fat-cats to prison, his press conferences became the only ones outside the White House to be attended by the top-rank correspondents whose by-lines have international significance.

Where Murphy is, there is news. The bet in Washington is that there will still be news wherever Murphy is.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **SAM by John Selby. Farrar & Rinehart.**

Excellent character portrayal of the career of a newspaper tycoon. Written by a newspaperman, formerly of the Kansas City Star, now author of what is probably the most widely circulated book column—The Literary Guidepost. He can tell an exciting story.

MONEY and the Woman

A tense, thrilling novel of two lovers strangely caught in a tightening web of fate

BY JAMES M. CAIN

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

SENT to the Glendale branch of his Los Angeles bank to study the success of its savings department, Dave Bennett is unexpectedly visited by Sheila Brent, wife of the popular teller. She announces that her husband must undergo an operation, and persuades Mr. Bennett to let her take his place temporarily. It is most irregular, but Dave has become enamored of the beautiful young woman.

Within a few days, through mere chance, the Los Angeles banker discovers that there is a cleverly concealed shortage in Brent's accounts of between eight and nine thousand dollars. Is lovely Sheila trying to cover this theft? Is she leading on the susceptible Dave? He bides his time. Then Sheila tells him of Charles Brent's embezzlement, and begs him to help her in a scheme to restore the money, rectify accounts, while her husband is away recuperating. She can borrow the necessary money from her father, although it will ruin his fifteen years of thrift.

"It's one sweet mess!" declares Dave.

Chivalrously, he offers to make good the money himself. At first Sheila won't hear of such a sacrifice on his part, then, as he pleads, she consents to be "bought" by Dave. After everything is straightened out, they plan her divorce and their marriage.

Secretly they set to work to restore the stolen money. It's a ticklish undertaking. Their bank associates—Helm, Snelling, Adler, Mason, Miss Church—must know nothing about it. They feel their manipulations are foolproof. Even Dave's chief in Los Angeles has told him to remain as long as he wishes to, so as to write a special article on savings accounts.

On the last day, in sight of their goal, Sheila's husband appears on the scene without a word of warning!

PART THREE—THE MAN IN THE VAULT

THERE was a chorus of "Heys!" and they all went out to shake hands, all except Sheila, and ask Brent how he was, and when he was coming back to work. He said he'd got home last night, and would be back any time now. There didn't seem to be much I could do but shake hands too, so I gritted my teeth and did it, but I didn't ask him when he was coming back to work.

Then he said he'd come in for some of his stuff, and on his way back to the lockers he spoke to Sheila, and she spoke, without looking up. Then the rest of them went back to work.

"Gee, he sure looks good, don't he?"

"He must have put on twenty pounds."

Pretty soon he came out again, closing his grip, and there was some more talk, and he went. They all counted their cash, turned in their sheets, and put their cashboxes into the vault. Helm wheeled the trucks in, with the records on them, and then he went. Snelling went back to set the time lock.

That was when Church started some more of her apple-polishing. She was about as unappetizing a girl as I ever saw. Thick and dumpy. She started in on a wonderful new adding machine that had just come on the market, and didn't I think we ought to have one? Just about when she got going good she gave a little squeal and began pointing at the floor.

There was about the evilest-looking thing you ever saw in your life. It was one of these ground spiders you see out here in California, about the size of a tarantula and just about as dangerous. I raised my foot to step on it, and she gave another squeal and said if I squashed it she'd die.

By that time they were all standing around—Snelling, Sheila, and Adler. Snelling said get a piece of paper and throw it out the door, and Sheila said yes, for heaven's sake do something about it quick. Adler took a piece of paper off my desk, and rolled it into a funnel, and then took a pen and pushed the thing into the paper. Then he folded the funnel shut and we all went out and watched him dump the spider into the gutter. Then a cop came along and borrowed the funnel and caught it again and said he was going to take it home to his wife, so they could take pictures of it with their home movie camera.

We went back in the bank, and Snelling and I closed the vault, and he went. Church went. Adler went back for his last tour around before closing. That left me alone with Sheila. I stepped back to where she was by the lockers, looking in the mirror while she put on her hat.

"Well?"

"It's all done."

"You put back the cash?"

"To the last cent."

"Are the old passbooks destroyed?"

"Every one. It all checks to the last decimal point."

That was what I'd been praying for for the last month, and yet as soon as I had it, it took me about one fifth of a second to get sore—about Brent.

"Is he driving you home?"

"If so, he didn't mention it."

"Suppose you wait in my car. There's a couple of things I want to talk to you about. It's just across the street."

She went, and Adler changed into his street clothes, and he and I locked up, and I bounced over to the car. I didn't head for her house. I headed for mine, but I didn't wait till we got there before I opened up.

"Why didn't you tell me he was back?"

"Were you interested?"

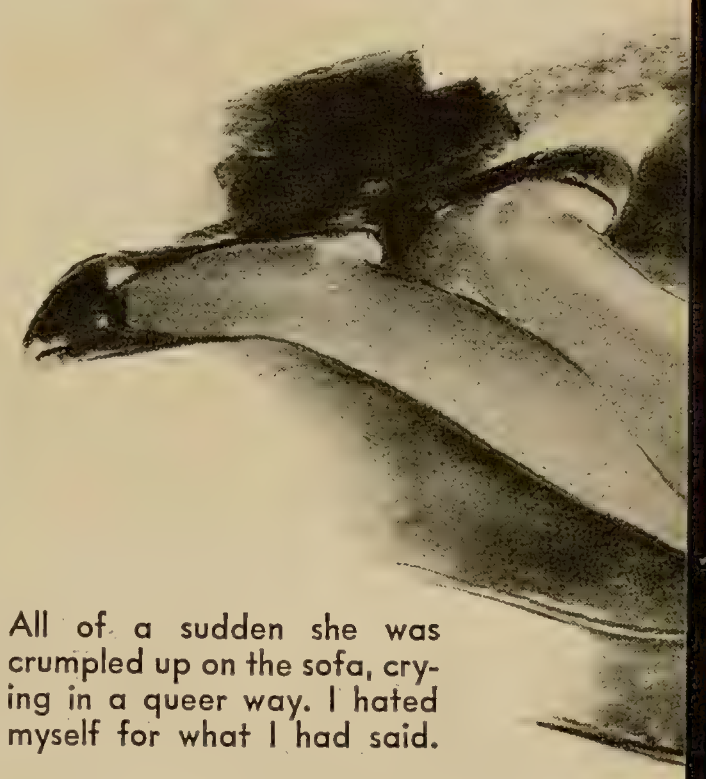
"Yeah, plenty."

"Well, since you ask me, I didn't know he was back—when I left you last night. He was there waiting for me when I got in. Today I haven't had one minute to talk to you, or anybody."

"I thought he was due to spend a month up there."

"So did I."

"Then what's he doing back?"



All of a sudden she was crumpled up on the sofa, crying in a queer way. I hated myself for what I had said.

"I haven't the faintest idea. Trying to find out what's going to happen to him perhaps. Tomorrow, you may recall, you'll check my cash, and he knows it. That may account for why he cut his recuperation short."

"Are you sure he didn't have a date with you, now he's feeling better? To be waiting for you after you said good night to me?"

"I stayed with the children, if that's what you mean."

I don't know if I believed any of that or not. The idea that she'd spent a night in the same house with him and hadn't said anything to me about it, left me with a prickly feeling all over. Since I'd been going around with her it was the first time that part of it had come up. I was sore as a bear when we got to my house and went in. Sam lit the fire, and she sat down, but I didn't. I kept marching around the room, and she smoked and watched me.

"All right, this guy's got to be told."

"He will be."

"He's got to be told *everything*."

"Dave, he'll be told, he'll be told everything, and a little more even than you know he's going to be told—when I'm ready to tell him."

"What's the matter with now?"

"I'm not equal to it."

"What's that—a stall?"

"Will you sit down for a moment?"

"All right, I'm sitting."

"Here—beside me."

I moved over beside her, and she took my hand and looked me in the eyes. "Dave, have you forgotten something?"

"Not that I know of."

"I think you have . . . I think you've forgotten that today we finished what we started to do; that, thanks to you, I don't have to lie awake every night staring at the ceiling, wondering whether my father is going to be ruined, my children are going to be ruined—to say nothing of myself. That you've done something for me that was so dangerous to you I hate to think what would have happened if something had gone wrong. It would have wrecked your career, and it's such a nice promising career. But it wasn't wrong, Dave. It was wonderfully right. And now it's done, and I can sleep, Dave. That's all that matters to me today."

"O. K. . . . Then you're leaving him."

"Of course I am, but—"

"You're leaving him tonight. You're coming in here, with your two kids, and if that bothers you, then I'll move out. We're going over there now, and—"

"We're doing nothing of the kind."

"I'm telling you—"

"And I'm telling *you!* Do you think I'm going over there now and start a quarrel that's going to last until three o'clock in the morning and maybe until dawn? I certainly am not. When I'm ready, when I know exactly what I'm going to say, when I've got the children safely over to my father's, when it's all planned and I can do it in one terrible half hour—then I'll do it. In the meantime, if he's biting his fingernails, if he's frightened to death over what's going to happen to him—that's perfectly all right with me. A little of that won't hurt him. When it's all done, then I go at once to Reno, if you still want me to, and then my life can go on. . . . Don't you know what I'm trying to tell you, Dave? What you're worried about just couldn't happen. Why—he hasn't even looked at me that way in over a year. Dave, tonight I want to be happy. With you. That's all."

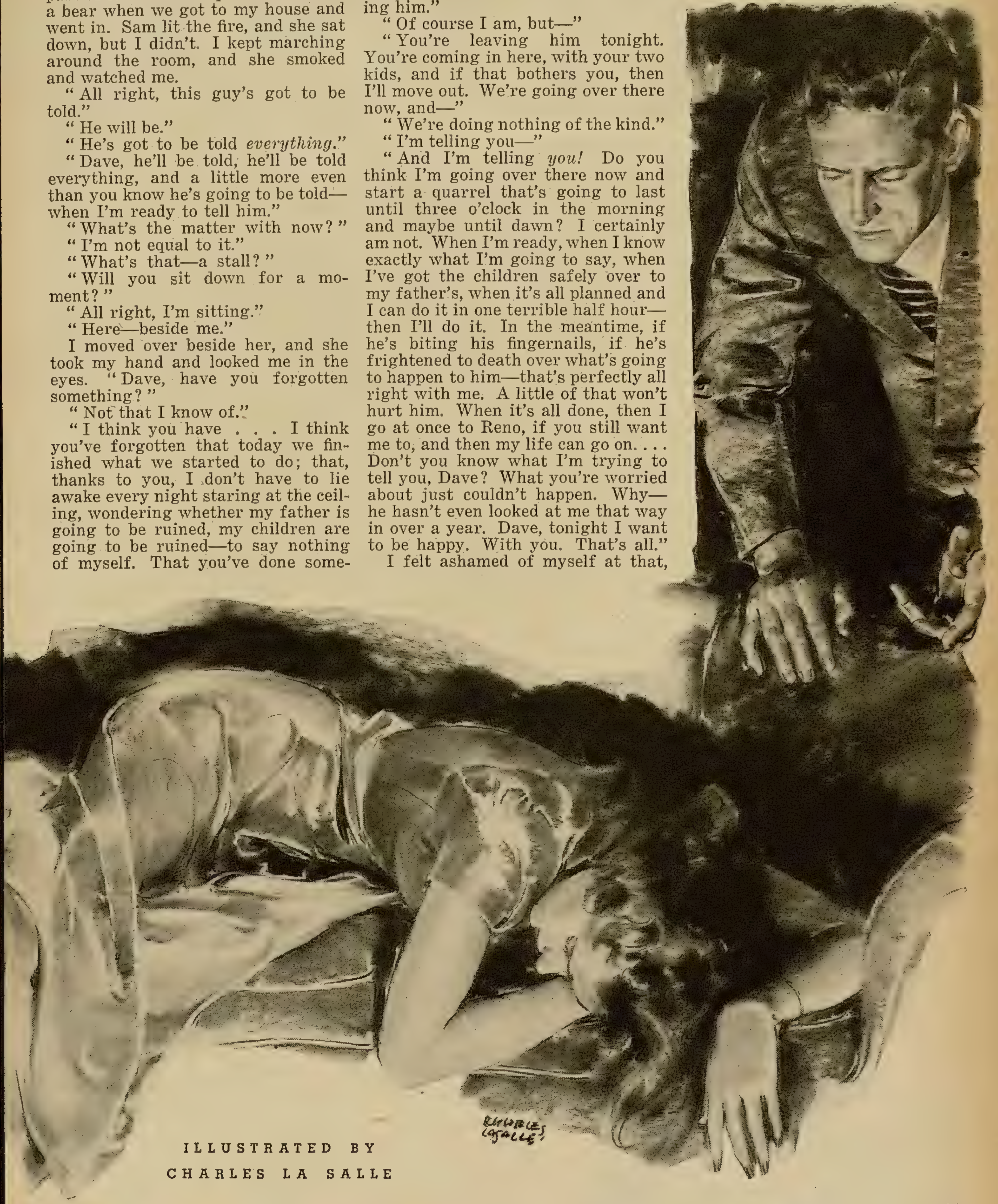
I felt ashamed of myself at that, and took her in my arms, and that catch came in my throat again when she sighed like some child and relaxed and closed her eyes.

"Sheila?"

"Yes?"

"We'll celebrate."

"All right. Where will we go?"



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

So we celebrated. She phoned her maid and said she'd be late, and we went to dinner at a downtown restaurant, and then we drove to a night club on Sunset Boulevard. We stayed till about one o'clock.

I didn't think of Brent again till we pulled up near her house, and then this same prickly feeling began to come over me. If she noticed anything she didn't say so. She kissed me good night, and I started home.

I TURNED in the drive, put the car away, closed the garage, and walked around to go in the front way. When I started for the door I heard my name called. It was Helm.

"Sorry to be bothering you this hour of night, Mr. Bennett, but I've got to talk to you."

"Well, come in."

He seemed nervous as I took him inside. He sat down and lit a cigarette and acted like he didn't know how to begin. Then:

"Have you seen Sheila?"

". . . Why?"

"I saw you drive off with her."

"Yes—I had some business with her. We had dinner together. I—just left her a little while ago."

"Did you see Brent?"

"No. It was late. I didn't go in."

"She say anything about him?"

"I guess so. Now and then. . . . What's this about?"

"Did you see him leave the bank? Today?"

"He left before you did."

"Did you see him leave the second time?"

". . . He only came in once."

Helm kept looking at me. Little by little he was losing his nervousness at talking with me.

". . . He went in there twice."

"He came in once. He rapped on the door, Adler let him in, he stood there talking a few minutes, then he went back to get some stuff out of his locker. Then he left. You were there. Except for the extra tellers, nobody had finished up yet. He must have left fifteen minutes before you did."

"That's right. Then I left. I finished up, put my cashbox away, and left. I went over to the drugstore to get myself a malted milk, and was sitting there drinking it when he went in."

"He couldn't have. We were locked, and—"

"He used a key."

". . . When was this?"

"A little after four. Couple of minutes before you all came out with that spider and dumped it in the gutter."

"So?"

"I didn't see him come out."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I haven't seen you. I've been looking for you."

"You saw me drive off with Sheila."

"Yeah, but it hadn't occurred to me at the time. That cop, after he caught the spider, came in the drugstore to buy some film for his camera. I helped him put the spider in an ice-cream container and punch holes in the top, and I wasn't watching the bank all that time. Later, it just happened to run through my head that I'd seen all the rest of you leave the bank, but I hadn't seen Brent—"

"Yeah? What else?"

"I went to a picture tonight with the Snellings."

"Didn't Snelling see him leave?"

"I don't know what he saw. The picture had some Mexican stuff in it, and later, when we went to the Snellings' apartment, I started a bum argument, and got Snelling to call Charlie to settle it. Brent spent some time in Mexico once. That was about twelve o'clock."

"And?"

"The maid answered. Charlie wasn't there."

We looked at each other, and both knew that twelve o'clock was too late for a guy to be out that had just had a bad operation.

"Come on."

"You calling Sheila?"

"We're going to the bank."

THE protection-service watchman was due on the hour, and we caught him on his two-o'clock round. We went upstairs, where the old records were stored, and I looked behind every pile. We went down in the basement, and I looked behind every gas furnace. We went all around back of the windows, and I looked under every counter. I even looked behind my desk and under it. That seemed to be all. The watchman went up and punched his clock and we went out on the street again. Helm kind of fingered his chin.

"Well, I guess it was a false alarm."

"Looks like it."

"Guess there's no use calling Sheila."

"Pretty late, I'm afraid."

What he meant was we ought to call Sheila but he wanted me to do it. We got in the car, and I took him home, and once more he mumbled something about Sheila, but I decided not to hear him. When I let him out I started for home, but as soon as I was out of sight I cut around the block and headed for Mountain Drive.

A LIGHT was on, and the screen door opened as soon as I set my foot on the porch. She was still dressed, and it was almost as though she had been expecting me. I followed her into the living room and spoke low so nobody in the house could hear us.

"Where's Brent?"

". . . He's in the vault."

She spoke in a whisper and sank into a chair without looking at me, but every doubt I'd had about her in the beginning swept back over me. Even looking at her made me tremble.

"Funny you didn't tell me."

"I didn't know it."

"What do you mean you didn't know it? If you know it now, why didn't you know it then? You trying to tell me he stepped out of there for a couple of minutes, borrowed my telephone, and called you up? He might as well be in a tomb as be in that place, till it opens at eight thirty this morning."

"Are you done?"

"I'm still asking you why you didn't tell me."

"When I got in and found he wasn't home, I went out looking for him. Coming home, I had to go by the bank. As I went by, the red light winked, just once."

I don't know if you know how a vault works. There's two switches inside. One lights the overhead stuff that you turn on when somebody wants to get into his safe-deposit box, the other works the red light that's always on over the door in the daytime. That's the danger signal, and any employee of the bank always looks to see that it's on whenever he goes inside. When the vault is closed the light's turned off, and I had turned it off myself that afternoon, when I locked the vault with Snelling. I didn't believe she'd seen it. I didn't believe she'd even been by the bank.

"So the red light winked, hey? Funny it wasn't winking when I left there not ten minutes ago."

"I said it winked once."

"How'd he get in there?"

"I don't know."

"I think you do know."

"I don't know, but the only way I can think of is that he slipped in there while we were all gathered around looking at that spider."

"That you conveniently on purpose brought in there."

"Or that he did."

"What's he doing in there?"

"I don't know."

"Come on, come on, quit stalling me!"

SHE got up and began walking around. Her feet dragged like some old woman's.

"Dave, it's easy to see you think I know all about this. That I know more than I'm telling. That Charles and I are in some kind of plot. I don't know anything I can say. I know a lot I could say if I wasn't—"

She stopped, came to life like some kind of tiger, and began hammering her fists against the wall.

"—Bought! That was what was wrong! I ought to have cut my heart out, suffered anything rather than let you give me that money! Why did I ever take it? Why didn't I tell you to—"

"Why didn't you do what I begged you to do? Come over here today and let him have it between the eyes—tell him the truth, that you were through, and this was the end of it?"

"Because, God help me, I wanted to be happy!"

"No! . . . Because, God help you, you knew he wasn't over here! Because you knew he was in that vault and you were afraid I'd find it out!"

"It isn't true! How can you say that?"

"Do you know what I think? I think you took that money off me day by day, and that not one penny of it ever found its way into your cash-box. And then I think you and he decided on a little phony hold-up, to cover that shortage, and that that's what he's doing in the vault. You knew I didn't dare open my trap about the dough *I* had put up. And if he comes out of there masked, and makes a quick getaway, I don't know who's going to swear it was him. Except, of course, for Helm. Now it's in the soup.

"All right, Mrs. Brent. That vault that don't take any messages till eight thirty—that works both ways. If he can't get any word to you, you can't get any word to him. Just let him start that little game that looked so good yesterday afternoon, and he's going to get the surprise of his life, and so are you."

She looked straight at me the whole time I was talking, and the lamplight caught the green of her eyes, so they shot fire. There was something catlike about her shape anyway, and with her eyes blazing like that, she looked like something out of the jungle. But all of a sudden that woman was gone, and she was crumpled up in front of me, on the sofa, crying in a queer jerky way. Then I hated myself for what I had said and had to dig in with my fingernails to keep from crying too.

AFTER a while the phone rang. From what she said, I could tell it was her father, and that he'd been trying to reach her all afternoon and all night. She listened a long time, and when she hung up she lay back and closed her eyes.

"He's in there to put the money back."

"Where'd he get it?"

"He got it this morning. Yesterday morning. From my father."

"Your father had that much—*ready?*"

"He got it after I talked to him that night. Then, when I told him I wouldn't need it, he kept it in his safe-deposit box — just in case. Charles went over there yesterday and said he had to have it—against the check-up on my cash. Papa kept trying to reach me here. The maid left me a note, but it was so late when I got in I didn't call. . . . So now I pay a price for not telling him—Charles, I mean. For letting him worry."

"I was for telling him, you may remember."

"Yes, I remember."

It was quite a while after that before either of us said anything. Then she said, "Dave?"

"Yes?"

"Suppose he *does* put the money back?"

"Then—we're sunk."

"What, actually, will happen?"

"If I find him in there, the least I can do is hold him till I've checked

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every cent in that vault. I find nine thousand more cash than the books show. All right. What then?"

"You mean the whole thing comes out?"

"On what we've been doing, you can get away with it as long as nobody's got the least suspicion of it. Let a thing like this happen, let them really begin to check, and it'll come out so fast it'll make your head swim."

"And there goes your job?"

"Suppose you were the home office, how would you like it?"

". . . I've brought you nothing but misery, Dave."

"I—asked for it."

"Dave?"

"Yes?"

"There's one chance—"

"What's that?"

"Charles."

"I don't get it."

"It may be a blessing, after all, that I told him nothing. He can't be sure what I've done while he's been away—whether I carried his false entries right along, whether I corrected them, and left the cash short—and it does look as though he'd check, before he did anything. He's a wizard at books. And every record he needs is in there. See what I'm getting at, Dave?"

"Not quite."

"You'll have to play dummy's hand, and let him lead."

"I don't want anything to do with him."

"I'd like to wring his neck. But if you just don't force things, if you just act natural, and let me have a few seconds with him, so we'll know just what he *has* done, then—maybe it'll all come out all right. He certainly would be a boob to put the money back when he finds out it's already been put back."

"*Has* it been?"

"Don't you know?"

I took her in my arms then, and for that long was able to forget what was staring us in the face.

FOR the second time that night I went home, and this time I turned out all lights and went upstairs and took off my clothes and went to bed. I tried to sleep, and couldn't. It was all running through my mind, and specially what I was going to do when I opened that vault at eight thirty. How could I act natural about it? If I could guess he was in the vault, Helm must have guessed it. He'd be watching me, waiting for every move, and he'd be doing that even if he didn't have any suspicion of me, which by now he must have, on account of being out that late with Sheila. All that ran through my mind, and after a while I'd figured a way to cover it, by openly saying something to him, and telling him I was going to go along with it—just wait and see what Brent had to say for himself, in case he was really in there.

Then I tried once more to go to sleep. But this time it wasn't the play at the vault that was bothering me. It was Sheila. I kept going over and over it, what was said between us, the dirty cracks I had made, how she had taken them, and all the rest of it. Just as day began to break I found myself sitting up in bed. How I knew it I don't know; what I had to go on I haven't any idea; but I knew perfectly well that she was holding out on me, that there was something back of it all that she wasn't telling.

I unhooked the phone and dialed. You don't stay around a bank very long before you know the number of your chief guard. I was calling Dyer, and in a minute or two he answered, pretty sour: "Hello?"

"Dyer?"

"Yeah. Who is it?"

"Sorry to wake you up. This is Dave Bennett."

"What do you want?"

"I got reason to think there's a man in our vault. Out in the Anita Avenue branch in Glendale. What he's up to I don't know, but I want you out there when I open up. And I'd like you to bring a couple of men with you."

"What do you mean, you got reason to think? Who is this guy?" he snapped.

"I'll give you that part when I see you. Can you meet me by seven o'clock? Is that too early?"

"Whenever you say, Mr. Bennett."

"Then be at my house at seven, and bring your men with you. I'll give you the dope, and I'll tell you how I want you to do it."

He took the address, and I went back to bed.

I went to bed and lay there, trying to figure out what it was I wanted him to do anyway. After a while I had it straightened out. I wanted him close enough to protect the bank, and myself as well, in case Sheila was lying to me; and I wanted him far enough away for her to have those few seconds with Brent, in case she wasn't. I mean, if Brent was really up to something, I wanted him covered every way there was, and by guys that would shoot. But if he came out with a foolish look on his face and pretended he'd been locked in by mistake, and she found out we could still cover up that book doctoring, I wanted to leave that open too. I figured on it, and after a while I thought I had it doped out so it would work.

Around six o'clock I got up, bathed, shaved, and dressed. I routed out Sam and had him make me some coffee and fix up some bacon and eggs. I told him to stand by in case the men that were coming hadn't had any breakfast. Then I went into the living room and began to march around.

RIGHT on the tick of seven the doorbell rang and there they were, Dyer and his two mugs. Dyer's a tall thin man with a bony face and eyes like gimlets. I'd say he was around fifty. The other two were around my own age, somewhere over thirty, with big shoulders, thick necks, and red faces. They looked exactly like what they were: ex-cops that had got jobs as guards in a bank. One was named Halligan, the other Lewis. They all said yes on breakfast, so we went into the dining room.

I gave it to Dyer, as quick as I could, about Brent being off for a couple of months, with his operation, and how he'd come in yesterday to get his stuff, and Helm had seen him go in the bank a second time and not come out, and how Sheila had gone out looking for him late at night, and thought she saw the red light flash. I had to tell him that much, to protect myself afterward, because God only knew what was going to come out, and I didn't even feel I was safe on Sheila's end of it. I didn't say anything about the shortage, or Sheila's father, or any of that part.

NOW, I figure Brent got in there somehow just before we closed it up, maybe just looking around, and that he got locked in there by accident. However, I can't be sure. Maybe—it doesn't seem very likely—he's up to something. So what I'd like you guys to do is be outside, just be where you can see what's going on. If it's all right, I'll give you the word, and you can go on home. If anything happens, you're there. Of course, when a man spends a night in a vault, he may not feel so good. We may need an ambulance. If so, I'll let you know."

I breathed a little easier. It had sounded all right, and Dyer kept on wolfing down his toast and eggs. When they were gone he put sugar and cream in his coffee, stirred it around, and lit a cigarette.

"Well—that's how *you* got it figured out."

"I imagine I'm not far off."

"All I got to say, you got a trusting disposition."

"What do you make of it?"

"This guy's a regular employee, you say?"

"He's been head teller."

"Then he *couldn't* get locked in by mistake. Furthermore, you couldn't lock him in by mistake. You take all the usual care, don't you, when you lock a vault?"

"I think so."

"And you done it regular yesterday?"

"As well as I can recall."

"You looked around in there?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you didn't see nothing?"

"No, certainly not."

"Then he's in there on purpose."

The other two nodded, and looked at me like I must not be very bright.

Dyer went on: "It's possible for a man to hide hisself in a vault. I've thought of it many a time, how it could be done. Once them trucks are wheeled in with the records on them, if he once got in without being seen, he could stoop down behind them and keep quiet, and when you come to close up you wouldn't see him. But not by accident. Never."

I was feeling funny in the stomach. I had to take a tack I didn't like.

"Of course there's a human element in it. There's nothing in this man's record that gives any ground whatever for thinking he'd pull anything. Fact of the matter, that's what I'm doing in the branch. I was sent out there to study his methods in the savings department. I've been so much impressed by Charley Brent's work that I'm going to write an article about it."

"When did he get in there, do you think?"

"Well, we found a big spider."

"One of them bad dreams with fur all over them?"

"That's it. And we were all gathered around looking at it and arguing about how to get it out of there. I imagine he was standing there looking at it too. We all went out to throw it in the street, and he must have gone in the vault. Perhaps just looking around. Perhaps to open his box, I don't know. And—was in there when I closed it up."

"That don't hit you funny?"

"Not particularly."

"If you wanted to get everybody in one place in that bank, and everybody looking in one direction, so you could slip in the vault, you couldn't think of nothing better than one of them spiders, could you? Unless it was a rattlesnake."

THAT strikes me as a little far-fetched."

"Not if he's just back from the mountains. From Lake Arrowhead, I think you said. That's where they have them spiders. I never seen one around Glendale. If he happened to turn that spider loose the first time he come in, all he had to do was wait till you found it, and he could easy slip in."

"He'd be running an awful risk."

"No risk. Suppose you seen him. He was looking at the spider too, wasn't he? He come in with his key to see what all the fuss was about. Thought maybe there was trouble. . . . Mr. Bennett, I'm telling you, he's not locked in by accident. It couldn't happen."

". . . What would you suggest?"

"I'd suggest that me and Halligan and Lewis are covering that vault with guns when you open the door, and that we take him right in custody and get it out of him what he was doing in there. I'd treat him just like anybody else that hid hisself in a vault. That's what I'd do. I wouldn't take no chances whatever."

"I can't stand for that."

"Why not?"

For just a split second I didn't know why not. All I knew was that if he was searched, even if he hadn't put his father-in-law's money back in the cashbox, they'd find it on him, and a man with nine thousand dollars on him, unaccounted for, stepping out of a bank vault would mean an investigation that was going to ruin me.

But if you've got to think fast, you can do it. I acted like he ought to know why not:

"Why—morale."

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"What do you mean—morale?"

"I can't have those other employees see that at the first crack out of the box, for no reason whatever, I treat the senior member of the staff like some kind of bandit. It just wouldn't do."

"I don't agree on that at all."

"Well, put yourself in their place."

"They work for a bank, don't they?"

"They're not criminals."

"Every person that works for a bank is automatically under suspicion from the minute he goes in until he comes out. Ain't nothing personal about it. They're just people that are entrusted with other people's money, and not nothing at all is taken for granted. That's why they're under bond. That's why they're checked all the time. They know it. They want it that way. And if he's got any sense, even when he sees our guns, supposing he is on the up-and-up and he's in there by mistake, *he* knows it. But he's not on the up-and-up, and you owe it to them other people in there to give them the protection they're entitled to."

"I don't see it that way."

"It's up to you. But I want to be on record, in the presence of Halligan and Lewis, that I warned you. You hear what I say, Mr. Bennett?"

". . . I hear what you say."

My stomach was feeling still worse, but I gave them their orders. They were to take positions outside. They weren't to come in unless they were needed. They were to wait him out.

I LED, driving over to the bank, and they followed in Dyer's car. When I went past the bank I touched the horn and Dyer waved at me, so I could catch him in the mirror. They had wanted me to show them the bank, because they were all from the home office and had never been there before.

A couple of blocks up Anita Avenue I turned the corner and stopped. They pulled in ahead of me and parked.

Dyer looked out. "All right. I got it," he said.

I drove on, turned another corner, kept on around the block, and parked where I could see the bank. In a minute or two along came Helm, unlocked the door and went in. He's first in every morning. In about five minutes Snelling drove up and parked in front of the drugstore. Then Sheila came walking down the street, stopped at Snelling's car, and stood there talking to him.

The curtains on the bank door came down. This was all part of opening the bank, you understand, and didn't have anything to do with the vault. The first man in goes all through the bank. That's in case somebody got in there during the night. They've been known to chop holes in the roof even, to be there waiting with a gun when the vault is opened.

He goes all through the bank; then, if everything's O. K., he goes to the front door and lowers the curtains. That's a signal to the man across the street, who's always there by that time. But even that's not all. The man across the street doesn't go in till the first man comes out of the bank, crosses over, and gives the word. That's also in case there's somebody in there with a gun. Maybe he knows all about those curtains. Maybe he tells the first man to go lower the curtains and be quick about it. But if the first man doesn't come out as soon as he lowers the curtains, the man across the street knows there's something wrong and puts in a call, quick.

The curtains were lowered and Helm came out, and Snelling got out of his car.

I climbed out and crossed over. Snelling and Helm went in, and Sheila dropped back with me.

"What are you going to do, Dave?"

"Give him his chance."

"If only he hasn't done something dumb."

"Get to him. Get to him and find out what's what. I'm going to take it as easy as I can. I'm going to stall, listen to what he has to say, tell him I'll have to ask him to stick around till we check—and then you get at it. Find out. And let me know."

"Do the others know?"

"No, but Helm's guessed it."

"Do you ever pray?"

"I thought about that. Yeah, I prayed all I know."

But can prayers save them—and Charles Brent—now? Are not Sheila and Dave up against the toughest kind of reality? What might be done at this critical moment to stave off the dreaded discovery? In next week's Liberty you will find answers—and terrific surprises.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CRIME PREVENTION

by

Anthony Abbot

Crime Commentator for Liberty

J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has this to say:

"The importance and necessity of crime prevention are recognized by every right-thinking enforcement officer and are illustrated by the Federal Bureau of Investigation's study of every fingerprint card sent us, representing arrests for local violations during the year 1938. This study showed that 18.8 per cent of these cards, or almost one out of five, were those of youngsters twenty years of age or under; while 35.9 per cent, or more than one out of every three, represented persons twenty-four years of age or under.

"If some method could be devised to cut down this high proportion of youngsters involved in crime, it would go a long way toward solving the crime problem in this country."

VENUS, Ltd.

The story of a wayward beauty and what she did to a young man's heart

BY MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BURT and Evie were sitting on the sand at Kelly's Beach. Burt had rented an umbrella and taken her down past the end of the pavilion where there wasn't much of a crowd. He had to have a serious talk with her.

He ran his fingers through the sand and said, "I'm telling you, Evie, I'm against it."

She said, "I can't see why it's griping you so much. I would think you'd feel proud."

"Proud of what? Seeing you make a show of yourself?"

"Now I can't understand why anybody would take an attitude like that. Nearly fifty of the girls have already signed up. Sure, you say. It's all right for them. All right for everybody but me. Even when they're conceding I'm sure to win."

"Paul Dukas told me he wouldn't let that sister of his go in for a million bucks."

Evie laughed. "Ganna Dukas? She'd have to pay a million bucks to get in."

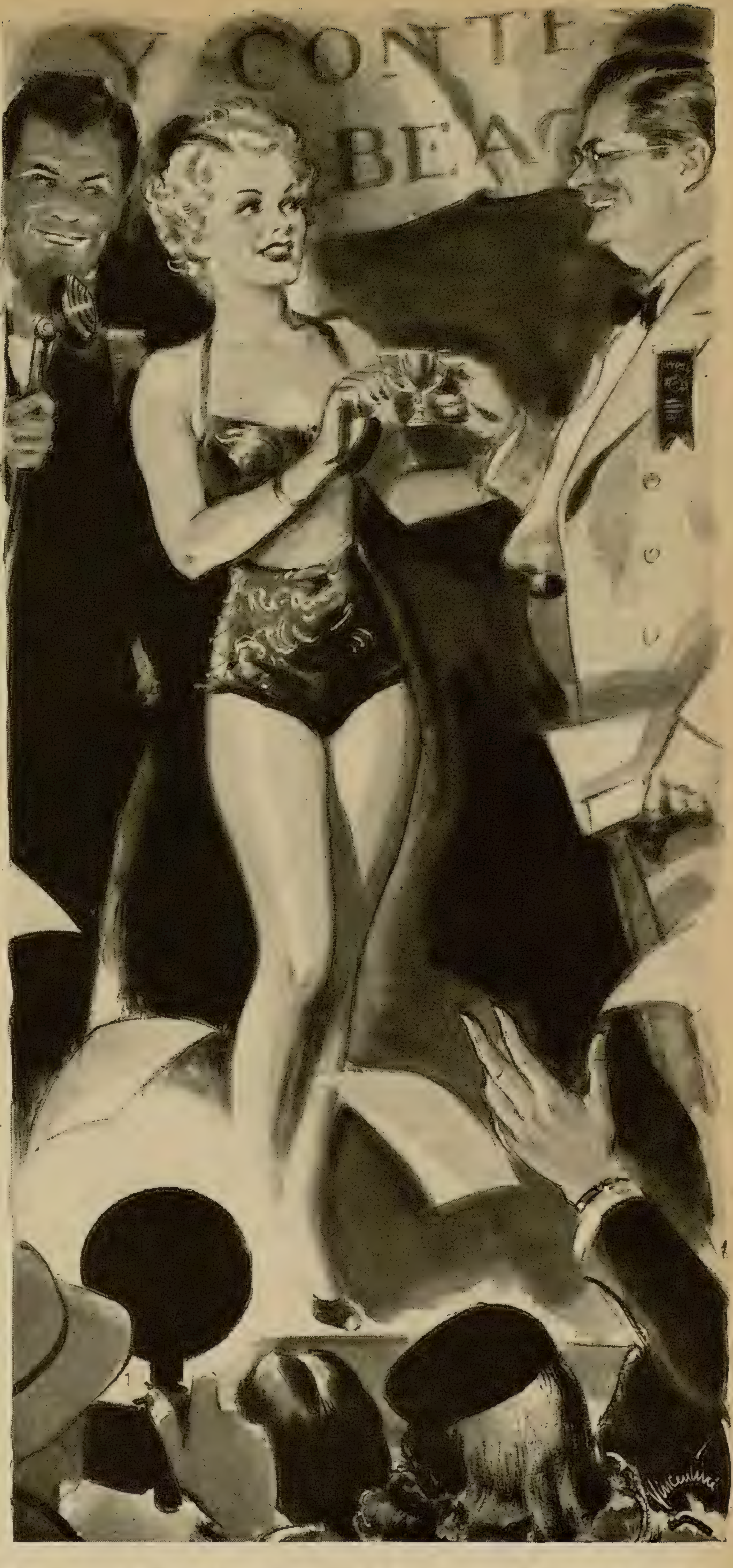
"Now that's a swell way to talk about a decent girl. And furthermore, Paul Dukas is a friend of mine."

"Well, skip it. I'm still waiting for you to explain your attitude."

"I just don't like the idea of your getting up there and prancing around like the rest of these cheap floosies. Showing off your legs and your—well—"

"I'd be much obliged if you'd lay off my figure. And, anyway, where do you get so much right to bawl me out?"

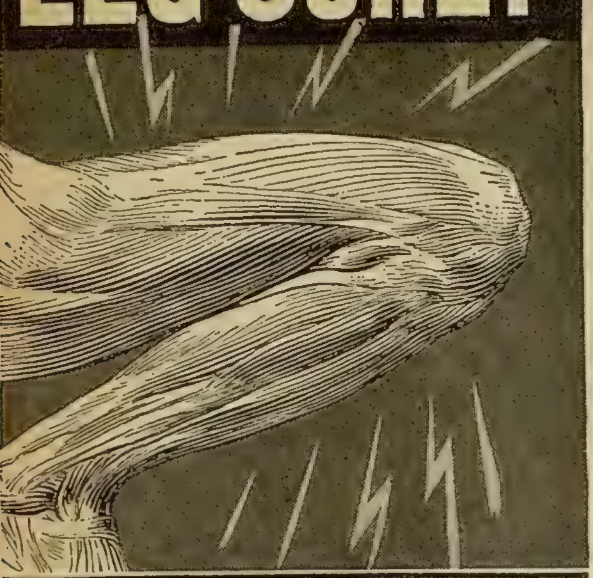
"I happen to be nuts about you, that's all."



Burt heard the man say, "The final winner—Miss Eve Dooley."

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

LEG SORE?



Too much ACID in your Muscles causes that pain!

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INCREASE YOUR ENDURANCE

You need more than normal stamina to stick it out when the going is tough. Increase your endurance . . . you'll get more fun, be less tired! Here's a new way to do it . . . and it works as well for women as for men.

Just take 4 envelopes Knox Gelatine daily for 2 weeks . . . then 2 a day for 2 weeks. After that, take as required.

Take it *regularly*. Keep a supply in your bathroom. Take in the morning when you get up, again at night . . . *and don't forget.*

Cost? Less than a pack of cigarettes a day.

Plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine (U.S.P.) is the only gelatine *proved* to increase endurance. Bacteriologically controlled to standards higher than certified milk. Sealed in sanitary envelopes, protected until you use them. Buy the familiar 4-envelope package, or the new 32-envelope money-saving package. Ask your grocer or write Knox Gelatine. Also send for Bulletin E. Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y. Dept. 74.

HOW TO TAKE: Empty 1 envelope (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine in ¾ glass of water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir briskly . . . drink before it thickens.

"You take a funny way to show it."

"What's it going to get you? Suppose you do win. Miss Kelly's Beach. That's a fine thing to carry through life!"

"Miss Kelly's Beach my eye! The winner of this contest goes to Atlantic City. The winner at Atlantic City is crowned Miss America. And that's what I'm going to be, so help me!"

"So all right. You're going to be Miss America. What would it get you if they made you Miss World?"

"You don't seem to realize that Miss America has got a swell chance of breaking into Hollywood."

"O. K. I'll be reading your name in electric lights. I'll get a great kick out of that."

"You don't have to be so bitter. You're just thinking of yourself."

"Sure. That's all I ever do. I never think of anybody else."

Evie threw an arm around his neck. "You can't talk that way about yourself. You're the most unselfish guy I ever saw and you know I'm nuts about you and all that. But the trouble with you, Burt, is that you just don't understand women."

"Maybe I'll understand them better when I see you standing up there showing off everything you've got."

Evie went into the contest, all right. Burt hung around the edge of the crowd, and his face got red when she strutted out on the platform before the judges. She had on the smallest amount of bathing suit that the law allows, and Burt felt ashamed even to look at her himself.

But he had to admit Evie certainly was an eyeful.

She won. There was nothing to it. Burt heard the man at the loudspeaker say, "The final winner—Miss Eve Dooley." It didn't surprise him a bit.

The photographers got busy.

Burt didn't try to get near her for a while. He bought drinks for Paul Dukas and his sister Ganna. He and Paul didn't do much talking. The sister kept up a line of chatter, but they didn't pay much attention.

WHEN Burt finally got a chance to say hello to Evie, about two hours later, she was so happy-looking he couldn't be tough. He said, "Congratulations." And she said, "Gee, Burt, ain't it wonderful!" He had to grin, the way her face was all lit up, and he said, "Sure, honey, it's great."

He didn't see much of Evie for the next ten days. The people from the Daily Phoenix had her downtown every day, buying her clothes and getting her hair fixed up a new way, and giving luncheons where she met the mayor and all the big shots. And Burt had to be at the bakery every night at nine o'clock. This was his month on the night shift.

Of course he did see her. And they had a couple of good laughs together, too. She was so happy and excited she stayed in a fine humor all the time, and, as Burt said to himself, it would certainly be the act of a heel to throw any wet blankets on her. Let her enjoy it all and then get over it like you get over a shot of the flu. He could take it, couldn't he?

There was one thing that got him down just a little, though. The diamond ring he had picked out at the Universal Credit Jewelers would be a joke alongside the hunk of ice the Daily Phoenix had given her. He told her so—not crabbing or anything. She said, "What do we want with another one, anyway? We'll just let this be the engagement ring."

He said, "That's a hell of a note—you being engaged to a newspaper!"

They got a laugh out of that. But still he felt he would like it better if he had bought his own engagement ring. You know how a man is about a thing like that.

THE Phoenix gave Evie a big banquet the night before she left for Atlantic City. Burt switched nights off with one of the boys at the bakery and hired a tux and went to it. He did not take her, of course, but he went by her house beforehand. Old man Dooley and Mrs. Dooley and about nineteen Dooley kids were yowling about the place like they had got a winning ticket on the Irish Sweepstakes—or at least like the old man had hauled off and got himself a job. But Evie wasn't much different from the old Evie—except that she was more of a knockout than ever in the white silk dress the paper had bought her.

Naturally, Burt didn't sit anywhere near her at the banquet. She was at the big table along the end of the room, and everybody sitting there was down for a speech.

Burt didn't hear the speeches, because a crew of waiters threw him out before the speeches began. He didn't know any of the guys at the table where he was sitting. There were six of them. And one of them made a crack about Evie. Burt swung his right, and the guy was on the floor, and the waiters were there in a second.

He stopped at Barney's on the way home and had a few drinks that he didn't feel at all. Then he went to his room and smoked a lot of cigarettes and did a lot of thinking. What he came up with was this:

Any woman that puts herself out in front like that is going to have cracks made about her. You've done the same thing yourself about movie stars, and you know it. You should not have socked that guy for doing the same thing you have done yourself. She's in for that kind of stuff from now on, and what are you going to do about it—spend the rest of your life socking innocent guys?

Get wise to yourself. You're making a big mistake, because this Evie business is all washed up as far as you are concerned, and you might as well admit it. She is too beautiful for you. It was all right as long as she didn't know how beautiful she was. But now what business have you got hanging around? To hell with Evie and to hell with everything! . . .

He actually cried.

Evie went to Atlantic City by airplane the next morning. For the next few days you had to hunt all through the Daily Phoenix to find out even who won the ball game, there was so much about Evie in it. There were pictures of her doing everything from eating lobster to riding on an elephant, and on the front page there was an article every day signed by her—My Day in Atlantic City—telling about the swell time she was having.

Burt read everything and kept the papers to give to her some day.

The contest was supposed to wind up on Saturday night, with all the girls going before the judges on the Million Dollar Pier. And by Friday afternoon Burt didn't know which end was up. He wanted her to win, and he didn't want her to win. One minute he was saying to himself, "What are you, a selfish heel?" And the next minute, "No matter what you say, you're still nuts about her, and you know what's best for her. That life is no good for a fine girl like Evie."

Paul Dukas made him go by his house for some spaghetti. Paul's sister made the spaghetti, with some special kind of sauce she knew how to fix up, and Paul brought out a half bottle of Italian red.

Paul's sister, Ganna, kept up a line of talk. She started to tell about some movie she had seen, but she switched off of that and got to talking about the brown suit Burt had on.

"Brown is a fine color for a suit," she said, "*if* the person can wear brown. There are not many fellows that know what colors are good for them. They just buy what the salesman shows them, without any taste or anything . . ."

She went on like that until you would have thought she was the one with the jitters, not Burt. And it wasn't like herself, either. Ganna was a quiet sort of girl, generally speaking. Nothing like Evie, either in looks or ways. She was a brunette with a medium-sized figure. Nobody could call her a raving beauty, but she wasn't hard to look at.

Paul shushed her. "What turned you into a gabblebox all of a sudden?" he asked her. "Pipe down. You get a guy jumpy."

Burt didn't seem to have heard any of it, anyway. She filled up his plate with some more spaghetti, and he looked up at her as if he were seeing her for about the first time. He had a sort of puzzled look on his face. "Evie shouldn't have made that crack about a million bucks," he said.

They wanted to know what he was talking about; but he shut up. After dinner was over he said he would have to get on back to the bakery.

Burt never knew exactly how he got on the train. It was all a kind of a dream to him. But there he was, Saturday afternoon, sitting in the smoker on the way to Atlantic City. He got in about half past five and washed up in the station. He did not try to find the big hotel where Evie was staying. He just hung around and had a few beers and found out where the Million Dollar Pier was.

Burt got a good seat about halfway down, and he was in it a good hour before the show started. The people around him talked a lot about Miss Minneapolis, but Burt figured that was just because they were from out that way. By this time, you understand, he was pulling for Evie with everything he had—just sitting there and pulling for her so bad it hurt.

Time went by and the place got jammed, and before Burt knew it they were playing The Star-Spangled Banner and the curtain went up.

Across the back of the stage the girls stood in a long line—white bathing suits and black ones and pink and green and all colors. All of the girls had a banner across their chests, telling what city they were the Miss of, and Burt had to hunt along the line before he could find Evie.

She looked wonderful. She made the rest of them look like tramps.

Somebody made a speech. Then the music struck up a tune, and the girls started a slow parade, walking in a circle around the stage, letting the five judges see them. Burt kept his eyes on Evie, watching every move she made.

IF YOU WANT TO BE SOMEBODY'S Dream Girl

DON'T LET YOURSELF GET DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

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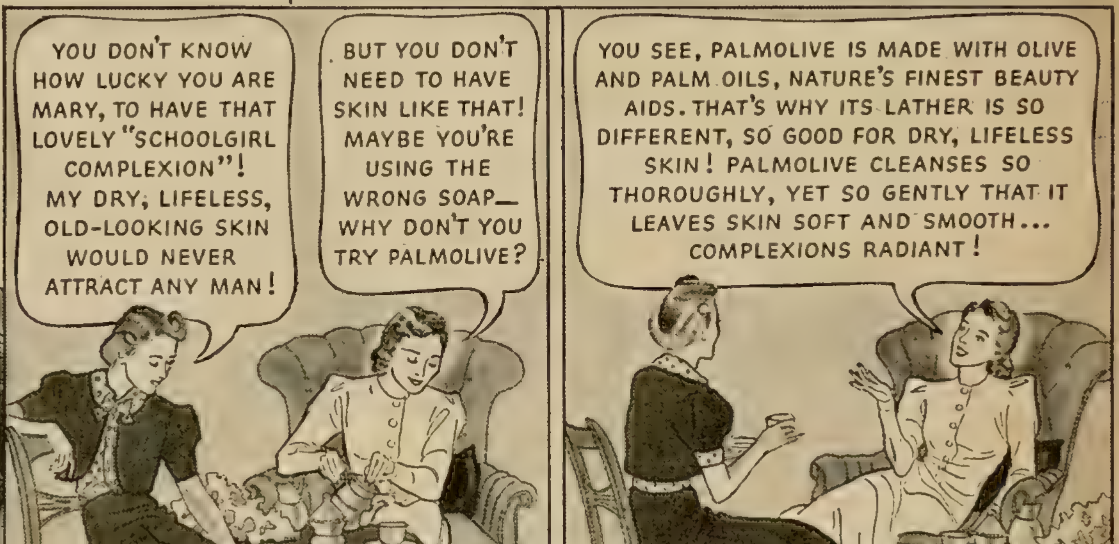
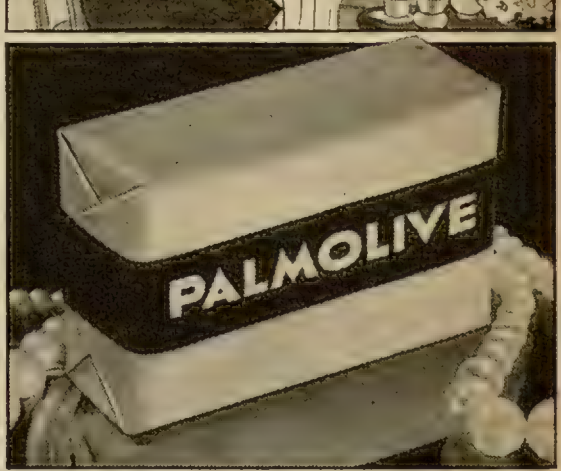

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE MARY, TO HAVE THAT LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"! MY DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING SKIN WOULD NEVER ATTRACT ANY MAN!
BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO HAVE SKIN LIKE THAT! MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP— WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE?
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

I WISH I'D KNOWN ABOUT PALMOLIVE BEFORE! BUT I'M GOING TO START USING IT RIGHT AWAY THEN MAYBE SOME MAN WILL FALL IN LOVE WITH ME!



MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

The girls went around and around, and every now and then the judges would put the finger on one of them, and she would step out of line and move over to one side. She would get a lot of applause. These were the ones the judges liked.

Evie was number nine. She got a good hand, but Burt didn't clap. He just sat there pulling.

After a while they started picking from the first batch they had chosen, and finally there were just six girls left in the running. Evie was one of them. The judges went into a huddle and the M. C. told all six girls to go to the back of the stage and come down one at a time and then go back.

Evie was the last of the six to show her stuff. Maybe she and the Phoenix people planned it that way. And it was a good idea until . . .

But you've got to understand how it happened.

ALL five of the other girls had come down the stage walking slow to the music. They took time out, during the walk, to turn around slow a few times and give the judges and the mob a good look. After each one had done her stuff, the judges whispered and wrote on their pads.

Then it was Evie's turn. All of a sudden the music changed to swing. And Evie came trucking down! You know trucking. Shag! Shag! Dah --dah!

It got a howl. You know the funny sound it makes when men yell falsetto. Yipee! They were rolling in the aisles.

Burt's face was so hot it melted down his collar. Maybe it's hard to understand, but this bathing-beauty thing was run off like a church or a big-shot lodge meeting. Dignity is what they went for. And trucking is not very dignified, to be frank about it. They weren't giving Evie a hand. They were laughing at her.

Burt got up and went out of there without waiting to see the judges thumb Evie out of the picture.

He walked for an hour, trying to think things out. But he didn't get very far with that. After a while he found the big hotel where she was staying, and went up to her room and knocked on the door. Somebody said "Come in" and he went in.

Evie was lying on the bed, propped up by pillows and still in her bathing suit—what there was of it. Three or four young fellows were lounging around, and they were all drinking highballs.

Evie said, "Burt—honey! Where in the world did you come from?"

He hadn't thought of anything to say, but the fellow across the foot of the bed didn't give him much chance. He said, "Come in, Burt, whoever you are, and weep with us. We was robbed. Drink to the injustice of the world. The Daily Phoenix is paying for the booze." He pointed to the open bottle on the table.

Evie said, "Did you see it, Burt? Wasn't it robbery, the way they did me?"

He fixed himself a drink, trying to think of something sensible to say. All he came up with was, "Who had that idea?"

Evie said, "Mike did. Oh, I forgot the introductions." She introduced Burt to Mike and the other guys. They were all reporters or photographers for the Phoenix. While this was going on, Burt caught that all of them were a little jingled. Evie talked fast, still lying on the bed, about how Mike had had the wonderful idea and bribed the band to give them swing. It had sounded great at first.

"Whatever those judges did to me, I must have looked all right trucking down there, didn't I, Burt? You were there. You ought to know. Didn't I look all right to you?"

MORRIS MARKEY *born in Virginia in 1899, served with the A. E. F. in 1918, became a newspaperman on his return to New York. Soon after the New Yorker magazine was born in 1925, he joined its staff. His best known book is This Country of Yours, written after motoring in every state in the Union.*

Mike let his hand drop over Evie's ankle while he threw back his head and drank. Burt saw that, but didn't say anything. He was trying hard to get in the groove, to get a clear idea of what to do.

"Sure," he said. "You looked fine."

There was a knock on the door and a little man with a pink shirt came in. He walked over and looked down at Evie and said, "Hello, beautiful."

Mike said, "Who is this guy?"

It turned out that he was the manager of a night club somewhere in town. He was offering Evie a job in his show, three weeks minimum.

"For mine," he said, "I'd rather have something with a little heat than Miss America herself."

Evie and Mike and the man got excited talking. Burt stood on the side lines, taking it all in. Mike waved at the man to make him stop talking and said, "You'll have to give us time to think it over."

"Half an hour. I've got to work fast."

"O. K.," Mike said. "Get out and come back in half an hour." The man left, and Mike said, "Beat it, the rest of you mugs. Evie and I have got to talk business."

The other newspapermen ambled out through the door, but Burt stood there looking hard at Mike. Mike said, "Who is this egg, Evie? A country cousin or something?"

Burt said, "It doesn't make any difference who I am. Listen, Evie. Have you got any idea what sort of place that fellow runs? To look at him, it's probably a joint. You don't want to get mixed up with anything like that, do you?"

Evie jumped up and grabbed him around the neck. "Gee," she said. "I even forgot to kiss you in all the excitement!" She kissed him and ran right on talking.

"Listen, honey. You've got to see that this is terribly important. It's an opportunity, Burt, like I have always wanted. If I can't be Miss America and go right to Hollywood, I've got to do something, anyway. You can't expect me to go creeping back to that dumb town after all this, can you? Can you, now, honey?"

Burt didn't say anything. He just looked at her like she had done something to hurt him bad.

Mike said, "Can't you see the lady is asking you to get out of here? We've got business to attend to."

He unwound himself and stood up and switched his glass from his right hand to his left, and looked at Burt. Burt hooked him and dropped him. He could hear Evie scream, but it sounded a long way off. He was so blind he could hardly find the door, but he found it and went out of there, and waited at the railroad station until there was a train for home.

The boys at the bakery had the razzberry jam out and they spread it on plenty thick. But Burt took it all right. He took it because he didn't hear much of what they were saying. He went around in a sort of daze, just doing his job, and going home to sit by the radio, and eating whenever he happened to think about it.

Paul Dukas tried to shake him out of it. He made Burt go around to his house whenever he could, and his sister tried to keep Burt fed. He didn't seem to know what he was eating, and a kind of gloom was over the whole place.

ONE night they were quieter than usual, Burt just eating whatever there was, and Paul and his sister just saying nothing. All of a sudden Burt slid his chair back from the table and looked hard at Ganna.

"Listen," he said. "You're a dame. You understand how they think. O. K. Tell me about it. What ought I to do to get her straightened out again like she ought to be? You know how swell a kid she is at heart. You tell me a move so everything can be like it used to be."

He was surprised when Paul turned on him hard. "Wait a minute," Paul said. "That ain't the kind of questions to be asking Ganna. Skip it."

Burt was certainly surprised. "What the hell, Paul!" he said. "What have I done?"

Ganna said, "Please, Paul. I guess I can talk for myself."

Paul said, "Lay off, will you, Burt?" Paul seemed to be all upset about something, and he was looking at his sister.

Burt said, "Well, I'm sure I didn't mean to say anything out of the way."

And the next minute, Paul's sister was bouncing up from the table with her napkin held over her face, and running out of the room.

Burt had a blank face. "What did I do?"

"Skip it," Paul said. "Let's go out and get a drink."

With any ordinary sort of guy, a thing like the Evie business passes off after a while; but instead of getting better, Burt got worse. There probably never was anybody hit harder by a dame than he was by Evie. But the main thing he thought about was that he ought not to let her do this kind of thing to herself. He ought to protect her, and put her back on the right track where she belonged, and not let her act like a floosie, because it wasn't in her nature.

A gang of heels had got hold of her. That was all.

About two weeks of that kind of thinking was all he could take, and he did what you might expect. He asked for a couple of nights off and went to Atlantic City.

Burt never had got around to many night clubs. But it didn't take experience to let him know, right now, that the Lavender Pelican was a dump. The women were the real tip-off. Burt knew a bum when he saw one. These dames were bums. They put him at a little table by himself, close to the dance floor, and he sat there awhile and had two or three balls and watched what was going on.

The dames got to acting and looking more and more like bums, because the drinks they were putting away were whittling them down to their right size. The men were two kinds—fat greasy-looking ones, and slick ones that all thought they were Robert Taylor. Burt got lower and lower, thinking about Evie in a dump like this.

A LITTLE after twelve, the band put up a big racket and the dancers got off the floor and the lights went down dim. There was the spotlight in the middle of the floor, and a guy grinning into the mike. He gabbed awhile, making a couple of wisecracks that got Burt a little sick to the stomach, and then he got down to the main attraction.

It was Evie, naturally. Burt ordered another highball.

The band played some music, and six or eight girls fanned out onto the floor singing something about "Our Miss America wasn't their Miss America, but we think she's tops just the same."

The band went "da-da-a-a"—the long way—and plowed into a hot number. And there was Evie, trucking on down from between some black curtains to the middle of the floor.

Now, you know what kind of bathing suits the girls wear these days—just some trunks and a thing wrapped around their chests. Well, Evie's was a sort of burlesque of that. The trunks were about a yard of black ribbon one inch wide, but put on to look like trunks anyway. And the chest thing was two black dots the size of a fifty-cent piece, held on by black sticking plaster in little strips like the sun's rays.

There was plenty of applause, and

It's smart to serve these big, SUPER TENDER FRANKFURTS!

Frankfurt Casseroles: Fill lightly greased casseroles with sauerkraut. Place 2 "dinner" size Swift's Premium Frankfurts on top of each, brush with melted butter and bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes. Cook plain dumplings in boiling, salted water and place one on each casserole just before serving.

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For a satisfying, *different* dinner, serve these delicious frankfurts soon. But remember, be sure you get Swift's Premium!

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Take your choice! *In addition to the big "dinner" size, Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts are available in the standard size, equally delicious. But whichever you choose, look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of finest quality.*

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Evie kept on dancing. She could dance pretty well.

Burt didn't see anything at first except Evie's face. It didn't look like Evie at all. Of course she had on a fistful of make-up and a concrete smile, but that wasn't the difference. It was in her eyes. Evie always did have sort of teasing eyes, blue as a china marble. But now they looked like they were on fire, with a lot more in them than just teasing. Burt said, "It must be that spotlight shining so strong in her face."

The waiter put another drink in front of him without his even asking for it, and he went to work on it. The booze wasn't having any effect on him, anyway.

The men began to make cracks. They had to yell to get heard above that music, and Burt did his best not to listen. He kept saying to himself, "Wait until you talk to her alone. You're not socking anybody else."

She even tried to sing. And some bird came out with "As a singer, I'd like to be your last minstrel, baby. And if I were you I'd turn the other cheek."

Burt felt his fists tightening up. Evie looked at the bird who made the crack, and made her mouth into an O and shook her finger and then flipped around with her back to him and bumped. It was a howl.

Burt started up to his feet, but she was gone. She went out through the black curtains, with the other girls dancing after her. And Burt said to himself, "O. K. Shut up. This is a fine lousy place . . ."

He said to the waiter, loud, "Bring me another ball, will you?"

When Evie went out there was a big yell of applause. From the men. The dames weren't all that enthusiastic. For the encore, Evie came out alone and went into another dance.

Burt kept trying to think what he ought to do. He could get up and grab her and say, "We're getting out of here," but that would be a chump trick. He knew Evie, and Evie had too much self-pride to listen to a thing like that. It would be better to wait until it was all over and then sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk with her and try to convince her that these heels were making her do things that weren't in her nature.

She was dancing around the rim. Slow and plenty hot. She came within four feet of him, but she didn't see him. He said, "Thank the Lord for that, anyway."

Right at the top of the chorus of the song they were playing, there was a stop. You know—dah-dah-da-da—and then the stop—and then, dah-dah-dah—and so on. Well, when it got to that stop, Evie was right at one of the fat greasy guys, and she bent over and kissed him on the forehead. He grabbed her and she sort of plopped down on his knee and they went into a wrestling match. But Evie wasn't trying to get away.

Burt got out of his chair. He took a step, and then all of a sudden it was like somebody turned on the lights in a dark room—the dark room being the inside of his head, I mean. Because there it was, yelling at him: "She likes it!"

He looked at Evie, coming out of the wrestling match and getting on her feet and giving back a big laugh to all the applause and the wisecracks. And all of a sudden Evie was like somebody he never saw in his life before. He looked down at his hands like he never had seen them before, either. He didn't want to sock anybody. He half wanted to laugh out loud and he half wanted to be sick to the stomach. But the main thing was, Evie was gone out of him. The Evie business was all over.

It left him feeling empty and weak and a little dizzy. He got out of the Lavender Pelican and started walking on the boardwalk. He went fast all the time, and at first he felt happy as a kid. He had got rid of something that he never ought to have had in the first place.

I'M out of it," he kept saying to himself, like he couldn't hardly believe it. "I'm off the hook!" And he said, "She likes it! That's the whole answer in a nutshell, and it leaves you cold as ice. Colder than ice!"

But after that he wasn't so happy. Evie was such a sweet kid. They had seen some swell times together down at Kelly's Beach.

But she wasn't a kid any longer. That was it. Sure. Changing out of a kid, all of a sudden, meant no more Evie at all. Somebody else. Not Evie.

He figured on whether he ought to go back and talk to her—just like a friend, of course—and wish her a lot of luck in life. But what would be the good in that? She wasn't going to miss him. She had plenty to keep her busy. There wasn't anything actually for him to say except, "Well, Evie, I'm not nuts about you any more." And that would be a fine thing to tell a woman, wouldn't it?

Still, he had a terrible yen to talk to somebody about it. He wanted to talk to Paul Dukas and explain to Paul how the whole Evie business had gone out of him in one flash when he saw it wasn't the heels doing something to Evie, but Evie herself. Evie inside.

He went down to the station to catch the next train. He couldn't wait to talk to Paul. And—wait a minute—Ganna! Right then he got his second load of lightning in one evening. That time Paul got sore and Ganna ran out of the room. . . . "She was crying! Say, she was crying about me! And the reason Paul got sore was because he knew . . ."

He yelled out loud, "Wait a minute. I'm coming!" And he ran the rest of the way to the station. He didn't give a damn whether he talked to Paul Dukas or not. He wanted to talk to Ganna Dukas. And he didn't want to talk to her about Evie, either.

THE END

Here's your dish
FOR LENT! . . . tender
macaroni drenched
with cheese
richness
Cooking time: 7 minutes
KRAFT DINNER
ONLY SEVEN MINUTES COOKING TIME
KRAFT DINNER
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● Just seven minutes in boiling water and Kraft Dinner macaroni is *tender*, fluffy-light. And in a jiffy you drench it in cheese goodness, with the Kraft Grated that comes in every box. Try this *quick* way to the best macaroni-and-cheese you've ever tasted.

Now 25% more cheese **Simpler recipe**

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

NOW that we have an exciting Presidential election in view, almost every intelligent social gathering is sure to be a hotbed of political talk. Luncheon and dinner parties will teem henceforth with campaign arguments. What can a hostess do to make the best of such a contentious situation?

For wise counsel I went to Ruth Hanna Simms, daughter of the great Mark Hanna, a seasoned politician in her own right, former congresswoman, accomplished hostess, at present acting as co-manager of the Republican Party's *Dewey for President* branch. I asked Mrs. Simms for a few inside tips on political entertaining—just in case some of us might become meshed in local strands of the big election web.

"Informal suppers," she advised, "create the most advantageous atmosphere for mixed discussion. Let guests help themselves to food and sit where they please. Large quantities of extra good coffee are essential to the menu. The debate seldom grows quarrelsome when it is carried on over cups of good hot coffee."

Ruth Hanna Simms believes absolute freedom of expression to be our strongest defense against political bitterness. She says: "If a hostess permits all her guests *carte blanche* to say whatever they like within accepted limits of decorum, most of the wind will be taken out of the sails of the troublesome smart alecks."

Her Washington parties have long been celebrated for her ability to manage difficult diplomats; for her gorgeous apple pies; and for the huge bowls of Vermont maple sugar that always grace her dining-room buffet. The maple sugar is broken into pieces conveniently sized for guests to sneak home in their pockets. One who never failed to make the most of this opportunity was a French ambassador!

☆ Extravagance of youth lends charm to incredible nonsense—even to the new kid fad for terminating puppy-love letters with a string of abbreviations. Girl showed me letter from boy. It ended, "S. A. H. M. T. B. W. O. M. H. L." . . . She decoded as follows: "*S*weet *a*ngels *h*elp *me to be w*orthy *o*f *my h*oney *l*amb." How did she know it meant that? "We made up our code last summer," she said, "before we went back to school." Crazy but nice! Or perhaps not so crazy. Divorce courts might lack a lot of lurid evidence if older people used the same device.

☆ "Be a good little girl, or mama won't give you your cod-liver oil." . . . Almost any one of my generation would feel as startled as I did to hear a mother thus exhort her five-year-old daughter. In our infancies cod-liver oil was a horrid dose of duty, not a relished reward. But that has been changed. Children brought up on cod-liver oil from babyhood seem to love the taste of it. Just as we used to be lured to nice behavior by promises of our favorite puddings, parents now hold out cod-liver oil as a bait for their kids' good conduct. Another new-age wonder to marvel at!

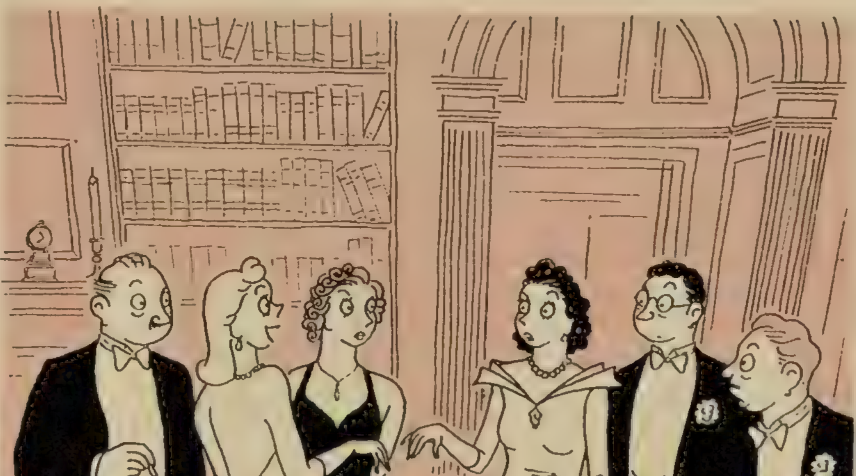
☆ In fiction form, May Worthington has written a helpful and readable book for high-school girls contemplating tea-room or home-economics careers. Sally and Her Kitchens is the title. (Published by Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.)

Letter from an art-embroiled Detroit wife: "We have redecorated in the modern manner," she writes, "all very severe and spacious; but my husband insists upon keeping a center table with a lamp on it *in the middle* of our living room! He says otherwise home wouldn't seem like home to him. Is there any way I can fit his old-fashioned idea into my new furnishing scheme?" . . . No, not according to the professional decorators—yet I understand plenty of husbands are prepared to fight all the forces of art for the sake of a good reading lamp on a table in the middle of the living room.

I'm told that this issue threatens to involve us wives in fierce domestic warfare.

☆ *Puchadee* was the West Indies name of an old Salem salad that still goes deliciously with a supper of hot baked beans and Boston brown bread on a frosty winter night. Make the salad like this: . . . Put 6 tart apples through your chopper along with 1 onion, 1 pimento, 1 green pepper, and 1 celery heart with the leaves left on. (Use coarse blade of chopper.) Add salt, paprika, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ cup thick sour cream. Sweet cream with ½ teaspoon vinegar may be substituted if you dislike sour cream.

☆ Gypsy women know something the rest of us don't know: they know how to locate vanished husbands without the aid of private detectives. . . . Arrested as a vagrant, a gypsy woman won freedom recently when she told the judge she could trace her missing mate across the country by means of secret gypsy road signs—and make him take care of her after she found him. The judge had some amateur knowledge of gypsy lore. He immediately set her free—on her husband's trail.



"Why, Mrs. Atwell, your gown looks lovelier every year!"

THE STRANGE CASE OF Mortimer SNERD and Charlie McCARTHY

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

EDGAR BERGEN has dummy trouble.

A few years ago, when Mortimer Snerd was only a splinter in Edgar's eye, he and Charlie starved happily. Those were the days! But Edgar, an erudite fellow, took counsel of his Voltaire.

"He who makes two blades of grass grow in place of one," he read, "renders a service to the State."

Which in ventriloquese, reasoned the old wirepuller, means that two wooden heads are better than one. Whereupon he got himself another sawed-off boy friend from the pine belt.

Edgar's idea was fine. He knows that the public—being you and I—is plenty fickle. It might tire even of Charlie McCarthy. So he bethought himself of Elmer, later Elmer Mortimer, still later Mortimer Snerd, whom he had been carrying as a spare.

After all, Walt Disney had Mickey Mouse, and then he had Donald Duck, and then he had both of them technicoloring blithely for him while he stayed at home and played dolls with Snow White and Pinocchio.

"Why shouldn't I, too, put my hand in the hat and pull out another rabbit?" argued Magician Bergen—and he did; but the rabbit turned out to be a wasp.

Not that bucolic Mortimer is himself so waspish. He bumbles but he doesn't sting—much. Bergen, however, had reckoned quite without the waspy proclivities of that tart-tongued midget, that loquacious lumberskull, that great mouthpiece, Charlie McCarthy, the little man who's always there with all the answers.

Knowing that his sassy little pal was no "pine-apple of politeness," Bergen doubtless suspected that the petulant pygmy, peeved that the woodpecker had brought an addition to the family, might exercise his whittled wits at Mortimer's expense; that he might even call Mortimer all the names that Old Mahogany Bill Fields used to call Charlie himself back in the nights when Fields, exasperated at having to play stooge to a dummy, threatened to split him into a Venetian blind. But Bergen, in his darkest moments, never suspected that Charlie would launch a blitzkrieg against his country cousin.

But that, in effect, is what he did.

"That alfalfa tosser! That he-milkmaid trying to be an actor!" cried Charlie in his monstrous little voice. "What is the world coming to when Snerd is allowed to associate with us artists?"

As for the innocent cause of all the disturbance, the rustic lad from Keokuk—"fugitive from a cow barn," Charlie calls him—he is scarcely the figure of a man to endanger the great McCarthy's prestige with the fair sex. In fact, he is to Charlie McCarthy as the Hunchback of Notre Dame is to Butler the Rhett.

His face, which is on the gargoyle side, boasts a red bulbous nose. His eyes are green as spinach, his hair the color of fried bananas, his chin receding, his eyes popping, his teeth bucking, and he wears his clothes in the manner of a gal Jonathan Swift once knew, "as if they were thrown on with a pitchfork." In short, Mortimer Snerd looks like something that was plowed under in the palmy days of the AAA.

Mentally, too, this rookie from the Gee Whiz League is a far dumber dummy than the dummy we know and —God save us!—love. Fate gave Mortimer a knothole where his brain ought to be. For example, when Bergen asked him if he didn't miss the farm, the best he could do was:

"Yeah, kinda, sorta. Sorta kinda miss grampaw."

"You miss grampaw?"

"Yup, and Bessie."

"Oh, so there's a Bessie?"

"Yup."

"And is Bessie pretty?"

"Oh, gosh whiz, I don't know. Oh, gee."

"Well, what does Bessie look like?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, what does she look like?"

"She looks like a cow."

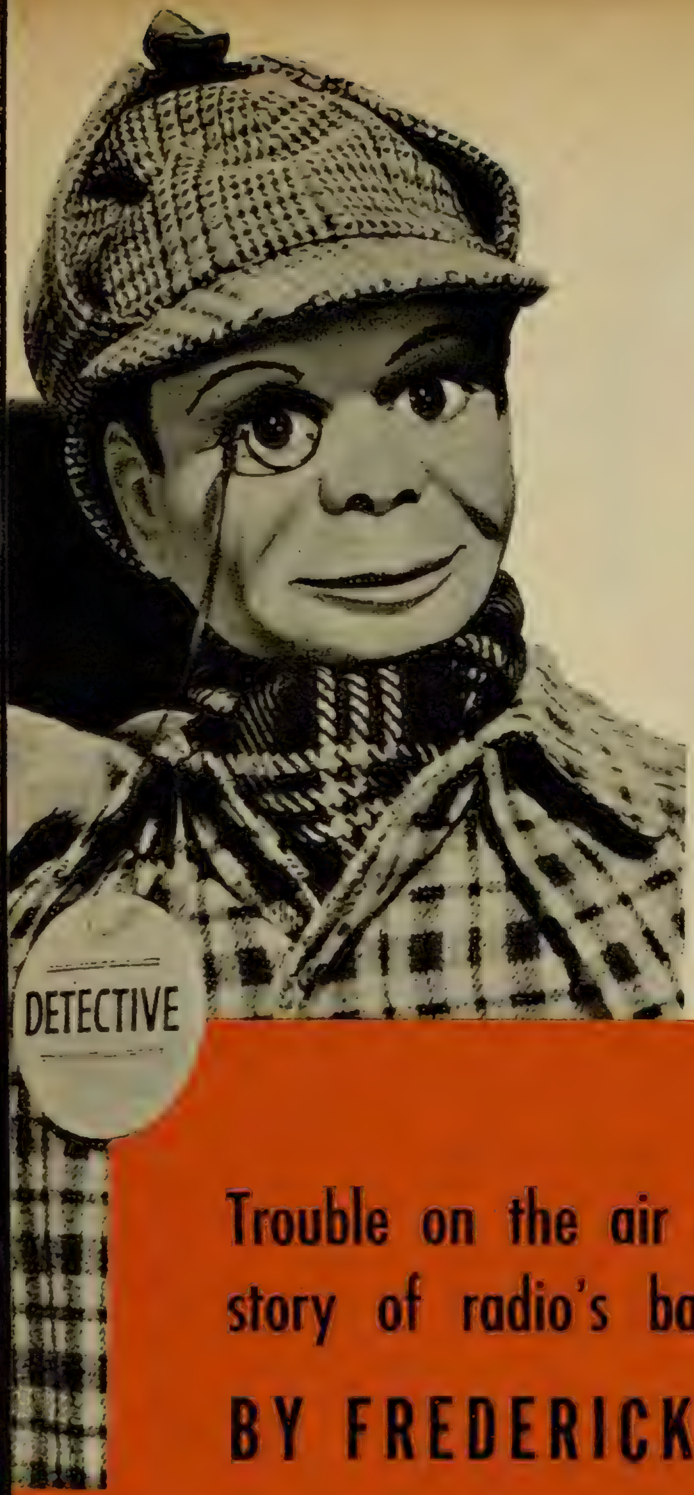
"Well, now, that isn't nice, Mortimer—saying that Bessie looks like a cow."

"Well, Bessie *is* a cow!"

Obviously this new spray of Western pine is no Charlie McCarthy. Compared with that limb of Satan, he is little more than the sap of the Bergen family tree. Therefore you may wonder how this ill-favored and slow-witted fellow horned his way into coast-to-coast competition with Charles the Magnificent.

Sad to relate, it was over a matter of money. From the beginning, Charlie has been imbued with the idea that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." And for months now he has let it be known that he does not consider the seventy-five-cents-a-week allowance Bergen gives him compatible with his motto. In fact, family finances have been a frequent topic of conversation between the two, with the decision a draw as to whether, when Bergen takes his dummy on his knee, he is carrying the dummy or the dummy is carrying him.

Charlie has been inclined to be big about the whole thing. "I always ask Bergen," he says, "if he is satisfied



Trouble on the air waves!—The inside story of radio's battle of the century

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

with his share of the profits." But one night last fall he decided that he wasn't getting anywhere just carrying a sign that Bergen was unfair to McCarthy, so he resigned. He was going into partnership, he said, with the Great Frederick, whom he described as a ventriloquist with hair.

"I'm afraid that success has gone to McCarthy's head," said Bergen sadly, as he announced that Mortimer would succeed him. "Even wood swells when exposed to Hollywood glamour."

Charlie muttered something about his head not having swelled so much it came through his hair, and started off on his triumphant tour with his new partner. Perhaps you recall what happened. The following Sunday night, after the radio audience had gotten an earful of Mortimer Snerd trying to remember his last name, the telephone rang:

"Hello. Mr. Bergen?"

"Yes, this is Edgar Bergen."

"This is Charlie."

"Who?"

"Don't give me that 'who' stuff. Charlie McCarthy, that's who."

"Oh, yes, of course—Charlie! Well, how are things with you, Charlie?"

"Buzzing right along, Mr. Bergen, buzzing right along."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. It's certainly nice of you to call me long distance. Where are you now?"

"Oh, I'm back in town."

"In town? Weren't you supposed to open in Elkinsville Friday night?"

"Yeah. We opened . . . and we closed—same night."

"Oh, I see. Well, tell me. How is the Great Frederick?"

"Who?"

"The Great Frederick."

"You mean Fred? He ain't so hot, brother."

"I see. Well, anyway, it's nice to hear your voice. What part of town are you calling from, Charlie?"

"Well, do you know where Main Street is?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you know where Hickory crosses it?"

"Yes,"

"Well, you know the corner where that hockshop is?"

"Oh, are you near the pawnshop?"

"Near it! I'm in it!"

Yes, Charlie—along with a saxophone and six easy lessons—had been pawned for a paltry six bucks. Of course Bergen, the old softy, put up what Charlie called "the ransom money" which restored Charlie to his erstwhile position in coffee society, and by so doing posed himself some pretty questions.

What was he to do with Mortimer? How could he keep him down on the farm, once he had seen NBC?

Edgar's troubles were complicated still further by the fact that Mortimer—already forced into the movies as a foil for Charlie—had made something of a hit in You Can't Cheat an Honest Man and an even bigger hit in the comic strip Mortimer and Charlie. And now, to Edgar's surprise, because he had always figured that Mortimer had to be seen to be appreciated, he was guffawing his way into radio popularity—was actually getting fan mail.

"Give us more Snerd!" the people cried—and over Charlie's deadwood body they got more, and are going to get still more, if Bergen can stand the strain.

The fisticuffs did not begin at once. Charlie, temporarily mellowed by his pawnshop experience, thought it wise to approach the subject gingerly—that is, gingerly for him.

"What about Mortimer?" he asked. "Is he going to stay and work with you?"

"Well, Mortimer is a very nice boy. Why do you ask?" replied Edgar.

"Uh, huh—what do you need him here for—yokel color?"

"Well, he says very amusing things."

"Can't he be satisfied with just looking funny?"

"Charlie, that's enough!"

"Well, do you really think he'd be happy here? I hope not."

"Charlie, you must be very nice to Mortimer. Do you understand? Remember, he's a friend of mine."

"All right, Mr. Bergen. Any friend of yours . . . is a friend of yours."

From that moment the fight was on.

And Bergen soon found that Charlie wasn't the only one of his two pine needles that could, on occasion, have a prickly point. When Charlie telephoned from the pawnshop to get back into the act, Mortimer summed up the feelings of many when he averred:

"We're doin' all right."

Not much in the way of a *bon mot,* we must admit. But there have since been signs that Mortimer, though not so cocky as cocky Charlie, is something of a barnyard cock in his own slow way. So far, he hasn't given an inch before the superior footwork of Cauliflower McCarthy. In fact, he has seemed to agree with Pudd'nhead Wilson that cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education.

The odds are on Charlie, of course. In more fights to a finish than any other champion has ever engaged in, he has defended his crown against all comers. Nevertheless, all indications point to knotty-brained Mortimer giving splinter-brained Charlie the battle of the century.

The chap who can't lose, if he can take the punishment, is the great god Bergen, on whose knees, if we may say so, the outcome of the contest rests. At present, however, he is quite as convinced as Charlie himself that three is a crowd, and so would any of us be if we found ourselves with Joe Louis and Tony Galento on either knee.

If we can judge Edgar's prospect of success with Charlie and Mortimer by his achievement of success with Charlie alone, the battle is already won. Much has happened, and all to Edgar Bergen's credit, both in the bank and in the theatrical hall of fame, since the night he and Charlie first appeared on the Vallee program and Sam Goldwyn reputedly called up from Hollywood to say:

"Sign those two guys. They're wonderful."

Since their arrival in the celluloid Babylon, Edgar and Charlie have flourished like the green bay tree—which was no surprise to Charlie.

"I ought to burn up Hollywood," he said, when he learned that the block which the movie builders had rejected before the Vallee tryout was to become the head of the cinema corner. "That's where bigger and better dummies are really appreciated."

But the size of Edgar Bergen's success with Charlie is not so important, as predicating the likelihood of his success with Mortimer, as the way in which it was accomplished.

Many farfetched explanations have been given for the extraordinary ability of a shy retiring chap like Bergen to project through a wooden dummy a personality so different from his own; and, strangely, one of the most farfetched seems to contain not a little truth: namely, that the impudent Charlie McCarthy is the gentle Edgar's frustrated self.

For example, Edgar, who is a bachelor, maintains an almost courtly attitude toward the opposite sex. He would cut out his tongue rather than say through his own lips the things to women and about women that Charlie says through his. But the masculine worm—meaning no offense to Mr. Bergen—*will* turn, and it is apparently turning, in Bergen's case, through Charlie.

At college Bergen wanted to try for the baseball team, but the necessity of working his way through made it impossible for him to spare the time. Charlie's first costume, therefore, was a baseball uniform and a cap pulled down over one eye.

And did Edgar ever have a secret yen to be down on the farm?

The answer is that he did—and does. Although born in nonagrarian Chicago, Farmer Bergen moved at an early age to Decatur, Michigan, and there, in truly rural surroundings, he spent eight formative years of his childhood. He has never forgotten the experience, and has never given up the idea of repeating it.

He likes the climate of Arizona better than any other he has ever taken into his pores. He plans to have a home there sometime, and raise cairn terriers and children. He wants a lot of both. He'd like to settle near a small city—but big enough to have a good theater, which he would manage—and become a factor in the community. But definitely his home must be in the country.

In short, Mortimer, although no more like the Edgar Bergen of private life than Charlie McCarthy is, may well be the outlet for still another frustrated self. By inventing Charlie, Edgar effected a Bergen bisection; by adding Mortimer, he is attempting a trisection. There would seem to be every likelihood of the second operation, like the first, being completely successful.

A less Freudian foundation for hope is that this Bergen fellow, in spite of Charlie's strictures on the way he moves his lips, is an exceeding capable ventriloquist, and that he is, what all really great ventriloquists must be, a great actor.

The best reason of all, however, for believing that Edgar Bergen will succeed in his new venture, or in anything else he may attempt, is that he is a very intelligent man, with a mind that is at once interesting, original, and trained. Bergen would have made a successful lawyer, doctor, teacher, or scientist. He has simply applied to ventriloquism the same high type of brains which are usually applied to more recognized professions.

When some itinerant mountebank conceived the idea of "throwing the voice" for entertainment purposes, a patter developed which has ever since regularly characterized such performances. Bergen was the first professional entertainer to substitute for this senseless routine the pithy banter of literate conversation.

WHEN Charlie is reminded of his slightly wooden ancestry, he does not retaliate with a hilarious "Oh, yeah?" or a clamorous "Sez you!" He murmurs sweetly, "Only God can make a tree." When Helen Hayes, appearing on the same program with Charlie, tells him that her husband's name is Charlie MacArthur, he answers philosophically, "What a world of difference a few letters make!" And when Beatrice Fairfax tells him that she has spent her life in love and romance, he comes back with "Why, you old rascal!"

Of course, Bergen cannot give the same kind of patter to Mortimer. His dialogue, as befits the village knothead, must be more of the "Oh! Gosh! Gosh! Oh!" variety. But already Mortimer has contributed an element to the Bergen routine which it formerly did not have: sympathy. Charlie was too smart for sympathy. Mortimer is dull enough to get it. Charlie was always so quick that he made the rest of us feel we were hitched. Mortimer makes us feel that we are the Dixie Clipper. We are proud of ourselves and sorry for Mortimer.

Imagine any one being sorry for Charlie—even when he was in a pawnshop!

In other words, Charlie McCarthy was the creation of an intelligent man. Mortimer Snerd is the creation of the same intelligent man. Most authors produce more than one book, create more than one hero. Ventriloquists can do the same thing. Books and dummies are both made out of trees. In these days of reforestation there is small chance of running out of branches. So there is no reason why Bergen should not look forward to an old age in which his act will be billed as "Snow White Edgar and the Seven Dwarfs."

"Yes," we can hear Charlie sighing, "when dumber dummies are made, Bergen will make them."

Meanwhile, merry men, fight on. In this corner, Battling McCarthy, the World's Smartest Aleck; in this, Socko Snerd, the World's Dumbest Bell—and may the best man win!

THE END

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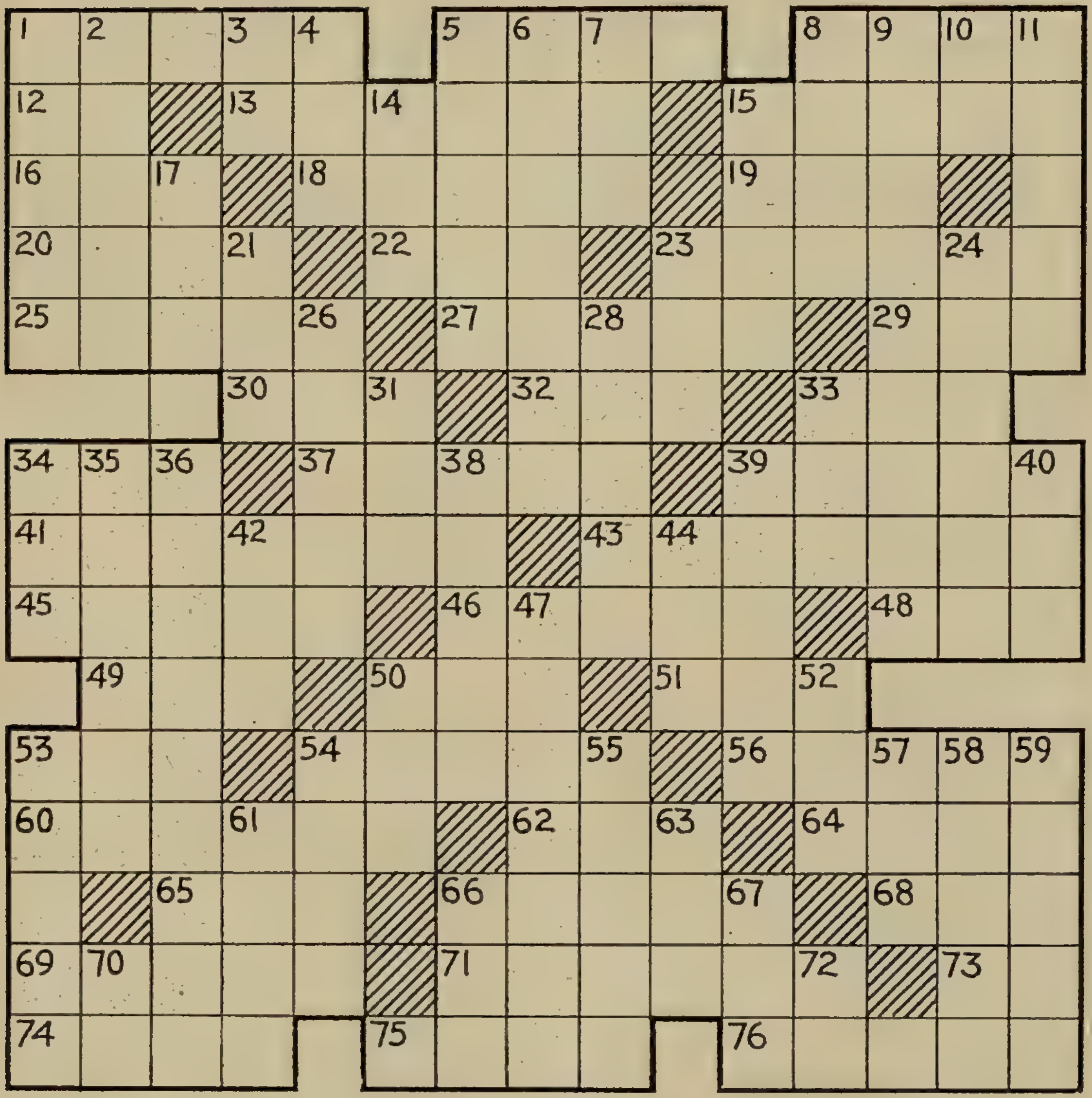
CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin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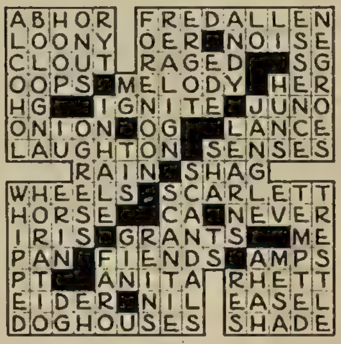
HORIZONTAL

1 Part of the human skull
5 Move suddenly and quickly
8 One
12 Pronoun
13 Take away
15 Foolish
16 Era
18 Pulled
19 Sap
20 Island in the Pacific Ocean
22 Through
23 Stoneworker (pl.)
25 A compound ether
27 Work
29 Female rabbit
30 Armed conflict
32 Idle chatter
33 Nourished
34 Evil
37 Puzzling question
39 Plating of a warship
41 A continent
43 By reason of
45 Fearful
46 Press hard on
48 Gender
49 Excavate
50 Article of furniture
51 Slender pole
53 Male of various animals
54 Ominously vivid
56 Throw back
60 Escaped privately
62 Part of a fish
64 Middle of a church
65 Unused
66 Extreme paleness



ABHOR FREDALLEN
LOONY OER■NOISE
CLOUT RAGED■■SG
OOPS■MELODY■HER
HG■■IGNITE■JUNO
ONION■OG■■LANCE
LAUGHTON■SENSES
RAIN■SHAG
WHEELS■SCARLETT
HORSE■■CA■NEVER
IRIS■GRANTS■■ME
PAN■FIENDS■AMPS
PT■■ANITA RHETT
EIDER■NIL EASEL
DOGHOUSES SHADE

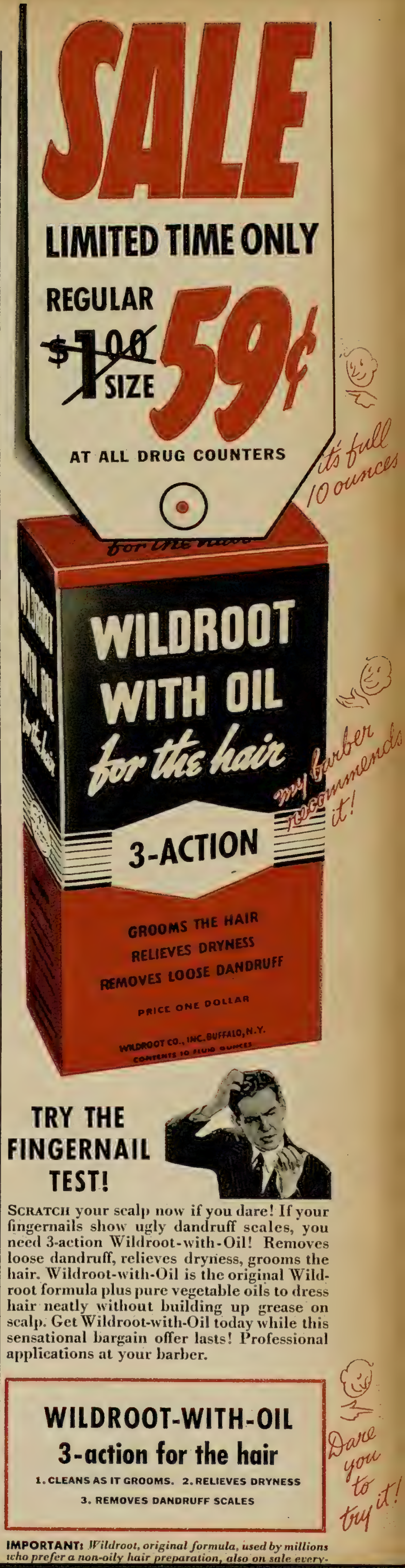
Last week's answer

68 Hydraulic engine
69 Helped
71 Figure in Greek mythology
73 Perform
74 Pace
75 Paradise
76 Mark or sign

VERTICAL

1 Likeness
2 Title of former ruler of Abyssinia
3 Conjunction
4 Snare
5 Wooden pin
6 Comparative proportion
7 Color
8 Tree that yields poisonous milky juice
9 A ruler of the Jews
10 Part of to be
11 Pronoun
14 Tangled mass
15 Winged
17 Consume
21 Hiding place
23 Riotous crowd
24 Having protuberances
26 Speedy
28 Fishhook (pl.)
31 Fabulous bird
33 Inmate of an Italian monastery
34 Part of a brick
35 Powder used as a developer in photography
36 Denizens of the half-world
38 Sword with a curved blade
39 One who performs
40 The king
42 Apparatus for a certain purpose
44 Ever (poetic)
47 An imposing building
50 Gemmule
52 Lair
53 One of the United States
54 Licentious
55 Oriental reception room
57 Nominal value
58 Elude
59 Fruit
61 Chirp
63 And not
66 Cover
67 Track made by a wheel
70 Pronoun
72 Therefore

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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PEACE IN EUROPE, AMERICA AT WAR

—but it's all in the movies. Romance rules in Budapest for Miss Sullavan and Mr. Stewart, and the old 69th fights again

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, Sara Haden, Felix Bressart, William Tracy, Inez Courtney, Sarah Edwards, Edwin Maxwell, Charles Halton, Charles Smith. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson based on a play by Nikolaus Laszlo. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 97 minutes.

ERNST LUBITSCH is one of the few screen stylists. He tells film yarns with a certain mellow sophistication. His is the humor that haunted boulevard tables in the pre-blackout Continental days. Here, for instance, is a fable of Budapest. An ambitious young clerk in the leather-goods store of Matuschek and Company had been corresponding fervently with a mysterious, romantic young woman who announced her loneliness in a little newspaper advertisement. In time he discovers she works beside him in the store, but she, unknowing, and dreaming of her lyric correspondent, turns up her nose at the zealous shabby clerk.

Margaret Sullavan and Jimmy Stewart are the postal lovers, personable if quite American in spite of all the carefully filmed snows of Budapest at Christmastime. Frank Morgan makes the most of the great Hugo Matuschek, lonely enough on Christmas Eve to share his dinner with his messenger boy. And Felix Bressart is excellent as an understanding old clerk.

All this is in the sentimental Ferenc Molnar mood. Plus Will Hays reservations. And plus the Lubitsch touch.

VITAL STATISTICS: The careers of Margaret Sullavan and Jimmy Stewart crossed in the past. Peggy Sullavan and Henry Fonda had just played a summer stock season at West Falmouth, Massachusetts, directed by Joshua Logan. Logan, who had been graduated from Princeton the year before, had been a pal of Stewart at college and, when he persuaded Miss Sullavan to do a play for the Triangle Club at Princeton, Stewart acted as stage manager. The friendship of Peggy and Jimmy started right there. Miss Sullavan went on to immediate Broadway success. Stewart's path was quite a bit harder. Out in Hollywood he got nowhere, until Peggy, then a star herself, asked for him to be her leading man in the picture, Next Time We Love. . . . That detailed Budapest set was built on one of Metro's biggest sound stages, a block-long cobbled street lined with shops, alive with cars, taxis, horse-drawn vehicles, and bicycles. The leather shop was carefully stocked; more than 3,000 valises, trunks, handbags, leather novelties. . . . Joseph Schildkraut did his first film work in D. W. Griffith's Orphans of the Storm with Lillian Gish. Went on the stage in Germany twenty-seven years ago.

★ ★ ★ THE FIGHTING 69TH

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, George Brent, Jeffrey Lynn, Alan Hale, Frank McHugh, Dennis Morgan, Dick Foran, William Lundigan, Guinn Williams, John Litel, Henry O'Neill, Sammy Cohen, Harvey Stephens, Charles Trowbridge, DeWolf Hopper, Tom Dorgan, Frank Wilcox. Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr., and Dean Franklin. Directed by William Keighley. Produced by Warners. Running time, 90 minutes.

IT was inevitable that the movies would get around to picturing the World War exploits of the famous New York regiment that has left its trail of courage across history from 1812, through the Civil War, into Flanders fields. And what better time to film these deeds than the bloody present, when war rides the headlines? Those exponents of newspaper drama, the Warners, probably guessed right.

Here you see the old 69th off to France from Camp Mills to fight with the Rainbow Division. They're all good Irishmen, from boilermakers and politicians to the poet, Joyce Kilmer. Mostly this is the story of the remaking of a coward. Jimmy Cagney plays Jerry Plunkett, tough cocky lad from Brooklyn who can't take it under fire. But just as he is to be shot for cowardice, the Germans shell his prison, he escapes, and—you've guessed it. He pursues the remnant of his regiment, and in a shell hole with a single Stokes trench mortar, bravely and singlehanded saves his command.

Margaret Sullavan and Jimmy Stewart—clerks in The Shop Around the Corner.

Cagney can make any role pretty real with his nervous tight command of staccato acting. Pat O'Brien is good, too, as Father Francis Duffy, while George Brent has little to do as the regiment commander Wild Bill Donovan.

This is all war—muddy, dirty, bloody. If you're a pacifist, it isn't for you.

VITAL STATISTICS: Last June it seemed that a real battle would ensue between the Warners and Twentieth Century-Fox over the rights to picture the fighting 69th. For Twentieth Century-Fox had planned to picture the story of Father Francis Patrick Duffy, the regiment chaplain. Somehow the Warners outmaneuvered their rivals. . . . Camp Mills was reconstructed on the Warner back lot, on the Providencia Ranch across the shallow Los Angeles River from the Burbank studio. . . . When Cagney first tried out the mortar in that shell-hole scene, the dummy eleven-pound shell knocked a hole in the ceiling of the sound stage. And—whisper—that's not really Alan Hale with him in the hole. Hale was away working in the film, Virginia City, and his stand-in, Dick Alexander, doubled for him. . . . That casual unmilitary salute of Pat O'Brien was calculated. Father Duffy was like that. Pat has been worried over his performance. It's tough playing a man held so dear in the minds of many still living. Incidentally, O'Brien knew Father Duffy in the old days when he was a stage actor in New York. . . . The "soldiers" were trained by Veteran Carl Voss, who for seventeen years has specialized in this sort of work for studios. Six feet, 200 pounds, with a voice like a foghorn. But he whips extras into soldiers overnight. . . . Captain John T. Prout supervised details. Prout served with the 69th in France, resigned later to fight in the Irish Rebellion against the Black and Tans. . . . Burly Frank McHugh at the age of nine was doing Topsy in a traveling Uncle Tom's Cabin show.

★ ★ ★ THE BLUE BIRD

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, Spring Byington, Nigel Bruce, Gale Sondergaard, Eddie Collins, Sybil Jason, Jessie Ralph, Helen Ericson, Johnny Russell, Laura Hope Crews, Russell Hicks, Cecilia Loftus, Al Shean, Gene Reynolds, Leona Roberts, Stanley Andrews, Dorothy Dearing, Frank Dawson, Claire Du Brey, Sterling Holloway, Thurston Hall, Edwin Maxwell. Screen play by Ernest Pascal, based on Maurice Maeterlinck's play. Directed by Walter Lang. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 83 minutes.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK wrote symbolically of little Mytyl and Tyltyl's quest for happiness back in the lazy pleasant days just after the turn of the century.

The Belgian Maeterlinck was an accepted leader of aesthetic mysticism in the speaking theater world.

Between Hollywood overelaboration and a pretty complete lack of directorial imagination, the present technicolor version of M. Maeterlinck's simple little fable emerges as dull and sometimes even embarrassing. Since Shirley Temple is Mytyl, it was fair enough to subordinate the boyish Tyltyl, but when the children flee through a super-forest of flaming redwoods, the message goes Hollywood.

Their later adventures among the unborn children of the future turns out to be just a stagy interlude against a strange Grecian background with a gathering of pretty, self-conscious children.

Fantasy with its elusive nuances is difficult to achieve in films, for the cameras are curiously literal.

You know the fable. Maeterlinck wrote of the dream search of a woodcutter's two children for the blue bird of happiness. After wandering afar in fantasy, they return, to discover the blue bird at home. A simple message it was, until Hollywood took over matters.

Little Miss Temple is a sincere Mytyl, but none of the other performers help much. The lovely Light, for instance, is a blonde cutie in the best Ziegfeld tradition and a roseate electric glow.

VITAL STATISTICS: Maeterlinck approved the choice of Shirley for Mytyl. " You are the one person I would have chosen," he said. The Blue Bird was first done by the Moscow Art Theater in 1908. First played in America at the New Theater in New York, October 1, 1910. Has been presented on stages of forty-five nations in thirty-two languages. . . . Shirley's leading man, Johnny Russell, is only six. Selected after hundreds of boys were tested. He was Tyrone Power's son in Jesse James. Remember ? . . . The big sets were designed by Richard Day. That swan ship was sixty feet long. The Blue Bird sets, by the way, occupied fifteen full sound stages. The Palace of Luxury was one of the most expensive. . . . Fred Sersen, who did a complete job of burning Chicago for In Old Chicago, knows his blazes and designed the forest fire, with great tree trunks on hinges or otherwise arranged to fall just right, missing actors. Three crews worked in eight-hour shifts for three months getting the right results. Powerful blowers kept flames in control, blowing 'em safely away from actors and studio workers. The Land of the Future used as much electric current as a city of 55,000 inhabitants.

SHORT REVIEWS

★ ★ **THE HUMAN BEAST** (Juno Films). A French Casey Jones. A monomaniac engineer loves the abnormally erotic wife of a weak gent who commits murder out of jealousy. Complicated emotions. Even the Havre-Paris express gets two minutes off schedule. Jean Gabin, France's No. 1 box-office star, and ex-Hollywooden Simone Simon play the confused duo. Jean Renoir directed. (90 minutes.)

★ ★ **THE SECRET FOUR** (Monogram). Far from uninteresting English-made yarn by late Edgar Wallace. How four mysterious British patriots combat a dastard plot to wreck the British Empire. The war gives all this timeliness. Some of the tantivy lines are unconsciously funny. (79 minutes.)

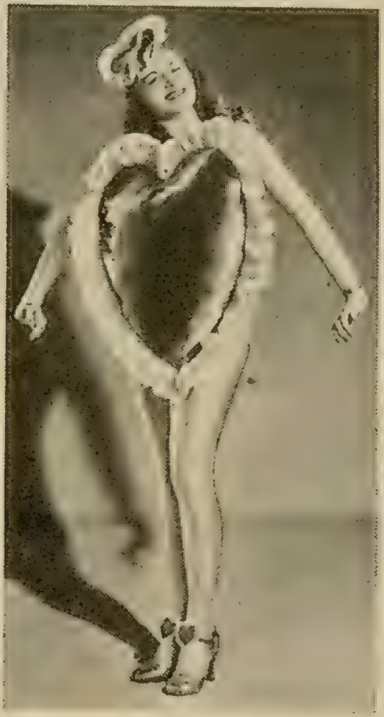
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone.

★★★½—Of Mice and Men, His Girl Friday, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy.

★★★—The Earl of Chicago, Slightly Honorable, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Four Wives, Geronimo, Destry Rides Again, That's Right, You're Wrong, Tower of London, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life.

When you go fishing for a man, don't let anything stop you from landing him. Keep your breath sweet with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS.



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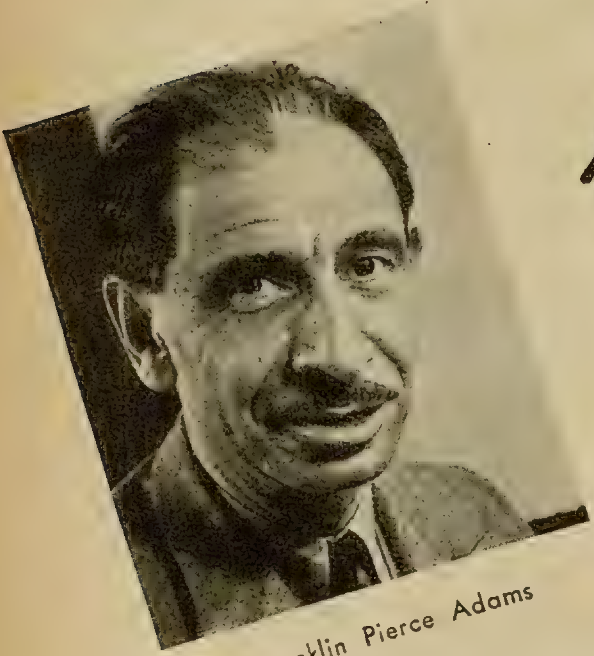
HOW MANY OF THESE 40 Questions CAN YOU ANSWER?


Franklin Pierce Adams

A QUIZ BY F. P. A.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

1—What is the first line of Rock Me to Sleep, beginning "Backward, turn backward—"?

2—Charles H. Hoyt (1860-1900) wrote many American comedies, among them A Parlor Match and A Midnight Bell. What did they all have in common?

3—From what is "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"?

4—Complete, from Coleridge's The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,
"Water, water—
—drink"

5—When did Article XVIII, known as the Volstead, or Liquor Prohibition, Amendment, go into effect?

6—When did Article XXI, known as the Liquor Repeal Amendment, go into effect?

7—What, in Hamlet, are the four words that follow "Alas, poor Yorick!"?

8—What is the first line of The Old Oaken Bucket?

9—What girl, in Mother Goose, despite her beauty, failed, because of impecuniousness, to become a wife?

10—What weekly magazines are mentioned in the Declaration of Independence?

11—What weekly magazine may be said to derive its name from what was achieved by the passage of the Constitution?

12—What are the first names of the following: Booth Tarkington; Sinclair Lewis?

13—As everybody who pays an income tax knows, the Ides of March occur on the 15th. Do the Ides of February and April fall on the 15th of those months?

14—On what date did the present century begin?

15—What "improves each shining hour," and what is the first line of the poem about it?

16—What was Little Lord Fauntleroy's name, in Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett's book of that title?

17—What was "a capital ship for an ocean trip"?

18—What American book that sold more than a million copies was written by Edward Noyes Westcott?

19—What boat was manned by the Owl and the Pussy-Cat?

20—What grow from "little acorns"?

21—What lightly turns to love in the spring?

22—These writers of boys' books wrote under pseudonyms. What were they? William Taylor Adams, Charles Fosdick.

23—What, in Booth Tarkington's stories, is Penrod's surname? Sam's?

24—Who wrote The Book of Snobs; The Book of Nonsense; Book of Martyrs?

25—Can you identify in a word or two Washington Irving; Irvin S. Cobb; Rea Irvin; Irwin Edman; Will Irwin?

26—Who was the hero of Horatio Alger's From Canal Boy to President?

27—Who wrote The Old Soak; The Old Oaken Bucket; Old Curiosity Shop; The Old Wives' Tale?

28—Who won the United States National Men's Lawn Tennis doubles in 1939; the men's singles; the women's singles; the women's doubles?

29—What Gilbert and Sullivan character attains his majority this year?

30—What are the first two lines of Longfellow's The Village Blacksmith?

31—What is the first line of Marching Through Georgia; My Old Kentucky Home; not the choruses—the verse.

32—Name several games in which the word "pass" may be used.

33—Finish the line "'Twas the night before Christmas."

34—Who wrote The Woman in White; The White Company; The White Man's Burden?

35—What county is Manhattan in; Chicago; Philadelphia; Boston?

36—With what newspapers are the following names identified: Joseph Medill; Charles Anderson Dana; William Rockhill Nelson; Horace Greeley?

37—How long is a tennis court from base line to base line? How wide, including the alleys?

38—Four Presidents of the United States were graduated from Harvard University; two from Princeton; one from Yale. Who were they?

39—There have been two Presidents named Roosevelt. Any other Presidents with the same names?

40—To him—Wordsworth's Peter Bell—a primrose by a river's brim was what?

F. P. A.'s answers to these 40 Questions will be found on page 59.

Should Uncle Sam govern the fight game? A maker of laws speaks up for a revolution in sportdom

A mother's comfort—not a world title—was all tearful Harry Jeffra won after his fight with Archibald.

LET'S CLEAR UP THE *Boxing Mess*

BY REPRESENTATIVE AMBROSE J. KENNEDY

Member of Congress from Maryland

Representative Kennedy

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

As an ordinary sports-loving citizen, I am fed up with the fight game. My attitude is due to what happened recently to a boxer from my home city of Baltimore.

As a congressman, therefore, I shall introduce a bill at this session of Congress for federal supervision of professional boxing.

The wrong decision which started me on this fight track happened in Washington last September in the fight between Harry Jeffra of Baltimore and Joey Archibald, world featherweight champion. Jeffra won that fight. Thirteen sports writers said Jeffra won; none said Archibald won. But the decision went to Archibald, 2 to 1.

Above is a photograph of that moment. See that boy, deprived of his championship, crying against the ropes. That's his mother there, with the rosary held in her hands. They're the kind of honest clean-cut folks I'm fighting for.

Jeffra didn't ask me to help him. I went into this business on my own initiative. I have no tie-up with any promoter or fighter. My sole motive is sportsmanship, because, like a million other Americans, I have always been interested in sports.

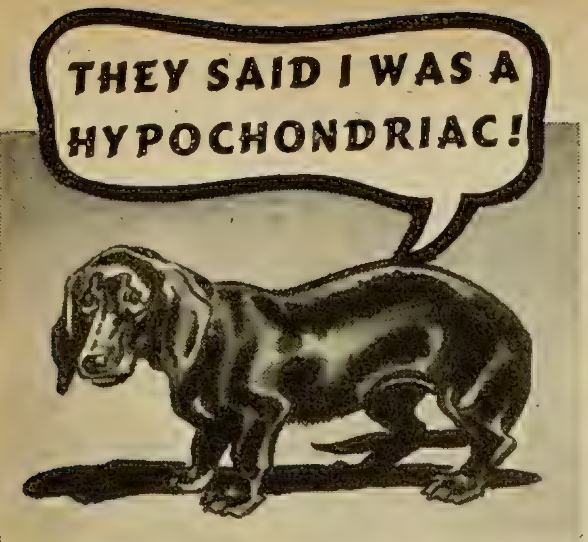
The District of Columbia Boxing Commission convinced me that the decision against Jeffra was an honest, though blundering, error. My determination to clean up boxing was brought about not by that error but by the fact that there was no administrative or executive unit sufficiently co-ordinated and sufficiently powerful to bring about a return match between Jeffra and Archibald, after a decision unanimously pronounced wrong by thirteen sports writers and by the two D. C. boxing commissioners.

Naturally, I went first to officials of the National Boxing Association to inquire about a return match for Jeffra when Archibald would have to defend his title within the next six months. I was told that their executive board, consisting of seven widely distributed boxing commissioners, had already voted that Archibald's next bout should be with Jeffra; and that Washington was open for the match. But the same officials told me also that Archibald's manager had hired a lawyer who threatened to sue the N. B. A. if Archibald were "forced" to box Jeffra. I was further informed that it would be difficult for N. B. A. to enforce its ruling that Jeffra should be accorded a return match, since Archibald, to hold his title, could box in states not members of N. B. A. In other words, there is a field outside organized professional boxing in which the Jeffra return-match ruling, based on the simple elements of sportsmanship and fair play, could be ignored.

Giving weight to the decisions of the National Boxing Association, founded twenty years ago for the specific purpose of "co-operation and uniformity," is a far-flung and important list of members, including twenty-nine states and the District of Columbia; the cities of Atlanta, Georgia; Miami Beach, Florida; Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Tulsa, Oklahoma; Portland, Oregon; and Montreal and Quebec, Canada; as well as Cuba, western Canada, Hawaii, Mexico, Puerto Rico, and Venezuela. Its affiliations include organized boxing in Great Britain, Italy, France, and Germany.

It will be noticed that New York, with its great Yankee Stadium, its tremendous Madison Square Garden, is on the outside. Counterbalancing all the organized sportsmanship in this country is the New York money-power boxing monopoly, aided and abetted by irregularities and bad boxing practices made possible by the existence of other nonmember states.

The sports world recently was thrown into a furor by the charge that heavyweight Harry Thomas had thrown fights to Max Schmeling and Galento. It is to be noticed that these charges of fixed fights re-


THEY SAID I WAS A HYPOCHONDRIAC!

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fer to bouts that did not take place in N. B. A. states but in New York and Pennsylvania. Other boxing states not members of N. B. A. are California, Missouri, and Washington, all of which are considering coming in, and Maine, which is expected to join next year. Michigan and Massachusetts are in suspension. The invitation to join is always out to non-N. B. A. states. These give as their reason for not joining: "The laws of our state require that the State Commission administer boxing"—a flimsy excuse, since the laws of all N. B. A. states that do belong also decree exactly that.

Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado has joined with me in the effort to force a boxing investigation and will introduce in the Senate a companion bill to the one I introduce in the House. If we succeed in bringing these bills to hearing, the public inevitably will hear the same sordid tales of fenagling, hand-picking opponents, of championships that were not championships, that were revealed to me when I started a simple little one-man inquiry into the Jeffra-Archibald bout. Every schoolboy used to know the name of the world champion. Now he's somebody in New York, and somebody else in California, and still a third somebody out over the rest of the country. Let me illustrate some of the points that I expect this investigation to bring out:

By boxing over the weight, world champions can be defeated over and over again and still hold their championships, disregarding the challengers in their own class who are eager for matches with them. This does not apply to the heavyweight champion, who must defend his title every time he steps into the ring.

IN the National Boxing Association there is a growing sentiment that a titleholder should defend his title every time he fights, and not pick up easy money in "over-the-weight" fights, win or lose. Such a rule would be very unpopular with the champions, but would be good for the game as a whole. No one man is bigger than the game he plays, and for a true definition of the word champion you need go no further than Webster's Dictionary: "one who has obtained the formally acknowledged supremacy in a branch of athletics or game of skill, and is ready to contend with any qualified challenger."

Another championship situation that needs clarifying has at its roots several of the bad practices of boxing—the ridiculous proceeding of the declaring of a "world's champion" by a single state; the silly idea that a generally recognized "world champion" can refuse to box anywhere but his home city; and the arbitrary assignment of a certain percentage of the gate that must be paid to the champion. The N. B. A. recognized Al Hostak as middleweight champion because Hostak, in a title bout, defeated Freddie Steele, who had been proclaimed champion in that class by the World Boxing Congress which met in Rome in 1938. But New York declared Ceferino Garcia middleweight champion. Both are good fighters, and should clarify the situation to make the championship mean something. But Garcia, fighting under Jacobs, holds out for the champion's 37½ per cent and wants Hostak to take the challenger's 12½ per cent, and also to fight him in New York. Hostak contends he is a champion himself, so why should he take the challenger's 12½ per cent? And also that Garcia could come and fight in Hostak's home city of Seattle. Chicago and Jersey City want this match. Both are N. B. A. cities. In the old days of the fight game there was a winner's and a loser's end, usually 60 per cent and 40 per cent; sometimes 75 and 25; sometimes winner take all. But now it all has to be advance guaranties. Why can't those fighters be sporting and meet in a neutral city, say Chicago, and the winner take the 37½ per cent, the loser the 12½ per cent?

THERE are plenty of other examples of the ridiculous practice of a state setting up a world champion, when every boy who reads a geography knows that the jurisdiction of a state doesn't go past its own borders. New York recognized Melio Bettina as world's light-heavyweight. N. B. A. held Billy Conn should not be ignored. Conn proceeded to prove it by knocking Bettina out.

Then there's the practice of champions, within the usual six months required for title defense, hand-picking opponents who are not outstanding challengers; and the practice of two champions, in different classes, boxing each other in the sole interest of a big gate while worthy challengers are left cooling their heels—and I must give New York credit for having recently done away with this latter practice, after the N. B. A. had for years condemned it.

Two champions, Henry Armstrong and Lou Ambers, fought for the lightweight title. Ambers won. Before they fought, both had to sign up to fight again for the welterweight title, when Ambers is not a welterweight at all. Well, Armstrong got sick, so he was excused from that fight; but he got well enough within a few days to fight again in Ohio. Maybe the promoter was really sick; fans who pay money do not like the same dish warmed over.

A champion should fight a logical contender. Two champions fighting each other certainly are adding nothing to the history of sportsmanship, except greediness for gate receipts.

Now we come to the place where the monopolistic promoter shows his system. A recent issue of Ring Magazine stated that Jacobs, New York promoter, absolutely forbade a bout between Henry Armstrong and Ceferino Garcia in California, and was quoted in news dispatches as saying: "That fight cannot take place unless I say so. I hold a contract for the exclusive services of both the fighters, and if and when such a fight is staged, you can bet your boots that Uncle Mike will promote it." Jacobs did go to California to promote the Joe Louis and Jack Roper fight; and he also went to Michigan to stage the Joe Louis and Bob Pastor fight. This in spite of the fact that Jacobs conducts his boxing under the rules of New York, which specifically state: "Financial interest in boxer or wrestler prohibited." Such tactics will kill boxing in the hinterland, and the game will soon get sick in New York.

I expect the investigation also to go into such abstract but also important matters as the lack of general uniformity of scoring rules, and the lack of co-ordination between states which permits the faker and the contract jumper to continue fighting.

New York uses the rounds system of scoring; that is, each fighter gets complete credit for each round he wins. Now a fighter may lose a majority of the rounds by the narrowest of margins, and still end by having his opponent out on his feet at the final bell—whereupon he loses the fight. That actually did happen in a fight between Art Lasky and Steve Hamas. Lasky left Hamas a completely beaten man, but the referee had to give the fight to Hamas because he barely won the most rounds. My State of Maryland uses the "Split Ten System," in which ten points are divided between the two fighters in each round. Most states use the "Ten Must System," in which the winner of each round gets ten points and his opponent a proportional number according to the showing he has made. Both of the latter systems are fairer.

One instance of how co-ordination controls the faker: In Virginia, an N. B. A. state, a fighter was suspended, and for all time, for lying down. He just ducked over into West Virginia, not at that time an N. B. A. member, to do his fighting. Now West Virginia also has joined N. B. A. and is not presenting the fighter to the fight fans.

THE deeper I have gone into this prize-fight problem, the clearer it has become that professional boxing needs a good house cleaning. It needs national co-ordination and co-operation—or championship titles will continue to mean nothing. A New York monopoly exists in boxing. Unless a challenger agrees to fight only for certain promoters, he won't get a title fight. The same interests control both fighters in a ring, fighting one against another. Fighters are paid in advance in order to tie up their services. There is the ridiculous practice of one state's recognizing an arbitrary "world" champion.

Certain sports writers have paid their respects to me. I will pay mine to them. Part of what we will investigate is the so-called agreement between newspaper writers and promoters. Why don't they discuss in their columns men holding championships, though they have been defeated ten or a dozen times? There is nothing more disgusting than to pay money to see a fight on a newspaper build-up, only to find the fighter washed up, a stumble bum. Why, for instance, did they build up Harry Thomas as an opponent for Joe Louis? Thomas was a baseball catcher and even the better read boxing followers knew nothing of him. Why have they overlooked the fact a New York promoter can prohibit a fight scheduled to be held in California? And to the sports writer who remarked that other matters ought to take my attention, I will say that I have sponsored and passed more bills than any other member of Congress.

Several sports writers offer discouragement along this line: "Boxing as now conducted is a dirty business. Uncle Sam will soil his hands. The boxing gentry—a tough lot—want no investigator."

To this I reply that Uncle Sam has cured tougher guys than the boxing crowd, and as to covering up a bad mess, I like the saying in use in the Marine Corps: "Will you clean it up or sleep in it?" There remain, believe it or not, some men who do not relish "sleeping in it." Boxing as it is now run may not seem to some worth the saving. My answer is that, run as it should be run, it can rank in public opinion with *any* sport.

THE END

A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

NO EXCUSE FOR A RED, SORE NOSE DURING COLDS WHEN YOU USE SOFT KLEENEX TISSUES THAT DON'T WAD OR SHRED.

(*from a letter by* G. B., Atlantic, Iowa)

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AND WIN $5.00 FOR EVERY "KLEENEX TRUE CONFESSION" PUBLISHED! MAIL TO KLEENEX AT 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

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ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

I HAVE 45 CHILDREN

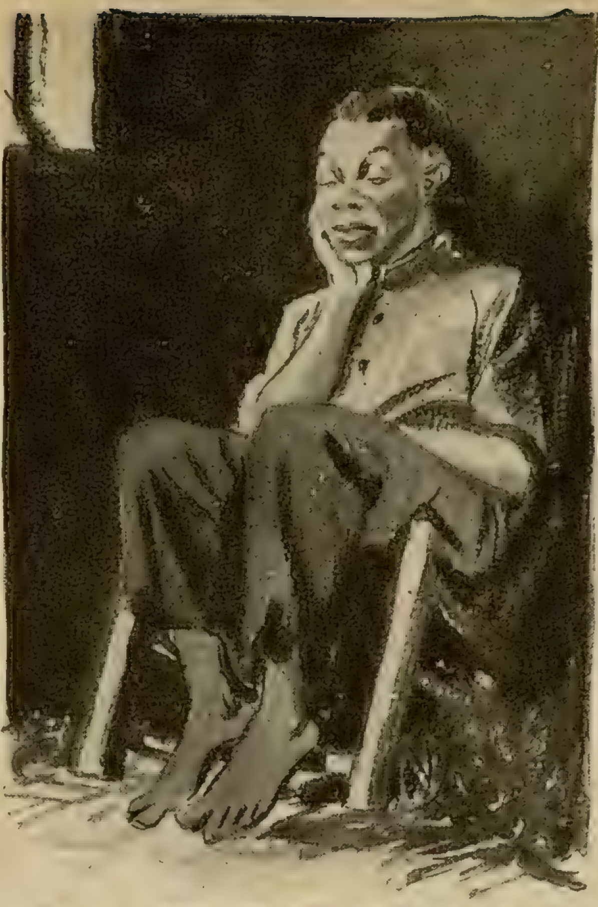
YOU SEE, I TEACH SCHOOL-HAVE 45 PUPILS-AND I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITHOUT KLEENEX WHEN SNIFFLES START.

(*from a letter by* E. M., Edenton, N. C.)

BOY, DID SHE BEEF

WHEN SHE CAUGHT ME CLEANING MY PIPES WITH A HANDKERCHIEF. "KLEENEX OR ELSE," SHE SAYS. AND WAS I SURPRISED WHEN KLEENEX DID THE JOB BETTER.

(*from a letter by* L. T. B., Smackover, Ark.)



A DIPPER OF WATER

Liberty's Short Short

BY JACK SHUTTLEWORTH

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

"DON'T you think, dear," asked Mrs. Mallon over a large palmetto fan, "that you ought to drive over to the sheriff's and see about getting Jeff out of jail? It seems a shame to leave him in there on such a hot night."

"Chase all over town for a fool boy!" exclaimed her husband. "Guess one night in jail won't hurt the boy. Anyway, it's too darn hot!"

JEFF SIMMONS swished a grimy bandanna at the swarm of mosquitoes sundown had driven into his tiny sweltering cell—a hungry horde from the Great Cypress Swamp.

Jeff was seventeen—at least, his mother figured he must be about that age—and wouldn't she take on when she found out he'd got himself arrested! Well, it wasn't his fault. How could he know that Johnson gal would send the law at him? Got herself in trouble, and then picked him out 'cause he had a steady job, he thought bitterly.

If only he hadn't been nappin' under Mr. Mallon's back porch when that deputy man had come up and landed on him like a coon on a crawfish—too shut-eyed and scared to get himself a drink of water when he had the chance.

Funny, Mr. Mallon didn't come down and get him out. He worked right hard for Mr. Mallon, even if he did sometimes take a little nap; chopping wood and Lord knows what all. Yes, sir, he earned his four dollars a week, he did, and Mr. Mallon knew it. Oh, well, he'd be 'long directly. Mr. Mallon wouldn't see a good boy linger in no jailhouse. And, man, wasn't it hot!

A desperate flourish of the bandana brought Jeff's knuckles into sharp contact with his cell window, and it was then that he discovered the loose bar in the crumbling masonry—a bar that could be pushed aside.

For a long time Jeff stood with his head thrust out the bars, gazing across the tracks of the Southern Railroad at the lights of the little village that had always been his home. From all sides free toads blared their chorus of greeting, the deep boom of bullfrogs rolled out of the marsh grass behind the jail, and far off in the slash pines a chuck-will's-widow began its plaintive persistent call.

Streams of sweat trickled down Jeff's shiny black forehead. Nothing to drink since before noon. A vision of the big tin dipper brimming with cool water that awaited him at home swam before his eyes.

Mr. Mallon'd come any minute now, though—or would he? Nobody had come, and maybe nobody was going to come—not till morning, when the deputy man would carry him to the hearing. Then that Johnson gal would start in storying about him. The judge would know she was storying, too. Mighty hard to fool old Judge Wilkes!

No, sir; Judge Wilkes wouldn't make him linger in no jailhouse all summer waiting on the Big Court in St. George; and he wouldn't make him marry up with nobody, either—least of all that turkey-necked Johnson gal!

Yes, that was the way it was, all right. He was a good boy, with a mother and two sisters to look out for, and the law wouldn't do him anything.

If he only had a drink of water, now, he could put up with the skeeters. If he could just get home for about a minute! Maybe if he pushed the loose bar a little farther. . .

HANK CONNERS and John Nibling lolled in the back seat of Hank's old Buick, the calves of their legs resting on the back of the front seat. The colored boy from Joe's Grill set fresh beers on their curb-service tray and stood waiting, empties in hand, for his twenty cents, when Deputy Sheriff Will Slattery swung alongside and braked to a sudden stop.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Mallon's nigger has broke outa jail, and th' sheriff's gone to Charleston. You fellows help me catch him, heah!"

"Know where he went, Will?" Hank asked, reaching for his glass.

"Swamp, most likely," replied the deputy.

"Cripes!" John said. "We'll get eat up lookin' for him in there. Got any citronella?"

"Yep; in the tackle box in the back. They's a thirty-thirty and a twelve-gauge on the floor there, too." Will reached back for the door handle. "Come on, climb in," he said. "Whoever takes the gun, watch out for the safety catch—it don't go on."

PRIMING with one hand and working the handle of the kitchen pump with the other, Jeff became aware of the unwashed supper dishes that stood in the sink. His mother and sisters, he rightly surmised, were worried about him and had gone to the Mallons' to make inquiries. Mr. Mallon would tell them 'bout the law gettin' him and they'd hurry over to the jailhouse. Well, he'd get his drink and hurry back there, too.

The rattle of the pump changed to a pleasant familiar coughing sound and a stream of cold water cascaded into the waiting dipper. As it did so, Jeff's eyes were pulled to the open window by the roar of an approaching car swirling below the moss-festooned corner arc light. As it came on, feeble rays of the corner arc light glinted off gun barrels in the hands of the two men in the back seat.

The tin dipper clattered into the sink. Somehow Jeff's buckling knees carried him across the kitchen and through the back doorway. Glaring headlights swept into the yard and blinded his fear-glazed eyes.

"There he is!" shouted Will. "Watch out for—" The crash of a shotgun cut short his admonition. Jeff's arms flew up. His body spun sideways. Then the Negro pitched face downward onto the hard-packed clay.

A strong wind sang in Jeff's ears. From far off came the familiar coughing of the kitchen pump. A man was saying, "I didn't mean to. Gee, I hardly touched the trigger!" Then some one was lifting his head, and water spilled down his throat in a delicious stream.

Jeff wanted to show his appreciation; he wanted to sit up and smile. Instead, his head fell sideways and the corners of his mouth twisted up into a sardonic grin.

MRS. MALLON said, "You awake, dear?"

"Umph," replied her husband.

"I don't see how you can sleep on such a hot night," she complained. "And, anyway, I can't seem to get Jeff out of my mind. You're sure he's going to be all right?"

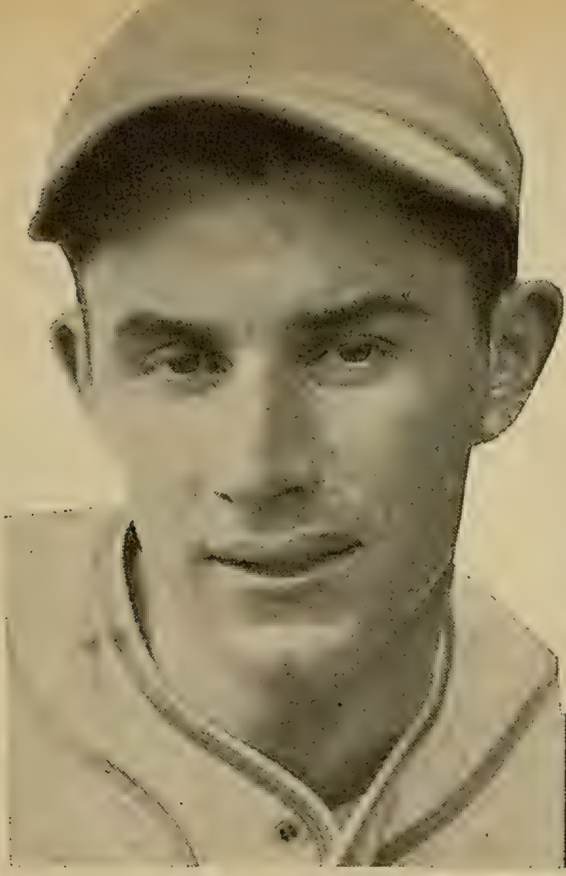
"Umph," said Mr. Mallon.

"He's a good boy even if he isn't any too bright. They'll take care of him, won't they?"

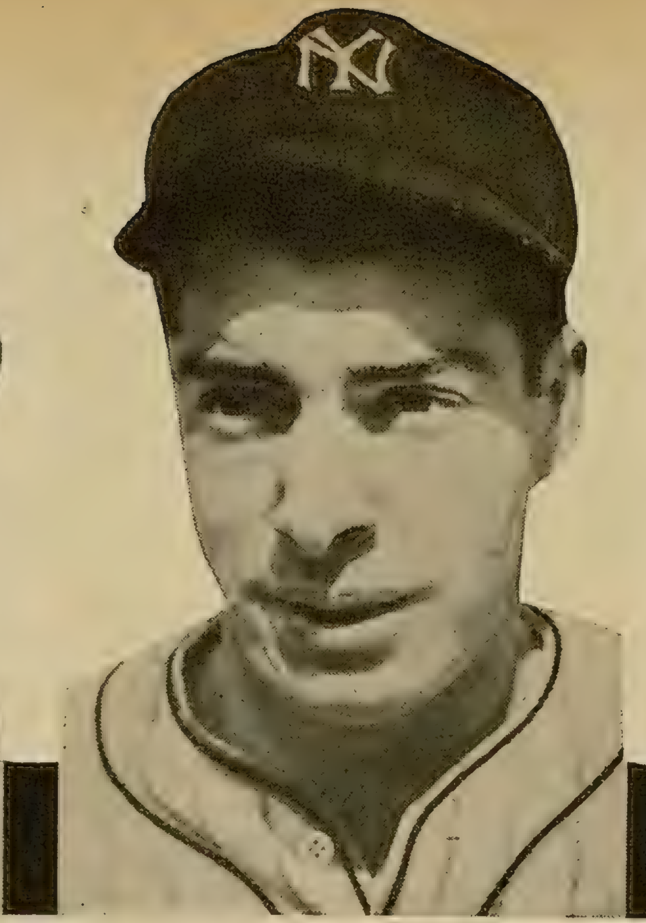
"Sure, sure," said Mr. Mallon. "They'll take good care of him. Probably giving him a big dipper of cool water right this minute."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



VINCENT



JOE

DOMINIC

THE AMAZING DI MAGGIOS

Here's something new in baseball. Three brothers, three teams—same job!

BY "YANKEE STADE"

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE magic word or number *three* intrigues the mind of man. We began in babyhood with the three bears and the three blind mice, and went on, as all must do, into the three R's. In poker it's three of a kind; in pawning, it's three balls; in courtship three's a crowd, in marriage it's the eternal triangle.

Even baseball had its Three-fingered Brown, and it still has its three strikes and out. But never until now has baseball had on major-league teams three outfielders all of whose names were DiMaggio and all of whose names were Paul.

Joseph Paul DiMaggio, Sr., isn't one of the three. Baseball was not so popular as the Italian *boccie* in Palermo, where he was born. But he begat a complete team of nine children, about whom his only regret was that he couldn't call them all Paul. As it is, the batting order reads—in the order of their appearance at the home plate—as follows: Nellie, Mamie, Thomas Paul, Marie, Michael Paul, Frances, Vincent Paul, Joseph Paul, Jr., and Dominic Paul.

Old Paul used to be a crab fisherman. Now he is a baseball fan. He goes to the games three or four times a week. Painstakingly he has learned in English all the things one yells at umpires. He doesn't always know what they mean, but—being known to all San Francisco as the father of the Yankee Clipper—he uses them with considerable effect.

Brother Michael Paul DiMaggio doesn't play in the outfield, either. He pinch-hits for Old Paul, catching the giant crabs which brother Thomas Paul serves up in the family restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf, known as "Joe DiMaggio's Grotto."

So the outfield DiMaggios are the three youngest children: Vincent Paul DiMaggio, Joseph Paul DiMaggio, Jr., and Dominic Paul DiMaggio, who has emerged over the Rockies this spring.

San Francisco is baseball mad. Especially mad are the sixty thousand Italians, many of whom crowd the fishing community known as North Beach. From this section came the Yankee shortstop, Frank Crosetti, and the well beloved Push-'em-up Tony Lazzeri. In this section lived the DiMaggios. And, just as Crosetti and Lazzeri learned their baseball on North Beach's "horse lot," playing barehanded with a taped ball and the handle of a discarded oar, so did this DiMaggio trio.

From the beginning, Joe was the best of them; but he was too lazy to take the game or himself seriously. Vince, however, hired himself out to a local merchant who sponsored a ball team. Two years later the San Francisco Seals hired him to play Coast League baseball.

He was playing in the outfield for the Seals, and playing well, in 1933 when Brother Joe lost his job selling papers. Joe had never wanted to sell papers anyhow. But otherwise he would have had to go fishing.

The popular impression, fostered by sports writers, is that all the time Joe is patrolling his beat in the Yankee Stadium he would fain be out on the bounding wave in a jolly fisherboat. As owner of a $100,000 fish grotto, he now has to pose as a great fisherman. As a matter of fact, he hates fishing and fish and the sea. All three literally make him sick.

Having lost his job, he happened to be squinting through a knothole in the Seals' fence one summer afternoon when Spike Hennessy, athletic director of a near-by playground, came along. Spike invited him in to see his brother play. Then Joe began working out with the team.

The manager tried him first at shortstop, but that Big Bertha arm of his couldn't accommodate itself to the short-wave infield toss. The Seals were about ready to give up on him when Vincent, running hard for a fly ball, fell and injured his shoulder. Joe took his place.

Vince never got the place back. The first time brother Joe came to bat as a professional, he knocked out a triple. In sixty-one successive games, a league record, he continued to hit safely. From the very first day, he covered the outfield like a tent. By 1934, at eighteen, he was acknowledged the greatest player the Coast League had ever produced.

Vince, having faith in his own ability to stick in fast company, sold himself down the valley to one of the southern California clubs, and there he stayed until, in 1937, he followed Joe to the big leagues.

Joe's march of dimes was halted for two years after he threw his knee out stepping from a taxicab. The mischance didn't stop his playing, but it made him a gamble from a baseball point of view. Almost from the day of the lad's first appearance in a Seal uniform, scouts from the big-league teams had been watching him perform. During 1934 they swarmed over the Rockies. The bidding was heavy—and, as usually happens, the Yanks won out, with an offer of a reputed $75,000 and five players. But the Seals management had to deliver Jolting Joe in sound physical condition—and it took two years of continuous play to guarantee that to the Yankees' satisfaction.

As if to maintain his reputation for brittleness, Joe twisted his ankle in spring practice soon after he joined them—and then burned it with a diathermic lamp. The Yanks opened without him and got nowhere. He gave the newsapper boys some rather injudicious interviews.

NOW, the DiMaggios are modest folk, and Joe really is the most modest of the lot, so bashful he is fairly tongue-tied. During the two years between his sale and his debut, he fought hard to overcome this bashfulness. He roomed on the road with big Jack Fenton, Seals' first baseman and all-round man of the world, and did his best to copy Jack's breezy ways, his clothes, his speech. Everybody in San Francisco knew what he was doing. They giggled a bit, but they sympathized. But the boys in the East saw only the brashness, and were unkind enough to make him say for publication that everything would be all right with the Yankees once he was able to get into the line-up.

It was the simple truth, of course. The first time he faced big-league pitching, he nicked a sharp single down the third-base line. Later that afternoon he knocked out two more hits, one a prodigious triple. The first month he batted safely in eighteen consecutive games and hit a fabulous .400. In his second month he became one of the only three American League players ever to hit two home runs in one inning. Sparked by such explosiveness, the Yankee steam roller got under way.

Fans, critics, managers, players agreed that it was the coming of the devastating DiMaggio which started the Yankees back to their Ruthian ways. Still, there were a few hard-boiled old fellows around the circuit who reminded us that in baseball, as in babying, the second summer was the hardest. Well, the second summer *was* kind of hard for Jolting Joe. He missed a good part of the training season again, losing his tonsils and adenoids; then he had an infected tooth and a sore arm. But the poor fellow managed to stagger through the season. Record: 46 home runs, 167 runs driven in, .346 batting average.

DiMaggio bats with a loose easy swing which reminds the old guard of Shoeless Joe Jackson's, the hands well ahead of the bat as the swing starts, the wrists giving the bat a last-minute snap which not only gives it tremendous speed in its impact but enables the batter to delay his final movement until after the break of the ball's curve. He seldom tops the ball, seldom goes out on the infield pop-up route, knocks fewer fouls than most batters—all because of his splendid eye and timing, combined with his quick, delayed swing.

But it is by no means as a batter alone that he shows his greatness. "Fly Falcon"—that's what Jimmy Cannon christened him during those first brief appearances in his 1936 spring training before he hurt his ankle. No fielder, not even Tris Speaker, has better deserved the name. And Joe not only plays his own territory but tries to play everybody else's. Best criterion of his ground coverage is the number of outfielders and infielders who have been carried out on a stretcher since he joined the Yankees. On the bases he may not be a Ty Cobb—but remember his amazing performance in that final World Series game last fall, when Charlie Keller ran into Lombardi! It is doubtful if any other man playing baseball today could have "scored on a single" as DiMaggio did in that tenth-inning harlequinade.

Joe McCarthy, the Yankee manager, who is certainly no optimist, says we "ain't seen nothin' yet."

"Joe hit over .380 last season," McCarthy admits, "but he hasn't reached anywhere near his peak."

IN his career so far, the young Italian boy has made only one serious mistake: his hold-out in 1937. Fans rightly thought that this twenty-one-year-old ought to be satisfied with the $25,000 Colonel Ruppert offered him. The fact that the decision to hold out was business manager brother Tom's, not Joe's didn't save him from the ire of the fans.

But Joe answered them by turning in one of his best years and topping it with a phenomenal 1939, which not only won him the Sporting News' annual award as the most valuable player in his league, but extracted from that baseball authority of authorities the unprecedented phrase, "perfect player." In the annual poll of 259 leading sports writers to choose an all-star team, DiMaggio got 258 votes for his outfield position.

Today cheers meet DiMaggio's every appearance. His fan mail is bigger than Ruth's was at the top. His popularity among people of his own race is a beautiful thing to behold. Especially to the sixty thousand Italians of North Beach and Telegraph Hill, Joe is just about the biggest hero since Julius Caesar. This was shown when some thirty thousand of them tried to get into the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul to witness the marriage of their big boy to beauteous Dorothy Arnold.

San Francisco is still quivering from the impact of that event. When the engagement was announced, jolly, young-looking Mother DiMaggio announced: "Joe no say a thing to me. No talk of this love business."

The lovely bride, a fugitive from Hollywood, seemed quite as much surprised. "We sort of started going around together," she was quoted as saying, "and the first thing we knew—or at least that I knew—it was getting serious."

Well, Joe has every right to make a home of his own. He has been a good boy, has turned almost all of his earnings back into the family till. He has built his father and mother a fine new house in which they live in luxurious comfort. He has built on Fisherman's Wharf a restaurant that contributes to the support not only of Joseph and his brethren but of innumerable little DiMaggios and near DiMaggios who might otherwise be doomed to a life of catching crabs.

Joe DiMaggio's Grotto is a highly modernistic affair with a big bar and a dance floor and a band. Here, of a winter evening, Joe wanders about awhile, smiling with toothy diffidence when customers insist on buying champagne in which to drink his health. Then he slips out and goes home. Vince and Dominic glad-hand the departing guests.

VINCE spent two unhappy years with the Boston Bees of the National League. "Trying to cash in on brother Joe's publicity" was what the papers had said; and when Bill McKechnie, then manager of the Boston team, saw Vince take his first swing at the ball in the Florida training camp, he was inclined to agree.

"Oh, they all miss 'em once in a while," said the scout who had recommended the rookie.

"Sure," replied Bill, "but this fellow misses 'em by a couple of feet."

Bill worked hard on Vince. But all season long Vince kept on missing 'em, and the following year he missed even more. After compiling the lowest batting average of any regular player he bowed out of big-time baseball—apparently for good.

But that Vince in his name is short for invincible. Last year, playing with the Kansas City Blues in a Class AA League, he continued to miss 'em, continued to lead all his fellows in strike-outs—but he also led the league in home runs with 46, in total number of bases with 346, in the vital department of runs batted in with 123; and he ran third in the annual contest for the most valuable player in the league. This year he is back in the big time with the champion Cincinnati Reds, of which team Bill McKechnie is now manager.

Meanwhile young Dominic DiMaggio, the bespectacled baby of the family, had been doing so well on the horse lot that Lefty O'Doul, now manager of the San Francisco Seals, decided that he would see how his team would look with another DiMaggio in the outfield.

Well, it didn't look very good. The boy was scrawny and pale. The horn rims didn't help much. "The Little Professor," the papers called him. The taunt that *he* was riding on Joe's reputation didn't help, either. And he looked pretty bad, at first, against experienced professional pitching.

But Dom, for all his handicaps, had a quality almost as valuable as Vince's faith in himself. He had hope. It has never deserted him. Besides, he was a good ballplayer. He had the DiMaggio ability to make impossible catches in the field, the DiMaggio ability to throw men out at the plate; and on the bases he was better than Vince and, according to Lefty O'Doul, better even than Joe. In time, too, under O'Doul's coaching, he learned to hit.

His first season in professional ball he closed with .306. The following year he did better by one point, .307. And last year, in spite of injuries to both wrists, he finished second in his league with .360.

Because of this achievement, and because he was first in runs scored, with 165, and first in total hits, with 239, he was voted the most valuable player in his league, and was sold this last winter to the rich Boston Red Sox for $40,000 and a couple of players yet to be named.

Both Vince and Dom are fast. Not as fast as Joe, but faster than ninety-nine per cent of their competition.

The Oakland club of the Coast League has just released Smead Jolley, although he had the respectable batting average of .309 for the season. The management figured, and rightly, that Smead would have to bat at least .350 to make up for his lack of speed. The DiMaggio boys won't have to bat .350 or even .300 to stay in fast company.

Vince, if he bats a hundred points lower than his brother Joe did last season, will have his job cinched. At .280, with his ground-covering ability and his arm, he could play in the outfield for any club in either league, except, of course, the Yankees. Dom, if he lives up to his notice, should have quite as good a chance.

In fact, on the record, Dominic is a better player than Vince. He can do everything that Vince can, except hit for the circuit; and he may, with increased weight, acquire the additional power to do that. Vince, however, stands the better chance of the two of landing a regular outfield berth this year and keeping it throughout the season. For one thing, he is going to a team which, though it won the championship, limped badly all season for lack of a fast-moving, strong-throwing, long-hitting outfielder.

Dom, in Boston, has a harder gate to crash. Cramer in center field, although rounding thirty-two, is one of the real stars of the game, and long experienced in the lead-off spot where Dominic shone on the Coast. Vosmik in left, another veteran, had an off season last year; but he has never had two in succession, and he can hit. Right-fielder Ted Williams, 1939's "rookie of the year," has shown such possibilities as a home-run hitter that Boston is building over its park, the better to profit by his long left-hand thrusts!

If Dominic makes good, as he probably will, there may be a trade of one of the veteran stars for a pitcher who can pitch. Cronin has only one such now, Bob Grove. An outfield of this DiMaggio and Williams, with old Rog Cramer in between to steady them, would look mighty good to Fenway Park fans.

In a way, Dominic has more "color" than either of his brothers. Part of it is his boyish enthusiasm; part of it is his size. Alongside the huskies of professional ball teams, he looks like Freddie Bartholomew teaming up with Vic McLaglen!

Neither he nor Vince will ever be the ballplayer their brother is. Neither, perhaps, will anybody else. But both boys are a whole lot better than many an aspiring athlete who did not have the forethought to be sired by Joseph Paul DiMaggio, Sr., and borne by Rosalie DiMaggio, mother of champions.

So the season opens brightly for the three boys from Fisherman's Wharf. Vince has his faith. Dom has his hope. Joe has himself. Faith, Hope, and Joe—and the greatest of these is Joe!

THE END

"Plenty of HEADACHES in entertaining 4,000,000 people!" says Colonel J.R. KILPATRICK

PRESIDENT OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

BROMO-SELTZER GIVES ME MORE ALL-ROUND HEADACHE RELIEF

HOCKEY
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EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

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Col. Kilpatrick, former Yale All-American end, has a tense, nerve-wracking job. He prefers Bromo-Seltzer for headache.

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For frequent or persistent headaches, see your doctor. For the ordinary kind, Bromo-Seltzer does *more* than simple pain relievers can . . . does all this:

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BROMO-SELTZER

LAST CHANCE THIS WEEK TO FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

$2,000 STARGAZING CONTEST

Get Your Entry Mailed On Time!

HERE is the final chance to find your fortune in the stars! The last two drawings of Liberty's Stargazing Contest appear on this page. As you prepare your twenty contest solutions for entry, do not forget that simplicity is best. This is not a fancy-work contest and no additional rating will be given any entry because of elaboration or decoration. Concentrate on the accuracy of your solutions. Also be sure that you include with your set of solutions the brief statement required by Rule 4. This statement is an integral part of your entry and must accompany every set of solutions. No entry will be accepted for rating without it.

If you have spare time before closing date, perhaps you will want to check over your solutions to make sure that you have them exactly as you want them. Once they are mailed, corrections will be impossible to make. Because of the volume of work entailed in judging a contest of this size, Liberty cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

Note that all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 6. Get your entry in on time.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 2, 1940.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be arranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solution in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is completed at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The feature, story, article, or department in Liberty I have liked best during the ten weeks of this contest, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

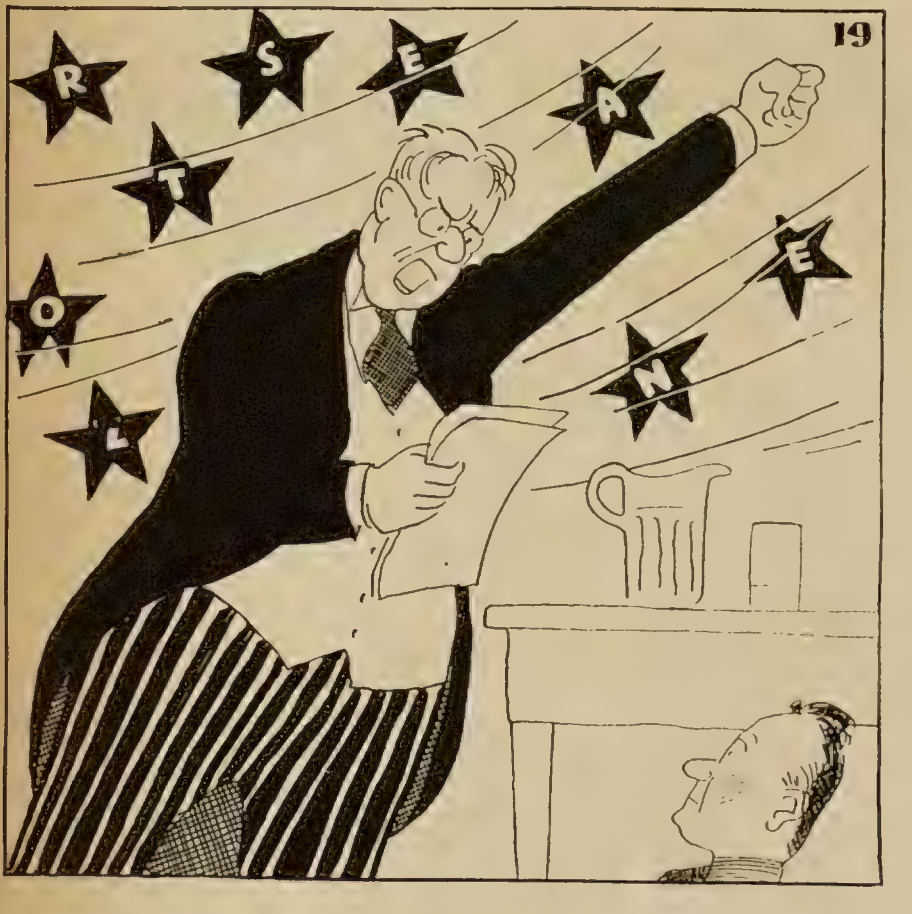
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the cash $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 6, the closing date of the contest.

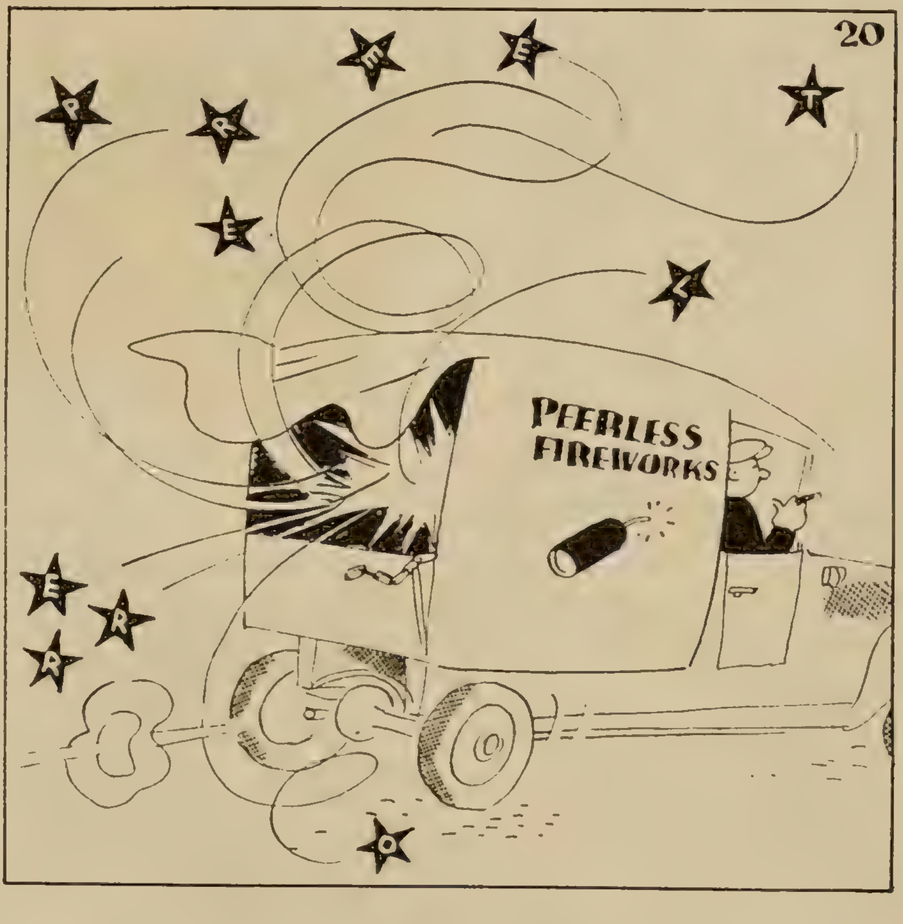
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



NAME ....



NAME ....

EADING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE GOLD RUSHERS

Now our dashing damsels turn at last toward home. P. S. They got their men!

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

WHEN I came to, a little cockney doctor with a red toupee was glued to my side. He had his earphones to my ticker and his peepers set on his watch. “Listen, kid. Scram!” I said. “I'm O. K.”

My nurse, who had a face like Captain Bligh, seemed to feel that the only way to bring my temperature down was to spill the works. It seems, she explained, that while our plane was being tossed around like a ping-pong ball over the English Channel, a bolt of lightning kissed us, knocking the pilot for a loop. As the ship burst into flames and went into a tail spin, Grosvenor, as usual, came to the rescue. He grabbed the controls, kicked her over on her back, and shot her down in a power dive, landing us in a bog within a mashie shot of Croydon.

After an inventory of our casualties, the roster seemed complete, with the exception of Grosvenor and the tattooed Countess. I had just shed my burlap nightie in the hospital and stepped into my civvies to camp on their trail, when who came panting down the corridor but my boy friend. He picked me up in his arms like a kitten, and did I purr! I guess I would have been there yet if he hadn't let it drop that the Countess had ducked the night before.

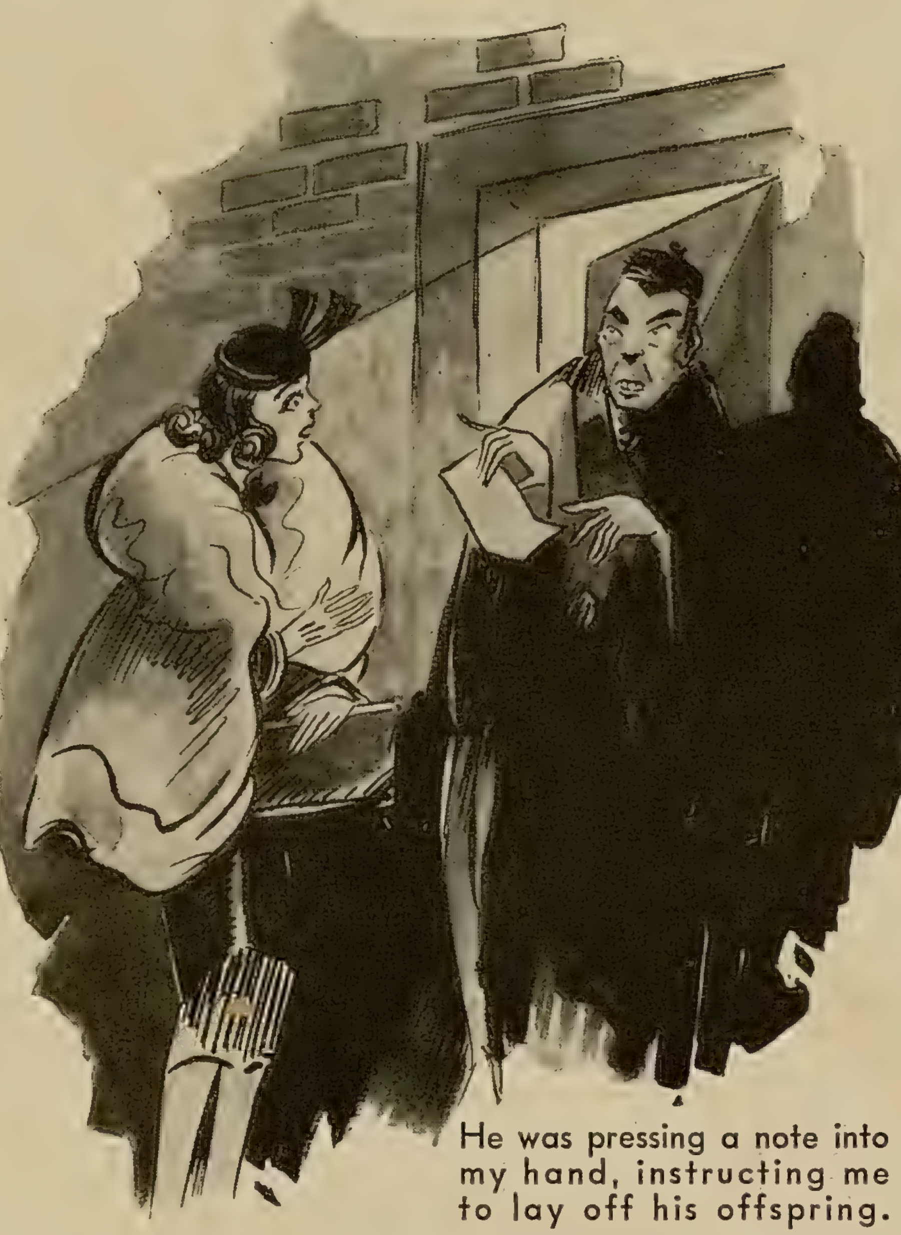
Was I steamed! Grosvenor told me I should be glad she had blown, or would I rather be taken for another ride?

“Another ride?” I gasped, hurling him a puzzled look.

“If that wild auto ride in Paris had turned out as planned by that poisonous Countess,” he said, “you and your pals would now be reclining on the bottom of the Seine.”

It seemed the crazy chauffeur spilled everything to the gendarmes after his arrest. He told how he had been bribed by the Countess to crash his car and bump us off after giving *her* time to leap to safety. Not only that, but it gave Count Félix de Theigh a chance to escape to his hide-out in the London Limehouse district, toting his records with him. A cute little heel, what?

Our evidence, summed up, proved that Félix de Theigh, with a list of aliases as long as a monkey's tail, was now operating from the East End in London. He had a factory somewhere in Limehouse and was ferrying pianos across the frantic Atlantic, sway-bellied with narcotics. Hindson, his lieutenant, was acting as American distributor. After the payoff, the Count would plant his roll on some unsuspecting person for safe voyage back to Europe. Back on his home sod, he would murder or marry them and grab the dough. Take my tip, gals: *Beware of strangers!*



He was pressing a note into my hand, instructing me to lay off his offspring.

Later, at the hotel, Grosvenor and I sat nibbling crumpets and sipping oolong. We argued as to the best methods we'd use to find the factory and land the Count and his cohorts. Suddenly he burst out laughing.

“Sadie Blaine, I've an idea. We—”

“Sadie Blaine?” I cut in. “That name sounds like a streetwalker!”

“How'd you guess it?” he chuckled. Getting his slant, I cracked back, “O. K., Dick the Duke, mitt me!”

Fellow citizens, try to laugh this off! After prowling the Limehouse district where Grosvenor had dropped me, I must have looked the part of Sadie Blaine, the name he had hung on me. As I stopped in front of a chop-suey joint and pulled out my compact to give myself the double-O, —*swish!*—the shop door flew open behind me and an elderly Chink approached me as though I were poison.

He inquired whether I was looking for his son. I was so stunned and scared I automatically stammered “Y-y-yes.” The next thing I knew, he was pressing a five-pound note into my hand, and in no few words instructing me to lay off his offspring and work some other district.

Holy mackerel, was my face red? My knees rattled like the rear end of a lunch wagon as I ankled into the Red Lantern to grab myself a bracer.

A broken-nosed bird across the bar shouted: “What'll you 'ave, kid?”

“A Scotch-and-soda an' make it snappy!” I bounced back.

While I sat stalling with the drink, 'cause Dickie the Duke and I were to meet there at twelve to compare notes, a square-jawed floater drifted in, planted himself beside me, and started doing his stuff. He wanted to know why I had fallen by the wayside. I told him my father was in jail and my mother was dying in a hospital. I must have gotten away with it because he started to sniffle. Finally he put his hand on my shoulder and with a catch in his breath, said: “Miss—?”

“Just call me Blaine.”

“What a coincidence!” he said. “My mother's name was Blaine.” He whispered confidentially: “Miss Blaine, would you give up this terrible life and accept a real job if I can fix it?”

“Doing what?” I countered.

“Filing clerk. It's easy. We ship pianos.”

Pianos! This was my first break, and looking the sap gratefully in the lamps, I said: “Darling, you're an angel! Lead me to it!” I was so hot on the scent, I forgot about Grosvenor —or, that is, Dickie the Duke.

Well, the next thing I knew, I was being ushered down a coal-dust alley and onto a dock facing the river. At a signal from my pal, a steel door flew open, admitting us to a dank warehouse. Pianos were being tossed about like matchboxes by the toughest bunch I ever saw.

While craning my neck in search of the Count, I was caught from behind, rustled into a small cell-like

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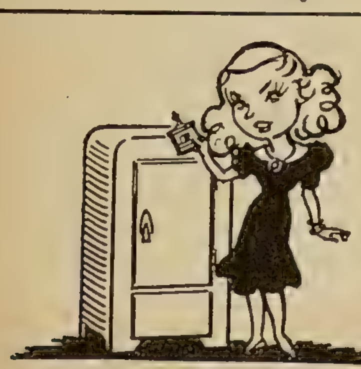
People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.



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room, and before I could scream, a barred door clanged shut behind me and the suave voice of Sir Arthur Hindson informed me I was now in my private office and did I like it?

Did I like it? Well, here I was playing this good Samaritan for a sucker and he walks me into a trap. What a set-up I was! Uncle Sam should be *proud* of me as a secret-service agent.

I went to my small barred window overlooking the Thames. I was on the verge of hysteria when the shining bow of a harbor patrol boat shot around the end of a near-by dock. Grabbing my compact mirror, I tipped it into the sun and signaled them an S O S. They evidently doped my message, because as I looked up, after flashing the final dot, all I could see was the spray in their wake.

THE clanging of a gong in the warehouse jarred me to my toes. It was a signal for the gang to quit work and line up in front of a wire cage. A voice, which I recognized as that of the Count, issued instructions for Beverly West to be placed in line.

Before I knew it my cell had been raided. I was caught in a mad rush and deposited front and center. The Count, inside the cage, introduced me as a U. S. government agent. He started giving me the third degree about Grosvenor's whereabouts, but I wasn't putting out.

One tough egg down the line amused himself by contributing an occasional Bronx cheer. *That got me!* Figuring I had nothing to lose anyway, I bounded down the line, bent on smacking the guy. I hadn't taken two steps when I recognized the offender as *Dickie the Duke.* He had been trying to tip me off that he was present. Rather than arouse suspicion, I let go a haymaker that landed square on his face. Before he could retaliate, I heard a female voice, which I recognized as that of the little Countess, yell: "Throw her back in the cell for an hour—then if she won't talk, *dump her in the river!*" As the cage went dark, I was grabbed by Grosvenor and started back to my "*office.*" I whispered to him out of the corner of my mouth, "The cops are coming to rescue us!"

The next thing I knew I got an open-handed slap. On coming to, Grosvenor pointed to a large electric switch on the wall and whispered: "This joint is mined and these crooks'll blow us all up, rather than be taken alive! Stall, bite, fight! We've got to stick by that *switch!*"

Fired with this new incentive, we went at it, and while he was pretending to mop the floor with *me,* Hindson emerged from behind a crate with an automatic trained on us.

"A nice little show," he said with a sour grin, "but you two aren't fooling any one." Then he yelled, for every one to hear: "Hey, here's that other U. S. federal guy!"

The bunch of cutthroats were coming for us with murder in their eyes. Grosvenor, quick as lightning, batted the gun from Hindson's hand, and it came flying through the air, caught it. "Mow 'em down if necessary," he yelled at me, "but *guar that switch!*" Then he let Hinds have a beautiful sock on the jaw.

With this, all hell broke loose.

Then, just in the nick of time, the British shore patrol and Scotland Yard came to the rescue. The yeggs stopped in their tracks for a moment as the large door crashed under a splash of machine-gun fire and what looked like the entire British army poured through.

The majority of the gang retreated to the far end of the warehouse and were hiding behind the pianos, picking off the coppers here and there as they moved forward. Out of the corner of my eye I could see my boy friend mixing it up with a thug when —*zing!*—a piece of wall just above me gave way to a misguided slug and klunked me on the dome.

I saw *red!* I looked around and spotted a long-nosed bird taking a bead on me from top of a pile of boxes just over Grosvenor! I turned my artillery on the dirty rat and squeezed the trigger, hard. When the smoke cleared I saw him drop on top of my Romeo, knocking him off his feet. As Grosvenor hit the floor with the guy on top of him, somebody made a little hole just where my heartthrob's head had been.

Grosvenor, back on his feet, yelled at me: "Atta stuff, babe! Let 'em have it!"

Mad as a bull, he started to lead an advance that *was* an advance. The gang began to run out of ammunition and heaved the empty artillery as the law moved in.

It didn't take Scotland Yard long to round up the Count's gang. As the smoke cleared, the first thing I lamped was Grosvenor clutching the arms of the Count and my tattooed girl friend.

BY the time Scotland Yard, with the aid of the U. S. government (meaning yours truly and Dickie the Duke), got through pinning charges on him, the Count looked like the Halfback of Notre Dame.

Our job done, we hopped a cab and started back to the hotel. We were no sooner in the cab than my boy friend put his fingers gently under my sore chin and, raising my face close to his, asked: "Tired, honey?"

"Sunk!" I answered as he put his arm about me.

After that, things happened so fast I was never sure what time it was—we were on the go every minute. My pal's stamina seemed boundless. His love-making—well, you guess—I'm still glued to his arm on the promenade deck of the Elegantia, America-bound.

Oh, listen, kids. I nearly forgot to let you in on the secret. Lenora and Regan and the boy friend and I had a double wedding this morning before we sailed. WHOOPEE!!! Who says crime doesn't pay?

THE END

40 Answers

by F. P. A., to his 40 Questions on page 48

1—"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight." Usually misquoted "thy flight."

2—The titles of Hoyt's plays all began with the indefinite article: A Bunch of Keys, A Trip to Chinatown, A Stranger in New York, A Texas Steer, A Brass Monkey, and A Milk-White Flag.

3—A Sentimental Journey, by Laurence Sterne.

4—"Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."
Many of my friends say,
"Water, water, all around,
And not a drop to drink."

5—January 16, 1920.

6—December 5, 1933.

7—"I knew him, Horatio." Often misquoted as "I knew him well."

8—"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood." Most of us—or of you—say "my heart."

9—The pretty maid who was going a-milking. "My face is my fortune, sir," she said. "Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."

10—Life, Liberty.

11—The New Republic.

12—Newton Booth Tarkington, Harry Sinclair Lewis.

13—No. The old rhyme is this:
"In March, July, October, May,
The Ides are on the fifteenth day,
The Nones the seventh; but all besides
Have two days less for Nones and Ides."

14—January 1, 1901.

15—"How doth the little busy bee." Most say "the busy little bee."

16—Cedric Errol.

17—The Walloping Window Blind. (Charles Edward Carryl.)

18—David Harum.

19—"A beautiful pea-green boat." (Edward Lear.)

20—"Tall oaks from little acorns grow." From David Everett's Lines Written for a School Declamation.

21—"A young man's fancy." From Tennyson's Locksley Hall. Often misquoted as "*the* young man's fancy."

22—Oliver Optic. Harry Castlemon.

23—Schofield. Williams.

24—W. M. Thackeray; Edward Lear; John Foxe.

25—American author; humorist and short-story writer, also movie actor; artist; professor of philosophy at Columbia University, also author; reporter, author, magazine writer.

26—James A. Garfield.

27—Don Marquis; Samuel Woodworth; Charles Dickens; Arnold Bennett.

28—Adrian Quist and John Bromwich of Australia; Robert L. Riggs; Alice Marble; Alice Marble and Sarah Palfrey Fabyan.

29—Frederic, in the Pirates of Penzance, whose birthday was February 29, and who would not reach his twenty-first birthday till 1940.

30—"Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands."
Many say "the spreading chestnut tree, and some even say "The village blacksmith stands."

31—"Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song"; "The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home."

32—Poker, football, baseball, soccer, basketball, and others.

33—"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house." I —and most others—say "*and* all through the house."

34—Wilkie Collins; A. Conan Doyle; Rudyard Kipling.

35—New York; Cook; Philadelphia; Suffolk.

36—Chicago Tribune; New York Sun; Kansas City Star; New York Tribune.

37—78 feet. 36 feet.

38—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin Delano Roosevelt; James Madison and Woodrow Wilson; William Howard Taft.

39—John and John Quincy Adams; William Henry and Benjamin Harrison.

40—A yellow primrose.
"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him."

The I.C.S. student

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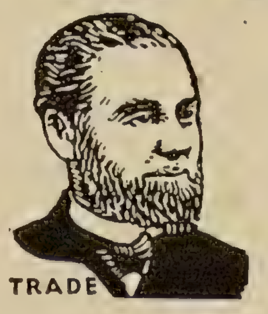

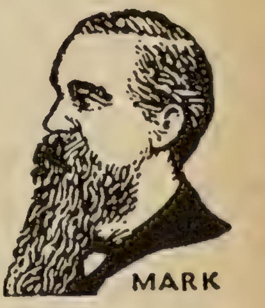

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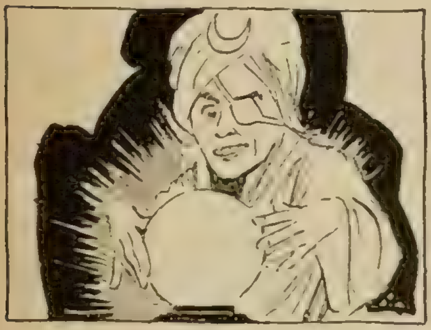
TRADE

MARK

PROPHECIES IN GIBBONS' RED NAPOLEON

San Francisco, Calif.—Have you forgotten the late Floyd Gibbons' fiction story The Red Napoleon, which Liberty ran serially from April 6 to August 3, 1929? I got it from the library the other day and reread it—and was amazed. Who save Floyd Gibbons foresaw *in 1929 all* of the following:

The unifying of China under the Nationalist Chiang Kai-shek (p. 33); "kids going to school carrying their cute little gas masks at the ready" (p. 44); American legislation freeing the Philippines (p. 50); new automatic rifles which made obsolete "the old-fashioned rifles, firing a clip of six cartridges" (p. 105); European war started by the invasion of Poland, in winter (p. 109), by "Blitzkrieg": war with "no parleys, no delays, no preliminaries, no ultimatum" (p. 111); the overrunning of Lithuania by Russia (p. 115); the engulfment of Czechoslovakia; the capture and collapse of Austria, with the assassination of its President (pp. 123, 126); "Sigrid Schultz, the Chicago Tribune's multilingual girl correspondent," reporting the war from Berlin (p. 134).



In some respects he almost exactly hit the date: "This change in the political complexion [of Germany], which occurred on February 10, 1933" (p. 136). (The Hitler *coup d'état* took place in January, 1933.)

He foresaw in 1929 the defeat of Herbert Hoover in 1932—only he named Al Smith instead of F. D. R. as the winner (p. 149); and the President's secretary named "Hand."

Again, "the return of the Spanish troops [from Africa] resulted in simultaneous revolutions in Spain and Portugal" (p. 159); Churchill back in the British Cabinet (p. 163); David Lawrence broadcasting the Washington angle of war news over WEAF (p. 173).

Gibbons saw a woman in the Cabinet in 1933, but he chose Ruth McCormick rather than Madam Perkins (p. 235). He also put a Wallace in the Cabinet but not Henry Agard! (p. 238).

Other paragraphs must be quoted to be appreciated—witness this (p. 244):

"The crash on Wall Street, which had swept many brokerage firms, as well as individuals, into bankruptcy, had been followed by a country-wide run on the banks—a panic—which had only been stopped by the Government's declaration of a general moratorium."

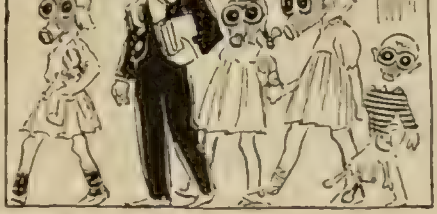
And that was written months before October, 1929!

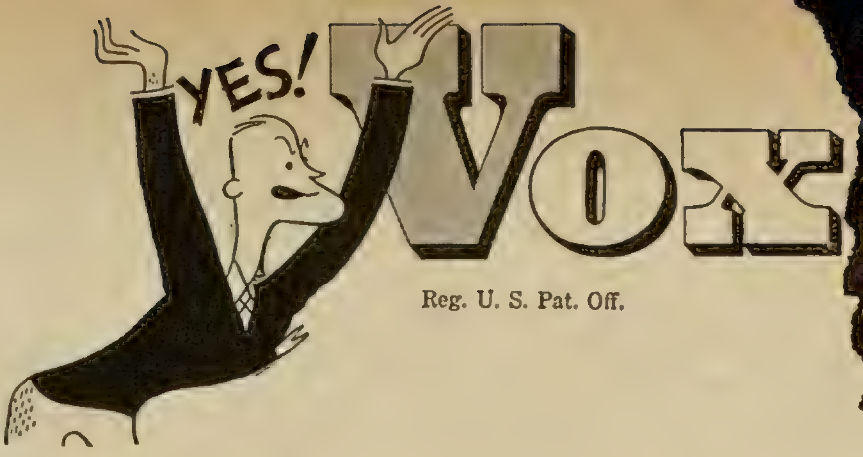
And at the same time, describing the arrival of war, he says, ". . . but the backbone, the skeleton, and the nerve system of the FIRST MILLION depended upon the 110,000 members of the Officers' Reserve Corps . . ."—written when there were but 65,000 active members of the Corps, which today numbers approximately 110,000!

The air bombardment of Warsaw, of Lemberg, and the taking of Danzig—war on the Finns—fighting again on the old Western Front—submarine warfare—magnetic mines—the accession and abdication of Edward VIII—the encirclement of Germany by the Russians—raids on the Firth of Forth—Eire remaining neutral—they're all there!

The headlines of 1939-40 were written by Floyd Gibbons, the Headline Hunter, in 1929! True, many of the details were wrong; many of the predictions have, fortunately, not yet come true. The biggest error was that his "man on horseback" arose in Russia, not in Germany, and was supposed to have succeeded Stalin rather than Von Hindenburg.

Did Gibbons have access to Mein Kampf in 1929—and place it in Russia instead of Germany? Or was it simply that his amazing knowledge and experience gave him many of the outlines of things to come?—*W. A. Brewer.*





Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FLOATING HIS HAT

Philadelphia, Pa.—What Is Happening in Poland? (January 13 Liberty) is the clumsiest bit of Allied propaganda dished out since the Belgian kids had their "hands chopped off"; and More Snakes than I Can Kill, by a Representative Dies, would sound better if it read, Representative Dies Walked into the Ocean Until His Hat Floated!—*Bill Belfield.*

DOUBTING DOCTORS ANSWERED

Baltimore, Md.—Mr. Macfadden was kind enough to allow me to take the free course of treatment at the Loomis Sanatorium. Now, I have been receiving quite a few letters from all parts of the country in connection with my statement and photograph published in Liberty and Physical Culture, and have been very happy to inform all as to what a wonderful place Loomis Sanatorium is for those who are ill and the wonderful benefits that can be obtained there.

But, on the other hand, I have received letters from medical doctors asking the same question: "Is the photograph really yours, and are the statements attributed to you true?"

It isn't the question so much as the manner in which it is asked that bothers me. For I have never made any statements that I honestly did not mean wholeheartedly, and it seems to me as if the medical men are looking for any reason, however small or mean, to try and discredit the Macfadden method of curing tuberculosis — which in my mind is a crime in itself, as I know what wonderful results were obtained in my own and other cases.

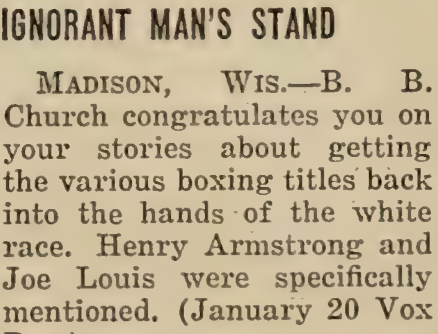
I always will be very grateful to the Macfadden organization for what they have done for me, and I hate to see any one deprived of the benefits such a place as Loomis can give.—*John E. Mack.*

WHAT DOES GEORGE WANT?

Deming, N. M.—Mr. Brent likes feminine women (January 6 Liberty)—a tender, sweet young thing to come running with his house shoes, smooth his dark hair with dishpan hands, and gaze wistfully into his eyes while he tells her about the great and wonderful world of which she knows nothing.

I feel slightly ill. Can it be that Mr. Brent has been reading movie scripts? Surely he isn't jealous of the equality of the Hollywood woman. What does George want? An empty-headed little kitten with her slip showing, an inferior person so that he can be the great big wonderful daddy, giver of all good, etc.? He *does* grant Miss Hollywood a soul, but he wants to "master" that.

Feminine and inferior are not synonyms, Mr. Brent.—*(Miss) Bill-Jo Caughron.*



IGNORANT MAN'S STAND

Madison, Wis.—B. B. Church congratulates you on your stories about getting the various boxing titles back into the hands of the white race. Henry Armstrong and Joe Louis were specifically mentioned. (January 20 Vox Pop.)

I don't see why, in a democracy like ours and a liberal magazine such as Liberty, one ignorant man's stand on racial discrimination should be published. Nor am I colored.—*H. Johnson.*

¶ "Credit may be a fine thing," points out Ruth Jenkins of Lebanon, Oregon, "but it has become a racket. And every one who doesn't need it is a victim."

POP

THE LUSITANIA DID CARRY MUNITIONS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have the greatest respect for Will Irwin, but his comment on Did the Lusitania Carry Munitions? (January 6 Vox Pop), " In the World War the Allies seldom, if ever, shipped *loaded* shells," is not correct.

What were all the loaded shells awaiting shipment at Black Tom, New Jersey, when the big blow-up occurred on July 30, 1916? What about the explosion of loaded shells at Kingsland, New Jersey?

True, so far as practicable, loaded shells were forwarded by freighter; but the shells contained the bursting charge of explosive.—*W. S. Topping, Chief Inspector, Bureau of Explosives.*

FOLEY, ALA.—If you can classify rifle cartridges and empty shell cases as munitions, we are forced to admit that the Lusitania carried munitions. She carried more than five thousand cases of small-arms ammunitions and some empty shell cases. Shell cases always went empty and were filled in the overseas factories.

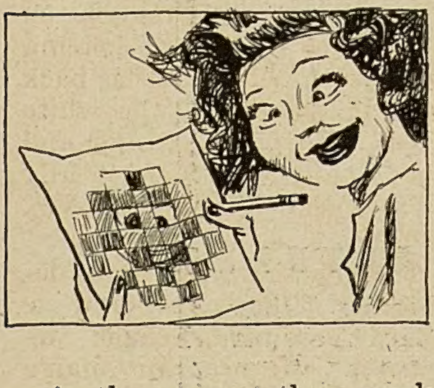
Should there be any skepticism about this statement, you may communicate with Mr. Dudley Field Malone, who is now in California. Mr. Malone was Collector of Customs for the Port of New York at the time Woodrow Wilson allowed the Lusitania to sail.—*O. H. O.*

ALREADY ON CONTENTS PAGE!

DALLAS, TEX.—Why isn't Mr. Oursler's page listed in the contents? I find this page as interesting as any in Liberty, and feel it deserves to be listed.—*Ruth D. Arnold.*

IMAGINES SHANE'S " MUG "

ERIE, PA.—Yes, Mr. George B. Bush (January 13 Vox Pop), I would like to say that I would be very much interested in a contest of Cockeyed Crosswords. *Very.* I wait patiently every other week for Liberty, to work this puzzle, and I work for hours on the darn thing, and I'll admit that I throw the magazine across the room sometimes, but I always pick it up again and start over.



How about a picture of this Ted Shane? I would like to see what kind of a " mug " he has.

But I can imagine it!—*Mildred Sechrist.*

℄ " Women's work is and will be in the next few years, not to keep the ' ball rolling, ' but to re-establish chivalry in the male mind," opines E. Wrenn Svehla of Boston, Massachusetts.

AS SHE WOULD END IT

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Oh, why didn't Sophie Kerr end her January 13 Liberty Short Short this way:

" ' And now,' said the little old lady, ' the skunk is out of the way and we'll get going again. What I dreaded has happened. We will see California, its fruits and blossoms, and the great Pacific Ocean.'

" She wiped the pin clean and resumed her knitting as she sat beside the man on the front seat.

" And pop whistled a tune as he stepped on the gas."—*Lillian Stewart.*

And why not end a modern-dress Hamlet with marriage bells and " they lived happy ever after " ?—Vox Pop Editor.

LEADING A HORSE

KALAMAZOO, MICH. — Not one in fifty likes swing or jazz, Mr. Heaton (December 30 Vox Pop), and they answer, " We don't turn our radio on any more, only to get some good lecture or real music that has some melody, like we had before we had the radio."

The people of this age soon tire of crazy noise.

Art of painting and design is fighting so-called modern art, which is now on its way out. The public is disgusted and makes fun of such shows displayed in art institutes.

My suggestion to Mr. Heaton is this: You may lead the horse to the trough, but can you make him drink the water? No—many times no!—*F. L. Van Ness.*

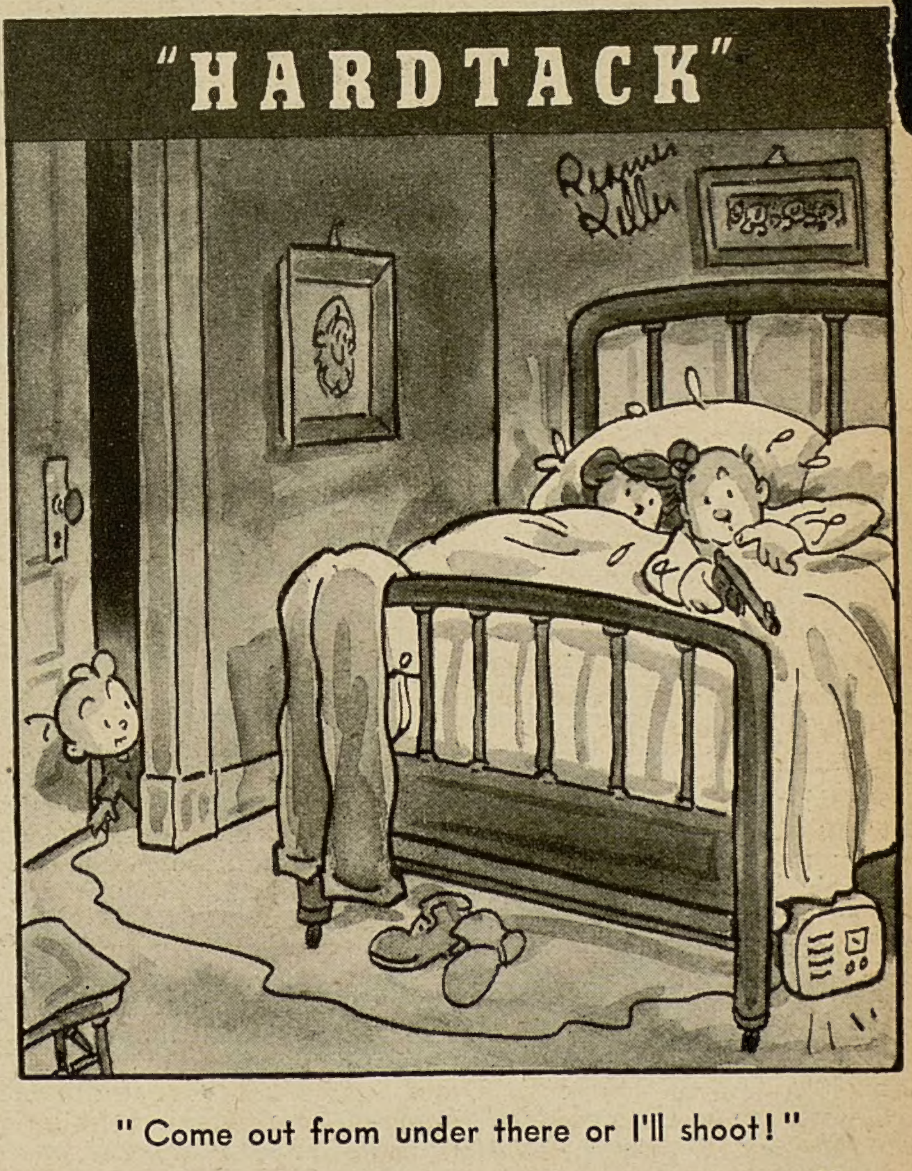
HANDSOME PRESIDENTS

CORNING, N. Y.—I am surprised that Mr. Frederick L. Collins, in his Why Do the Democrats Want to Nominate McNutt? (January 6 Liberty) does not mention Millard Fillmore as among the comely Chief Executives. If I remember correctly, I have read several places of his being the most handsome of all our Presidents. Of course these statements were printed before the advent of either Harding or Roosevelt. How about it, Mr. Collins?—*Edward H. Kelley.*

BARTENDERS I HAVE KNOWN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why not a story in Liberty on Bartenders I Have Known? Millions drink. A bartender is the wet nurse for millions of men. Women now have favorites. Take the old-time Western bartender, the big-city type, the small-town, the smoke-room ship stewards, European bartenders, the Sloppy Joes, etc. It would be a human-interest story of real import and it hasn't been done. How about it?—*H. A.*

℄ " Husbands must rebel against corsets or ask, ' Are we men or mice? ' " declares N. F. Ray San Francisco, California. " Th is, unless the women rebel a ask themselves, ' Are we wome or wasps? ' "



" Come out from under there or I'll shoot! "

Why Berlin Should Not Be Bombed

FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

WHEN THE ARTICLE by H. G. Wells, Berlin Should Be Bombed, appeared in Liberty a few weeks ago, there were instantaneous and world-wide repercussions. The official German Press Bureau issued an indignant reply and the newspapers in Germany followed with enraged editorials. "Ten German bombs on London for every one dropped on Berlin" were promised by these spokesmen for the German government. Certain of the German newspapers declared that no disavowal of Mr. Wells' program by the British government would be accepted. They argued, somewhat speciously, that the article had been passed by the British censors and that it therefore represented Britain's policy. From their point of view, the article by Mr. Wells was designed to prepare public opinion for "brutal attacks" upon the German people.

CONTRARY TO THE GERMAN view, however, there is profound disagreement with Mr. Wells among leading British statesmen, one of whom, Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, former head of [illegible] British Admiralty, comes to Liberty [illegible] week to give Mr. Wells a public nking. Mr. Duff Cooper not only tes the other side of the question but [illegible] points to what he conceives to be rtain outstanding inconsistencies in r. Wells' own position. Liberty is glad [illegible] be able to publish this reply by Mr. uff Cooper. Few articles in any magane have created such a world-wide ir as did the original piece by Mr. ells, and we believe that Mr. Duff Cooper's contribution in Liberty next week will receive equally wide attention.

THE ISSUE NEXT WEEK glows with human interest and excitement, with entertainment, information, and we hope inspiration. There is, for example, the first installment of a hilarious new novel by Eric Hatch. You remember his Irene, the Stubborn Girl, which ran in Liberty a few seasons ago, and which in its Hollywood incarnation became My Man Godfrey, with William Powell and Carole Lombard. We think the new novel by Eric Hatch, called The Girl Next Door, is one of the very best he has ever written and promises you a gale of fun. Bette Davis is another interesting contributor next week. The charming Bette, who upsets all traditions of blondes by being at once beautiful and intelligent, sat herself down some weeks ago and read in Liberty an article by George Brent in which the actor said there was not a feminine woman in Hollywood. Bette reached for pen, ink, and paper, and now next week you can read her piece, which is called Hollywood Men. Her opinions are her own, but we are sure that Clark Gable, William Powell, James Stewart, Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, Spencer Tracy, James Cagney, not to mention Mr. Brent himself, will read what Miss Davis has to say with more than academic interest. As for the average moving-picture-goers, they will have the time of their lives. Don't miss what Bette has to say about the studio boys. René Kraus has a fine article on The Pope and the Peace Offensive. Arthur Mann has an article on Ted Williams, the "Magnificent Screwball" of baseball. Walter Karig discourses on Will Cordell Hull Move to the White House? and all parents will be vitally interested in Shall Sex Be Taught in Public Schools? These are only a few of the outstanding articles in Liberty next week. There will be many more to go with some excellent short stories, among them Bet Your Life, by Frederick Nebel, and Elephant Talk, by Paul Annixter. We think this is an exceptionally fine issue and hope you will agree with us.

HERE IS A LETTER that came in as a result of a little piece we published about "buying a boy" in the campaign for crime prevention. The name of the writer and her address are concealed for her protection, in case she tries again to adopt a child:

"Why Not Buy a Boy? (in Liberty for December 23) interested me. I am not interested in buying a boy, but for three years my husband and I held our hearts and home open to a boy—the ooy who hasn't arrived. We have tried to adopt a child but have not been allowed to do so. Our friends have answered questionnaires about us until we are ashamed. Some have answered the same questionnaire several times. We have given the history of our families three times—down to the date of birth of aunts and uncles. All this has been done for one children's home alone—an orphans' home, of course. Several other homes have required the same thing, along with the State Board of Control. This State Board, I understand, has given its O. K. on us after three years, but not so the spinster lady in charge of the home to which we are eligible to make application for adoption. My husband and I are both under twenty-five years old. We own our own farm home and it is paying. We have acquired our small start through honest work and management. This winter we are adding to our farm—sometimes I wonder why we bother, having no family. We have something to offer to an underprivileged child—apparently we have nothing to offer to the authorities of a home which seeks rich homes for its children so that the foster parents can in turn contribute back to the home. We are tired of that sort of thing and of the red tape that goes with it. All that we could do for a child would be to give him a good farm home with the advantages of a fine country and a big lake. Chances are he would ride on hay wagons in patched overalls and sleep under patchwork quilts and bow his head in thanksgiving at the table three times a day. No doubt at all that occasionally he would be offered turnip greens fresh from the garden cooked with sowbelly, and if we managed a mail-order bike for him it would be a Christmas he would long remember. What is more, he would be looking forward to the offspring of the roan heifer to help send him to the university. I know quite well that this isn't the kind of home the orphanages are looking for. Isn't there somewhere a home for underprivileged that doesn't care much what happens to their boys? We could adopt one of them."

Of course the lady wrote the last line of her letter in irony. Her picture of what a boy's life in her home would be sounds mighty fine, don't you think?

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
The American Way of Life

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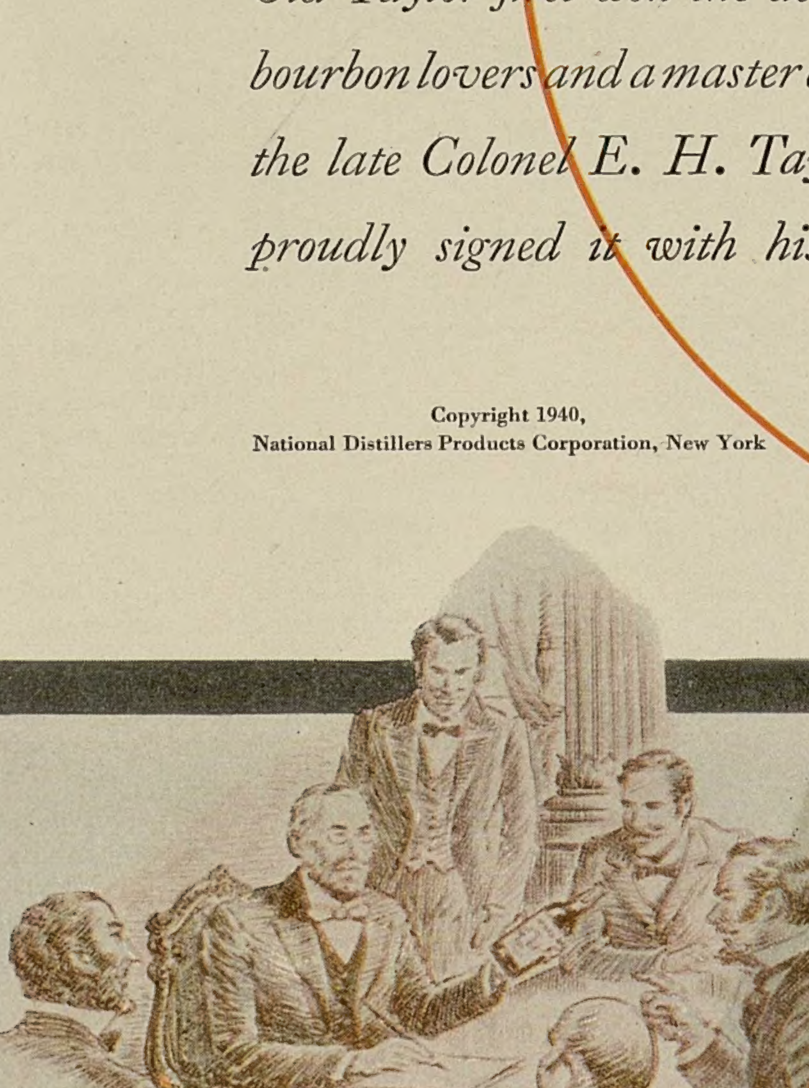

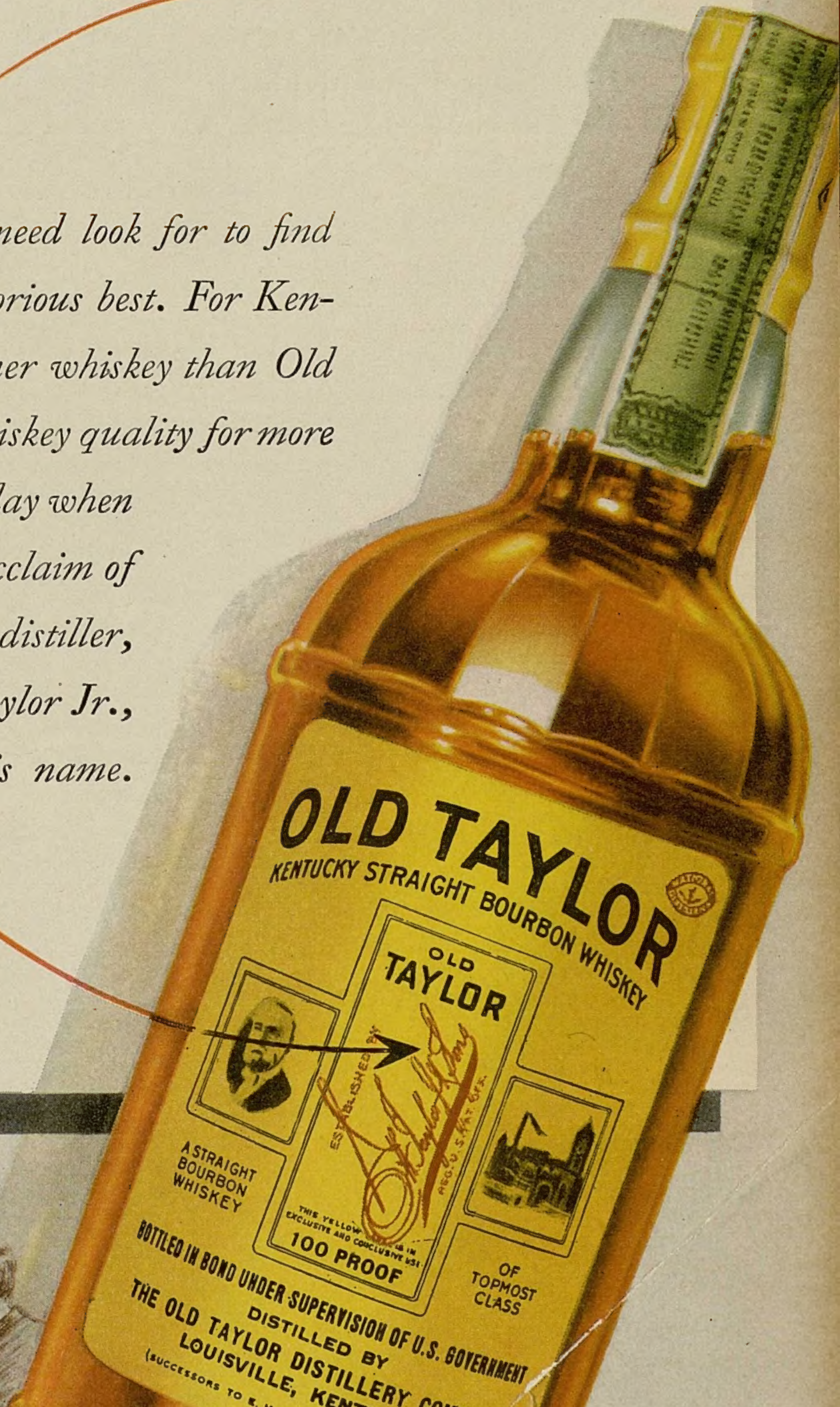
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1912

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Have you tried a LUCKY lately?

At left—ACTUAL COLOR P
GRAPH. James Callis,
Carolina farmer, shows
Agnes Williams—fr
near-by farm — a to
plant in flower, from th
crop he has raised by
Government metho

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"UNCLE SAM'S

new ideas helped make tobacco better than ever

..and Luckies bought the top-notch grades!" says Luther Herring, 12 years a buyer!

Q. "You say Uncle Sam helped tobacco farmers?"

MR. HERRING: "Yes. Even though crops vary with weather, U. S. Government methods have made tobacco better than ever during the past few years."

Q. "And Luckies get this better tobacco?"

MR. H: "Luckies buy the finer grades, and always did."

Q. "That's a strong statement."

MR. H: "Well, I see first hand that they buy the prettier lots of tobacco on the warehouse floor. In fact, that's why Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite with independent tobacco men. And that's why I've smoked them myself for 21 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find they're easy on your throat—because the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. You'll also find out why—

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1